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B E L L ' s

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

BRITISH THEATRE

TO THE

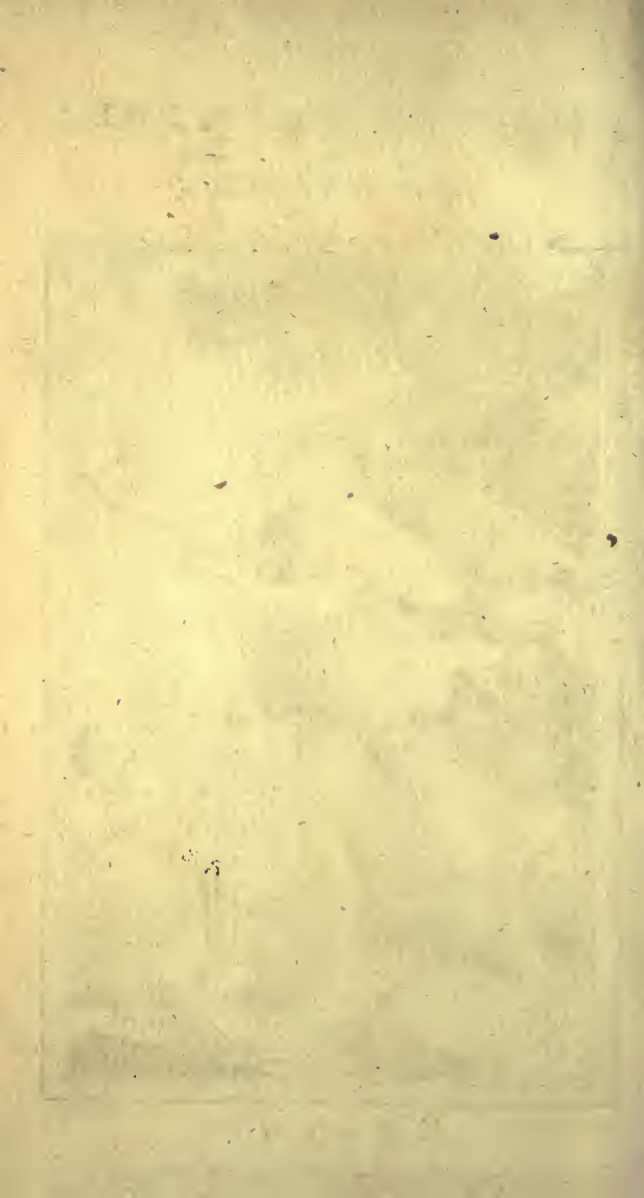
D. Bell
 BRITISH THEATRE;
COMEDIES.



Page Sculp.

E. D. D. D. D.

*Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the
 STRAND.*



B E L L's

BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

Being the Sixth VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

The INCONSTANT, by Mr. FARQUHAR.

The DOUBLE DEALER, by Mr. CONGREVE.

The FOUNDLING, by Mr. MOORE,

The SPANISH FRYAR, by Mr. DRYDEN.

The DOUBLE GALLANT, by Mr. CIBBER.

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L O N D O N :

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J. Roberts del.

Published for Bell's British Theatre June 1st 1777.

Thames & Co. Sculp.

M^{rs} LESSINGHAM in the Character of ORSINA.
I am proud of my power & am resolved to use it.

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
INCONSTANT;
OR,
THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY,

As written by Mr. G. FARQUHAR.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

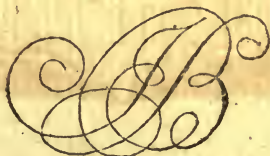
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora*—————*Ovid. Met.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXVII.

PR
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1797

T O

RICHARD TIGHE, Esq.

S I R,

DEDICATIONS are the only fashions in the world that are more disliked for being universal ; and the reason is, that they very seldom fit the persons they were made for : but I hope to avoid the common obloquy in this address, by laying aside the poet in every thing but the dramatic decorum of suiting my character to the person. From the part of Mirabel in this play, and another character in one of my former, people are willing to compliment my performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman. My genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of description ; and my veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy accomplishments you come so near to my darling character, abating his inconstancy.

What an unspeakable blessing is youth and fortune, when a happy understanding comes in, to moderate the desires of the first, and to refine upon the advantages of the latter ; when a gentleman is master of all pleasures, but a slave to none ; who has travelled, not for the curiosity of the sight, but for the improvement of the mind's eye ; and who returns full of every thing but himself ? An author might say a great deal more, but a friend, Sir, nay, an enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, Sir, meet with two obstacles, your modesty and your sense ; the first, as a censor upon the subject, the second, as a critic upon the stile : but I am obstinate in my purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my pen ; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the world on my side ; nay, I have your very self against you ; for by declining to hear your own merit, your friends are authorized the more to proclaim it.

Your generosity and easiness of temper is not only obvious in your common affairs and conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling amusement, that opener and dilater of the mind, music:—from your affection for this delightful study, we may deduce the pleasing harmony that is apparent in all your actions; and be assured, Sir, that a person must be possessed of a very divine soul, who is so much in love with the entertainment of angels.

From your encouragement of music, if there be any poetry here, it has a claim, by the right of kindred, to your favour and affection. You were pleased to honour the representation of this play with your appearance at several times, which flatter'd my hopes that there might be something in it which your good-nature might excuse. With the honour I here intend for myself, I likewise consult the interest of my nation, by shewing a person that is so much a reputation and credit to my country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome compliment to the place of my pupilage; by informing the world that so fine a gentleman had the seeds of his education in the same university, and at the same time with,

S I R,

Your most faithful, and

Most humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

P R E F A C E.

TO give you the history of this play, would but cause the reader and the writer a trouble to no purpose; I shall only say, that I took the hint from Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase; and to those who say that I have spoiled the original, I wish no other injury but that they would say it again.

As to the success of it, I think it but a kind of Cremona business, I have neither lost nor won. I pushed fairly, but the French were prepossessed, and the charms of Gallic heels were too hard for an English brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my head at the ladies feet. The favour was unavoidable, for we are a nation so very fond of improving our understanding, that the instruction of a play does no good, when it comes in competition with the moral of a minuet. Pliny tells us, in his Natural History, of elephants that were taught to dance on the ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a number of subscriptions might be had to bring the Great Mogul out of Fleet-street, and make him dance between the acts!

I remember, that about two years ago, I had a gentleman from France* that brought the play-house some fifty audiences in five months; then why should I be surprised to find a French lady do as much? It is the prettiest way in the world of despising the French king, to let him see that we can afford money to bribe away his dancers, when he, poor man, has exhausted all his stock, in buying some pitiful towns and principalities: *cum multis alijs*. What can be a greater compliment to our generous nation, than to have the lady upon her re-tour to Pa-

ris, boast of her splendid entertainment in England, of the complaisance, liberty, and good-nature of a people, that thronged her house so full, that she had not room to stick a pin; and left a poor fellow, that had the misfortune of being one of themselves, without one farthing for half a year's pains that he had taken for their entertainment.

There were some gentlemen in the pit the first night, that took the hint from the prologue to damn the play; but they made such a noise in the execution, that the people took the outcry for a reprieve; so that the darling mischief was over-laid by their over-fondness of the changeling: 'tis somewhat hard, that gentlemen should debase themselves into a faction of a dozen, to stab a single person, who never had the resolution to face two men at a time; if he has had the misfortune of any misunderstanding with a particular person, he has had a particular person to answer it: but these sparks would be remarkable in their resentment; and if any body fall under their displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular account, but will very honourably burn his house, or pick his pocket.

The new-house has perfectly made me a convert by their civility on my sixth night: for to be friends, and revenged at the same time, I must give them a play, that is,——when I write another. For faction runs so high, that I could wish the senate would suppress the houses, or put in force the act against bribing elections; that house which has the most favours to bestow, will certainly carry it, spite of all poetical justice that would support t'other.

I have heard some people so extravagantly angry at this play, that one would think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise men of good sense) had commended it so much, that I was afraid they ridiculed me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a loss what to think on't: for tho' the cause has come on six days successively, yet the trial, I fancy, is not determined. When our devotion to Lent, and our Lady, is over, the business will be brought on again, and then we shall have fair play for our money.

There is a gentleman of the first understanding, and a very good critic, who said of Mr. Wilks, that in this part he out-acted himself, and all men that he ever saw. I would not rob Mr. Wilks, by a worse expression of mine, of a compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the turn of plot in the last act, is an adventure of Chevalier de Chastillon at Paris, and matter of fact; but the thing is so universally known, that I think this advice might have been spared, as well as the rest of the preface, for any good it will do either to me or the play.



P R O L O G U E.

LIKE hungry guests, a sitting audience looks;
 Plays are like suppers: poets are the cooks.
 The founders you: the table is this place:
 The carvers we: the prologue is the grace.
 Each act, a course; each scene a different dish:
 Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
 Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp and rough;
 Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
 Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
 Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
 Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
 Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin:
 Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
 Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
 Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please:
 Your rakes love haut-goûts, like your damn'd French cheese.
 Your rarity for the fair guest to gape on,
 Is your nice squaker, or Italian capon;
 Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
 And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
 An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
 Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage.
 For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
 You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
 A pastoral's whipt cream; stage-whims, mere trash;
 And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
 But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
 This night we hope you'll all inconstant bear:
 Wild fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
 Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,
 And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
 If ought you relish, do not damn the rest:
 This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
 You're welcome all—now fall to, where you like.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Covent-Garden.

Old *Mirabel*, an aged gent. of an odd compound, between the peevishness incident to his years, and his fatherly fondness towards his son,

Mr. Shuter.

Young *Mirabel*, his son

Mr. Smith.

Cap. *Duretete*, an honest good-natured fellow, that thinks himself a greater fool than he is,

Mr. Woodward.

Dugard, brother to *Oriana*,

Mr. Gardner.

Petit, servant to *Dugard*, afterwards to his sister,

Mr. Cushing.

W O M E N.

Oriana, a lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who would bring him to reason.

Mrs. Lessingham.

Bisarre, a whimsical lady, friend to

Miss Macklin,

Oriana, admired by *Duretete*,

Miss Ogilvie.

Lamorce, a woman of contrivance,

Drury-Lane.

Old *Mirabel*,

Mr. Yates.

Young *Mirabel*,

Mr. Smith.

Capt. *Duretete*,

Mr. King.

Dugard,

Mr. Davies.

Petit,

Mr. Weston.

Oriana,

Miss Younge.

Bisarre,

Mrs. Abington.

Lamorce,

Miss Platt.

Four, Bravoes, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE
INCONSTANT.

* * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard and his Man Petit, in Riding Habits.

DUGARD.

SIRRAH, what's a clock?

Pet. Turn'd of eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Nemours since two this morning! Petit, run to Rousseau's and bespeak a dinner at a Lewis d'Or a head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me see——Mirabel one, Duretete two, myself three——

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom for want of better company; but among my friends at Paris, pray remember your distance——Begone, Sir.—[*Exit Petit.*]—This fellow's wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else.—Who's here? Old Mirabel and my sister! My dearest sister!

Enter

THE INCONSTANT.

Enter Old Mirabel and Oriana.

Ori. My brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monsieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old Mir. Honest Mr. Dugard! By the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your most humble servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've cast your skin sure; you're brisk and gay, lusty health about you, no sign of age but your silver hairs.

Old Mir. Silver hairs! Then they are quick silver hairs, Sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver as they will. Adsbud, Sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and——no, I can't wench. But, Mr. Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your son's come home, Sir.

Old Mir. Come home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr. Dugard, what say ye?

Ori. Mr. Mirabel return'd, Sir!

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr. Dugard, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Bagnieurs, being a little disordered after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old Mir. What! And he was ashamed to ask a blessing with his boots on? A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own messenger.

Old Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me yet?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you as most modern sons are to their fathers.

Old Mir. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Ori. And pray, brother, what's become of his honest companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very same he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew that could not change. Your son, Mr. Mirabel, is more obliged to nature

Nature for that fellow's composition, than for his own : for he's more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable as finger and thumb ; but the first instance in the world, I believe, of opposition in friendship.

Old Mir. Very well ; will he be home to dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has ordered me to bespeak a dinner for us at Rousseau's, at a Louis d'or a head.

Old Mir. A Louis d'or a head ! Well said, Bob ; by the blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improved. But, Mr. Dugard, was it so civil of Bob to visit Monsieur Rousseau before his own natural father, eh ? Heark'e, Oriant, what think you, now, of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Louis d'or at a sitting ? He must be as strong as Hercules ; life and spirit in abundance. Before Gad, I don't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve them. A Louis d'or a head ! 'tis enough to stock the whole nation with bastards, 'tis faith. Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your sister. [Exit.

Dug. Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me ; fair, tall, well-shaped ; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Ori. Why, truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank nature and my toilette ; I have 'scaped the jaundice, green-sickness, and the small-pox ; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, sister, you remember that upon my going abroad you would chuse this old gentleman for your guardian ; he's no more related to our family, than Prester John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune : therefore pray be so kind as to tell me, without reservation, the true cause of making such a choice.

Ori. Look'e, brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house, whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle Bisarre?

Ori. The same; we live merrily together, without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; 'we eat what we like, go to bed when we please, rise when we will,' all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays go first to church, and then to the play.—Now, brother, besides these motives for chusing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, sister; your love to young Mirabel's no secret, I can assure you, but so public that all your friends are ashamed on't.

Ori. O' my word then, my friends are very bashful; though I am afraid, Sir, that those people are not ashamed enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but sister, the people say——

Ori. Pshaw! hang the people, they'll talk treason, and profane their Maker; must we therefore infer, that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Look'e, brother, their court of enquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret: they think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loches; a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

Dug. Ay, but sister, there is still something——

Ori. If there be something, brother, 'tis none of the people's something; marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young Mirabel marry! He'll build churches sooner. Take heed, sister, though your honour stood proof to his home-bred assaults; you must keep a stricter guard for the future: he has now got the foreign air, and the Italian softness; his wit's improved by converse, his behaviour finished by observation, and his assurances confirmed by success. Sister, I can assure you, he has made his conquests; and 'tis a plague upon your sex, to be the soonest deceived by those very men that you know have been false to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his conquests? for, I must confess, there is no title to a woman's favour so engaging as the repute of a handsome dissimulation; there is something of a pride to see a fellow lie at our feet, that has triumphed over so many; and then

THE INCONSTANT.

' then, I don't know, we fancy he must have something
' extraordinary about him to please us, and that we have
' something engaging about us to secure him; so we
' can't be quiet till we put ourselves upon the lay of be-
' ing both disappointed.

' *Dug.* But then, sister, he's as fickle——

Ori. For God's sake, brother, tell me no more of his faults; for if you do, I shall run mad for him: say no more, Sir; let me but get him into the bands of matrimony, I'll spoil his wand'ring, I warrant him; I'll do his business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your lover; I expect, when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and interest can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your happiness: in the mean time, sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble servant; a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has served me honestly ever since.

' *Ori.* Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd so insufferably on my good humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at Rousseau's?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who should I find there but Mr. Mirabel and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a tub of ice, as two hen pheasants over a brood——They would not let me bespeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you shall serve my sister, I shall still continue kind to you; and if your lady recommends your diligence upon trial, I'll use my interest to advance you; you have sense enough to expect preferment.——Here, firrah, here's ten guineas for thee, get thyself a druggist's suit and a puff-wig, and so——I dub thee gentleman usher.——Sister, I must put myself in repair, you may expect me in the evening——Wait on your lady home, Petit.

[*Exit Dug.*

Pet. A chair, a chair, a chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next door. [*Ex.*]

SCENE, a Tavern, discovering young Mirabel and Durete rising from the table.

Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women, they looked so lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid.—Give me the plump Venetian, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine, her person shining as the glass, and spirit like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel! Italy I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are such thin brawn fallen jades, a man may as well make a bed-fellow of a cane chair.

Mir. France! A light unseasoned country, nothing but feathers, foppery, and fashions: 'we're fine indeed, 'so are our coach-horses; men say we're courtiers, men abuse us; that we are wise and politic, *non credo seigneur*: 'that our women have wit; parrots, mere parrots, assurance and a good memory, sets them up?—There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service: 'ye—Ha, *Roma la santa*! Italy for my money; their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, politics, wine and women! the Paradise of the world;—not pestered with a parcel of precise old gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of: commend me to the Italian familiarity: here, son, there's fifty crowns, go pay your whore her week's allowance.

Dur. Ay, these are your fathers for you, that understand the necessities of young men; not like our musty dads, who because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact; nay, every thing among them is so; a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman

woman is squab ; a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short ; a Dutch ship is broad-bottom'd ; and, in short, one would swear the whole product of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable pains to ruin what nature has made so incomparably well ; they would be delicate creatures indeed, could they but thoroughly arrive at the French mien, or entirely let it alone ; for they only spoil a very good air of their own, by an awkward imitation of ours ; their parliaments and our taylor's give laws to three kingdoms. But come, Duretete, let us mind the business in hand ; mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place, and upon a competent diligence we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough ; but what will become of your friend ; you know I am so plaguy bashful, so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that—

Mir. Pshaw ! you must be bolder, man : travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness ! A great lusty fellow ! and a soldier ! fye upon it.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little, —as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly, and make a shift to——but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry—What d'ye mean ? What d'ye take me for ? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir——A person of quality to be used at this rate ! 'Egad, I'm struck as flat as a frying-pan.

Mir. Words of course ! never mind them : turn you about upon your heel with a *jantée* air ; hum out the end of an old song ; cut a cross caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No, hang it, 'twill never do.——Oons, what did my father mean by sticking me up in an university, or to think that I should gain any thing by my head, in a nation whose genius lies all in their heels !——Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they shall have the education of the country, they shall

learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they can speak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish humour, put on assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all hazards, thou'rt a stout lusty fellow, and hast a good estate; look bluff, Hector, you have a good side-box face, a pretty impudent face; so that's pretty well.—This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is returned like an ass. [*Aside.*

Dur. Let me see now, how I look. [*Pulls out a pocket-glass, and looks on't.*] A side-box face, say you!—Egad, I don't like it, Mirabel.—Fye, Sir, don't abuse your friends, I could not wear such a face for the best countesses in Christendom.

Mir. Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast impudence to set a good face upon any thing, I would change half my gold for half thy brass, with all my heart. Who comes here? Odo, Mirabel, your father.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's Bob? Dear Bob!

Mir. Your blessing, Sir.

Old Mir. My blessing! Damn ye, ye young rogue; why did not you come to see your father first, firrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, faith—Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm yours. Well, my lads, ye look bravely faith.—Bob, hast got any money left?

Mir. Not a farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't give thee a soufe.

Mir. I did but jest, here's ten pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then here's ten more; I love to be charitable to those that don't want it—Well, and how d'ye like Italy, my boys?

Mir. Oh, the garden of the world, Sir; Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others—all fine.

Old Mir. Ay, say you so! And they say, that Chiari is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy air, the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

Mir. Pshaw, nothing on't; these rascally Gazetteers have misinformed you.

Old

Old Mir. Misinformed me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the French beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray, sweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the action, Sir.

Dur. Your son saw more than I, Sir, for he was a looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of cowards: here are no Germans to over-hear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well-dressed fellows in the universe; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feather, like so many beaux at a ball—I don't believe there was a man of them but could dance a *charmer*, Morbleau.

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty fellows, faith!

Mir. We capered up to their very trenches, and there saw, peeping over, a parcel of scare-crow, olive-coloured gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. 'Egad, I shall never forget the looks of them, while I have breath to fetch.

Mir. They were so civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon; but for the rest, we found them such unmannerly, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tired of their company, and so we e'en danced back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thousand of us stayed behind.

Old Mir. Why, Bob, why?

Mir. Pshaw—because they could not come that night,—But come, Sir, we were talking of something else. Pray, how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana?

Old Mir. Ripe, Sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than the Germans, let me tell you. And what would you say, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray let your friend be my guest too, you shall command the house between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you.

Mir. Bravely said, father.

- Let misers bend their age with niggard cares,
- And starve themselves to pamper hungry heirs;
- Who, living, stint their sons what youth may crave,
- And make them revel o'er a father's grave.
- The stock on which I grow does still dispense
- Its genial sap into the blooming branch;
- The fruit, he knows, from his own root is grown,
- And therefore sooths those passions once his own.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *Old Mirabel's House.*

Oriana and Bifarre.

BISARRE.

AND you love this young rake, a'ye?

Ori. Yes.

Bif. In spite of all his ill usage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Bif. What's the matter with ye?

Ori. Pshaw!

Bif. Um!—before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehelly fellow should play such tricks with me, I would wear my teeth to the stumps with lime and chalk.—Oh, the devil take all your Cassandras and Cleopatras for me.—Pr'ythee mind your airs, modes, and fashions; your stays, gowns and furbelows. Hark'e, my dear, have you got home your furbelowed smocks yet?

Ori. Pr'ythee be quiet, Bifarre; you know I can be as mad as you, when this Mirabel is out of my head.

Bif. Pshaw! would he were out, or in, or some way to make you easy.—I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him, eh!

Ori. Most certainly;—I can't dissemble, Bifarre:—besides, 'tis past that; we're contracted.

Bif. Contracted! alack a-day, poor thing. What you have changed rings, or broken an old broad-piece between you! 'Heark'e, child, han't you broke something else between ye?

Ori.

Ori. No, no, I can assure you.'

Bis. 'Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilst I kept that 'in my power,' I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting with all my heart? my business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next; he should find me one day with a prayer-book in my hand, and with a play-book another. He should have my consent to buy the wedding-ring, and the next moment would I laugh in his face.

Ori. Oh, my dear, were there no greater tie upon my heart, than there is upon my conscience, I would soon throw the contract out of doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being ty'd, that I'm forced to be just, and the strength of my passion keeps down the inclination of my sex. But here's the old gentleman.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's my wenches! Where's my two little girls? Eh! Have a care, look to yourselves, faith, they're a coming, the travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Bifarre, Bifarre, what say you, mad-cap? Mirabel is a pure wild fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old Mir. You lie, hussey, you like him the better, indeed you do: what say you, my t'other little filbert? he?

Ori. I suppose the gentleman will chuse for himself, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's discreetly said; and so he shall.

Enter Mirabel and Duretete, they salute the Ladies.

Old Mir. Bob, heark'e, you shall marry one of these girls, firrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry them both, if you please.

Bis. [*Aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old Mir. Both! Why, you young dog, d'ye banter me?—Come, Sir, take your choice.—Duretete, you shall have your choice too; but Robin shall chuse first. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I an't the first son that has made his father's dwelling a bawdy-house—let me see.

Old Mir. Well; which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Mir.

Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither! Don't make me angry now, Bob; pray, don't make me angry. Look ye, firrah, if I don't dance at your wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your grave.

Mir. That's a bull, father.

Old Mir. A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir? Did I make thee a man, that thou shouldst make me a beast?

Mir. Your pardon, Sir; I only meant your expression.

Old Mir. Hark ye, Bob, learn better manners to your father before strangers. I won't be angry this time; but, sons, if ever you do it again, you rascal—Remember what I say——

Mir. Pshaw! what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green girls? Come, Duretete, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. Mirabel, you han't forgot——

Mir. No, no, Madam, I han't forgot; I have brought you a thousand little Italian curiosities. I'll assure you, Madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I han't forgot the least circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the relics, Madam, from Rome! I do remember now, you made a vow of chastity before my departure; a vow of chastity, or something like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. Oh, Sir, I am answered at present. [Exit.

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract. Would I might dispatch t'other!

Dur. Mirabel——that lady there, observe her; she's wond'rous pretty, faith, and seems to have but few words: I like her mainly. Speak to her, man; pr'ythee, speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares——

Dur. Madam, don't believe him; I declare nothing—What the devil do you mean, man?

Mir. He says, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd lie, Madam; I say no such thing. Are you mad, Mirabel? Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Mir.

Mir. And so, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together. [*Going, Duretete holds him.*]

Dur. Hold, hold—Why, Mirabel, friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Pr'ythee, speak to her for yourself, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a Frenchman should want impudence!

Mir. You look mighty demure, Madam—She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The gravity of your air, Madam, promises some extraordinary fruits from your study, which moves us with curiosity to enquire the subject of your Ladyship's contemplation. Not a word!

Dur. I hope in the lord she's speechless: if she be, she's mine this moment. Mirabel, d'ye think a woman's silence can be natural?

Bis. But the forms that logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance—

Mir. Hoity toity! what a plague have we here? Plato in petticoats?

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, man; she talks in my own mother-tongue.

Bis. 'Tis expos'd to invalidity from a contradictory instance; looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

Mir. Rare pedantry!

Dur. Axioms, axioms! self-evident principles.

Bis. Then the ideas wherewith the mind is pre-occupied—Oh, gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my cogitations! I was involved in a profound point of philosophy; but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfied that the subject is not agreeable to your sparks that profess the vanity of the times. [*Exit.*]

Mir. Go thy way, good wife Bias. Do you hear, Duretete? Don't hear this starch'd piece of austerity?

Dur. She's mine, man, she's mine! My own talent to a T. I'll match her in dialects, faith. I was seven years at the university, man, nurs'd up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton*. Did you ever know, man, that 'twas metaphysics made me an ass? It was, faith. Had she

she talked a word of singing, dancing, plays, fashions, or the like, I had foundered at the first step; but as she is—
Mirabel, with me joy.

Mir. You don't mean marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a man of more honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd, Captain. Now, for thy credit, warm me this frozen snow-ball; 'twill be a conquest above the Alps.

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why, then, you shall see me in two moments make an induction from my love to her hand, from her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart, and so conclude in bed, *categorematicè*.

Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is entered—
But here comes one to spoil my sport. Now shall I be reiz'd to death with this old fashioned contract. I should love her too, if I might do it my own way; but she'll do nothing without witnesses, forsooth. I wonder women can be so immodest.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you shun me?

Mir. 'Tis my humour, Madam; and I'm naturally swayed by inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that contract is, that it was made some three years ago; and that's enough in conscience to forget the rest on't.

Ori. 'Tis sufficient, Sir, to recollect the passing of it; for in that circumstance, I presume, lies the force of the obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forced upon the will, are no tie upon the conscience. I was a slave to my passion when I passed the instrument; but the recovery of my freedom makes the contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a compulsion which was your own choice; besides, Sir, a subjection to your own desires has not the virtue of a forcible constraint: and you will find, Sir, that to plead your passion for the killing of a man, will hardly exempt you from the justice of the punishment.

Mir. And so, Madam, you make the sin of murder

and the crime of a contract the very same, because that hanging and matrimony are so much alike,'

Ori. Come, Mr. Mirabel, these expressions I expected from the raillery of your humour; but I hope for very different sentiments from your honour and generosity.

Mir. Look ye, Madam; as for my generosity, 'tis at your service, with all my heart: I'll keep you a coach and six horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my honour to myself; 'for I can assure you, Madam, that the thing called honour, is a circumstance absolutely unnecessary in a natural correspondence between male and female; and he's a madman that lays it out, considering its scarcity, upon any such trivial occasions. There's honour required of us by our friends, and honour due to our enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a man that left but an inch of his honour in a woman's keeping, that could ever get the least account on't.' Consider, Madam, you have no such thing among ye; and 'tis a main point of policy to keep no faith with reprobates—Thou art a pretty little reprobate; and so get thee about thy business.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper: your travels have improved your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Mir. Morals! Why, there 'tis again, now. 'I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals in any business between you and I.' Don't you know, that of all the commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit as in the traffic between man and woman? We study, all our lives long, how to put tricks upon one another. 'What is your business now from the time you throw away your artificial babies, but how to get natural ones with the most advantage? No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do to catch poor innocent men.' Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morning? Only with a villainous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. 'What are your languishing looks, your studied airs and affectations, but so many baits and devices, to delude men out of their dear liberty and freedom?' What d'ye sigh for? What d'ye weep for?

What d'ye pray for? Why, for a husband: that is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious design of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation a slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolved to use it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam; not so fast. As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us, so we have vows, oaths, and protestations of all sorts and sizes to make fools of you. 'As you are very strange and whimsical creatures, so we are allowed as unaccountable ways of managing you.' And this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition: I have sworn and lied, briskly, to gain my ends of you; your Ladyship has patched and painted violently, to gain your ends of me: but since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

Ori. With all my heart, Sir; give me up my contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you shall die a maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to starve you into compliance. Look ye, you shall never marry any man; and you'd as good let me do you a kindness as a stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a——

Mir. What am I, mistress?

Ori. A villain, Sir.

Mir. I'm glad on't. I never knew an honest fellow in my life, but was a villain upon these occasions. Ha'n't you drawn yourself now into a very pretty dilemma? Ha, ha, ha! the poor lady has made a vow of virginity, when she thought of making a vow for the contrary. Was ever poor woman so cheated into chastity?

Ori. Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, my friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the test, to do me justice.

Mir. What, you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the law shall.

Mir. But the law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

Ori. Pshaw! I despise thee—monster.

Mir. Kifs and be friends then. Don't cry, child, and you shall have your sugar-plumb. Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your life long? No, I did but jest; you shall have your liberty. Here, take your contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What, is the girl a fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do myself justice; and since I must not depend upon your love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of spite.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spite; and make a most confounded husband.

Ori. Oh, Sir, I shall match ye; a good husband makes a good wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the city to run you in debt for more.

Mir. Your face-mending toilet shall fly out of the window.

Ori. And your face-mending periwig shall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the furbelow off your clothes; and when you swoon for vexation, you shan't have a penny to buy a bottle of hartshorn.

Ori. And you, Sir, shall have hartshorn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many mistresses as I have coach-horses.

Ori. And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your woman before your face.

Ori. Have a care of your valet behind your back.

Mir. But, sweet Madam, there is such a thing as a divorce.

Ori. But, sweet Sir, there is such a thing as alimony; so, divorce on, and spare not. [Exit.

Mir. Ay, that separate maintenance is the devil—there's their refuge. O' my conscience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a large parlour in the same house.

Enter Duretete and Petit.

Dur. And she is mighty peevish, you say?

Pet. Oh, Sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welch!

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her philosophy.

Pet. But sometimes she will fit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, faith; that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh! Won't she endure laughing?

Pet. Why, she's a critic, Sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour, but what gives her the spleen. And then for logic, and all that, you know——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepared; I have been practising hard words and no sense, this hour, to entertain her.

Pet. Then place yourself behind this screen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I should forget my lesson.

Pet. Here she comes, Sir; I must fly.

[*Exit Pet. and Dur. stands peeping behind the curtain.*

Enter Bisarre and Maid.

Bis. [*With a book.*] Pshaw, hang books! they sour our temper, spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions.

[*Throws away the book.*

Dur. Eh! The devil such a word there is in all Aristotle.

Bis. Come, wench, let's be free; call in the fiddle; there's nobody near us.

Enter Fidler.

Dur. Would to the lord there was not!

Bis. Here, friend, a minuet—quicker time, ha!—Would we had a man or two.

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You shall have the devil sooner, my dear dancing philosopher.

Bis. Uds my life! here's one.

[*Runs to Duretete, and hauls him back.*

Dur. Is all my learned preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, Sir, don't be ashamed; that's my good boy. You're very welcome; we wanted such a one—

Come,

Come strike up—I know you dance well, Sir; you're finely snap'd for it——Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miss the time else.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance: come.

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics.

Bis. Hang dialectics! mind the time—quicker, firrah: [To the Fidler.]—Come——And how d'ye find yourself now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, Doctor.

Bis. All the better, patient, all the better. Come, Sir, sing now, sing; I know you sing well; I see you have a singing face; a heavy, dull, sonata face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. Oh, you're modest, Sir!—But come, sit down; closer, closer. Here, a bottle of wine——Come, Sir, 'fa, la, ley;' sing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. Oh, Sir, you shall drink first! Come, fill me a bumper—Here, Sir, blest the king.

Dur. Would I were out of his dominions——By this light, she'll make me drunk too.

Bis. Oh, pardon me, Sir, you shall do me right! fill it higher——Now, Sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

Dur. Rare philosophy that, faith.

Bis. Come, off with it to the bottom——Now, how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. Oh, mighty well, Madam!

Bis. You see how a woman's fancy varies; sometimes splenetic and heavy, then gay and frolicsome. And how d'ye like the humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me sit down to answer you; for I am heartily tired.

Bis. Fie upon't! a young man, and tired! Up, for shame, and walk about: action becomes us—a little faster, Sir—What d'ye think now of my Lady La Pale, and Lady Coquette, the Duke's fair daughter, ha? Are they not brisk lasses? Then, there is black Mrs. Bellair, and brown Mrs. Bellface.

Dur. They are all strangers to me, Madam.

Bis. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always

despicable. Oh, lard, Sir, if young Mrs. Bagatelle had kept herself single till this time o' day, what a beauty there had been ! And then, you know the charming Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germain's.

Dur. Upon my soul, I don't.

Bis. And then you must have heard of the English beau, Spleenamore ; how unlike a gentleman——

Dur. Hey—not a syllable on't, as I hope to be saved, Madam.

Bis. No ! Why, then, play me a jig. Come, Sir.

Dur. By this light, I cannot ; faith, Madam, I have sprained my leg.

Bis. Then sit you down, Sir ; and now tell me what's your business with me ? What's your errand ? Quick, quick, dispatch—Odso, may be you are some gentleman's servant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam ! do I look like a carrier ?

Bis. Oh, cry you mercy ! I saw you just now ; I mistook you, upon my word : you are one of the travelling gentlemen. And, pray, Sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy ?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait upon you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, however your expressions may turn it to a compliment. Your visit, Sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot. Marry ! No, no, I'm a man of more honour. Where's your honour ? Where's your courage now ? Ads my life, Sir, I have a great mind to kick you. Go, go to your fellow-rake now ; rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon. But I must have you to know, Sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel ; my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest : and for the rest, let them talk what they will ; for, when I please, I'll be what I please, in spite of you, and all mankind ; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tired, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you.

[Runs off.]

Dur. Tum ti dum. [Sings.] Ha, ha, ha ! Ads my life,

life, I have a great mind to kick you—Oons and confusion ! [*Starts up.*] Was ever man so abused ?—Ay, Mirabel set me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find yourself ?

Dur. You son of a nine-eyed whore, d'ye come to abuse me ? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog.

[*Petit runs off, and Dur. after him.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Old and Young Mirabel.

OLD MIRABEL.

BOB, come hither, Bob.

Mir. Your pleasure, Sir ?

Old Mir. Are not you a great rogue, firrah ?

Mir. That's a little out of my comprehension, Sir ; for I've heard say, that I resemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble slave. I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily ; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir ! then I must be a very impudent one ; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend ; dost see this picture ?

[*Shews him a little picture.*]

Mir. Oriana's ! Pshaw !

Old Mir. What, Sir, won't you look upon it ?—Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee, come hither, now. Dost want any money, child ?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's some for thee. Come here now. How canst thou be so hard-hearted an unnatural, unmannerly rascal, (don't mistake me child ; I an't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natur'd, dear rogue ? Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee, the poor little heart of it is like

like to burst. Come, my dear boy, be good-natured, like your own father, be now—and then see here, read this—the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with ten thousand pounds to her portion; ten thousand pounds, you dog; ten thousand pounds, you rogue: how dare you refuse a lady with ten thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

Mir. Will you hear me speak, Sir?

Old Mir. Hear you speak, Sir! If you had ten thousand tongues, you could not out-talk ten thousand pounds, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me, I'll begone, Sir; I'll take post for Italy this moment.

Old Mir. Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, what have you to say?

Mir. The universal reception, Sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a consort.

Old Mir. Why, this is reason, I must confess, but yet it is nonsense too; for tho' you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Croesus, you leave me but a beggar for want of my liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever such a perverse fool heard?—'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you education? Was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too. I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have studied to despise it: my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old Mir. There he has me again now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir! in what respect, pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the world, Sir; wa'n't that an obligation?

Mir. And, because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Because I would not curse the hour I was born. ~

Old Mir. Look ye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you nor all the wits in Italy shall ever be able to shake. So, Sir, you're a wit, and I'm a father; you may talk; but I'll be obeyed.

Mir. This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding that they don't understand, then they turn us out of doors because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. [*Aide.*] Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pounds sterling a year upon me; in return of which I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*]

Old Mir. Here, firrah, rogue, Bob, villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir! 'tis but what he deserves.

Old Mir. 'Tis false, Sir, he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, Sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already, I have eaten them up; and how can you come at them, Sir?

Dug. Very easily, Sir; 'tis but mentioning your injured ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old Mir. Sir, your sister was a foolish young flirt, trust any such young, deceitful, rake-helly rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, old gentleman! I thought we should have the words again.

Old Mir. And what then? 'Tis the way with young fellows to flight old gentlemen's words; you never mind them when you ought. I say, that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter

Enter Bizarre.

Bis. That dare I, Sir; I say, that your son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and were I abused as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it an Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling; my sister is abused, you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

Old Mir. Look ye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself: for altho' Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natured, kind old gentleman. [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young baggage! what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty-three?

Bis. A plot that sixty-three is only good for, to bring other people together, Sir; 'a Spanish plot, less dangerous ' than that of eighty-eight; and' you must act the Spaniard, because your son will least suspect you; and if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the business, Madam?

Bis. Myself, Sir; my friend is grown a perfect changeling: these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves, but we turn fools. But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, because I neither love him nor hate him. [*Exit.*]

Old Mir. Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our engineer-general. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Oh, Sir, more discoveries! are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, Sir—Od's my life, I'm out of breath—You must know, Sir—you must know——

Old Mir. What the devil must we know, Sir?

Pet.

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows.*] bribed, Sir——bribed——your son's secretary of state.

Old Mir. Secretary of state! who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Pet. His valet de chambre, Sir. You must know, Sir, that the intrigue lay folded up with his master's cloaths; and when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legged Pindarics.

Old Mir. Impossible!

Petit. Ah, Sir, he has loved her all along! there was Oriana in every line; but he hates marriage. Now, Sir, this plot will stir up his jealousy; and we shall know, by the strength of that, how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, let's about it with speed.

'Tis expedition gives our king the sway;
For expedition to the French give way;
Swift to attack, or swift—to run away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mirabel and Bifarre, passing carelessly by one another.

Bis. [*Aside.*] I wonder what she can see in this fellow, to like him?

Mir. [*Aside.*] I wonder what my friend can see in this girl, to admire her?

Bis. [*Aside.*] A wild, foppish, extravagant rake-hell.

Mir. [*Aside.*] A light, whimsical, impertinent mad-cap.

Bis. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Bis. A fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself.

Mir. There is a way, Madam, to force me to that resolution.

Bis. I'll do't with all my heart.

Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Look ye, Sir, don't think your ill manners to me shall excuse your ill usage of my friend; nor, by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent; for I'm resolved, nay, I come prepared to make you a panegyric, that shall mortify your pride like any modern dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Bis.

Bis. Come, Sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what piece will you chuse?

Bis. Your heart to be sure; 'cause I would get presently rid on't; your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd play-maker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

Mir. I had the oddest dream last night of the duchess of Burgundy; methought the furbelows of her gown were pinned up so high behind, that I could not see her head for her tail.

Bis. The creature don't mind me! Do you think, Sir, that your humourous impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, Sir, my friend, my injured friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband as much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of them can make you.

[Here Mirabel pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself while she speaks.]

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere possit amantem?)*

Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum—Very true.—
Posse nefas.

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a rascally trick of your hero to forsake poor pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The devil—What's Virgil to do with us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the most *à-propos* in the world—for, what should I chop upon, but the very place where the perjured rogue of a lover and the forsaking lady are battling it tooth and nail. Come, Madam, spend your spirits no longer, we'll take an easier method: I'll be Æneas now, and you shall be Dido, and we'll rail by book. Now for you, Madam Dido.

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet creduli funera Dido—*

Ah, poor Dido!

[Looking at her.
Bis.

Bis. Rudeness, affronts, impatience! I could almost start out even to manhood, and want but a weapon as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam, jam nec maxima Juno.

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious elf left it in the cradle with human shape to palliate growing mischief.

[Both speak together, and raise their voices by degrees.]

Mir. *Perfide, sed duris genuit te cantibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubra Tigres.*

Bis. Go, Sir, fly to your midnight revels.—

Mir. Excellent!

*I sequare Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt.*

[Together again.]

Bis. Converse with imps of darkness of your make, your nature starts at justice, and shivers at the touch of virtue. Now the devil take his impudence, he vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

[Aside.]

Mir. Bravely performed, my dear Libyan; I'll write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall act the part: but you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids; and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful wanderer, is in the very next line called pious Æneas.—There's authority for ye.

Sorry indeed Æneas stood

To see her in a pout;

But Jove himself, who ne'er thought good

To stay a second bout,

Commands him off with all his crew,

And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you.

[Runs off.]

D

Bis.

Bij. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable fellow. O' my conscience I must excuse Oriana.

That lover soon his angry fair disarms,
Whose slighting pleases, and whose faults are charms.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Petit, runs about to every door, and knocks.

Pet. Mr. Mirabel ! Sir, where are you ? no where to be found ?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the matter, Petit ?

Pet. Most critically met—Ah, Sir, that one who has followed the game so long, and brought the poor hare just under his paws, should let a mungrel cur chop in, and run away with the pufs.

Mir. If your worship can get out of your allegories, be pleased to tell me in three words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your mistress and mine is going to be married.

Mir. I believe you lie, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Going.*]

Mir. Come hither, Petit. Married, say you ?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no matter ; I only thought to do you a service, but I shall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. [*Bowing low.*]

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir—I come to tell you, Sir, that Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed ; married past redemption.

Mir. I understand her ; she'll take a husband out of spite to me, and then out of love to me she will make him a cuckold : ' 'tis ordinary with women to marry one person for the sake of another, and to throw themselves into the arms of one they hate, to secure their pleasure with the man they love.' But who is the happy man ?

Pet. A lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her ladyship's most humble servant. ' A train and a title, hey ! Room for my lady's coach ! a front row in the box for her ladyship ! lights, lights for her honour !'—Now must I be a constant attender at my lord's levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee—a countess, I presume, Sir.—

Pet.

Pet. A Spanish count, Sir, that Mr. Dugard knew abroad, is come to Paris, saw your mistress yesterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it so? and must I follow my cuckold over the Pyrenees? Had she married within the precincts of a billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her to church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the banns. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, Sir, he's a rough cross-grained piece, and there's no tampering with him; would you apply to Mr. Dugard, or the lady herself, something might be done, for it is in despite to you, that the business is carried on so hastily. Odsso, Sir, here he comes. I must be gone. [Exit.]

Enter Old Mirabel, dressed in a Spanish habit, leading Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord, a nobler choice had better suited your Lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance, expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so to injurious usage, my Lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital air, that dare presume
With rude behaviour to profane such excellence?
Shew me the man——

And you shall see how sudden my revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.

Is this thing one?

[Strutting up to Mir.]

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord——

Old Mir. If he, or any he——

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

Old Mir. O, your pardon, Sir——but if you had—remember, Sir,——the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you understand me.——Come, Madam.

[Leads Oriana to the door, she goes off, Mir. runs to his father, and pulls him by the sleeve.]

Mir. *Ecoute, Monsieur le Count.*

Old Mir. Your business, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! What language is that, Sir!

Mir. Spanish, my Lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir.

[Trips up his heels.

Old Mir. A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll bully him—*Trinidade Signeur*, give me fair play.

[Offering to rise.

Mir. By all means, Sir. [Takes away his sword.] Now, *Signeur*, where's that bombast look, and fustian face your Countship wore just now?

[Strikes him.

Old Mir. The rogue quarrels well, very well, my own son right!—But hold, firrah, no more jesting; I'm your father, Sir, your father!

Mir. My father! Then by this light I could find in my heart to pay thee. [Aside.] Is the fellow mad? Why sure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your senses?

Old Mir. But you have, Sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[Offers to strike him.

Old Mir. Why, rogue—Bob, dear Bob, don't you know me, child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright distracted. Thou miracle of impudence! would'st thou make me believe that such a grave gentlemen as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of threescore and three would run about in a fool's coat to disgrace himself and family? Why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute!

[Offering to stab him.

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

Old Mir. The devil take the Spaniards, Sir, we have all got nothing but blows since we began to take their part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard runs to Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.

Dug. Fye, fye, Mirabel, murder your father!

Mir. My father! What is the whole family mad? Give me way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.
[Offering to go.]

Mir. My father!

Old Mir. Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a trick it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem—Oh! how my bones ach!

Old Mir. Your bones, Sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, han't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while. O, Madam, [To Oriana.] I wish your Ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed!

Pet. The contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they imposed upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear Dulcinea, did your Don Quixote battle for you bravely? My father will answer for the force of my love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—[Comes up between Mirabel and his Sister.] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, Sir, that you put on your landlord's face at me?

Dug. On what presumption, Sir, dare you assume thus?

Old Mir. What's that to you, Sir. [Draws.]

Pet. Help! help! the lady faints.

[Oriana falls into her Maid's arms.]

Mir. Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself.—

If it be an angry fit, a dram of *Assa Fœtida*—If jealousy, harts-horn in water—If the mother, burnt feathers—If grief, *Ratisia*—If it be straight stays, or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plain brandy.

Ori. Hold off, give me air—O, my brother, would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itself; 'tis a dear vindication that's purchas'd by the sword; for though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's

another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your sex, excuses this artifice in ours.

‘ For often when our chief perfections fail,
‘ Our chief defects with foolish men prevail.’ [Exit.

Pet. Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I’ll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

Dug. I scorn all artifice whatsoever; my sword shall do her justice.

Pet. Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him thro’ the body; you run her thro’ the heart at the same time.

Old Mir. And me thro’ the head—rot you sword—Sir, we’ll have plots. Come, Petit, let’s hear.

Pet. What if she pretended to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

Dug. That, I must confess, has a face.

Old Mir. A face! A face like an angel, Sir. Ad’s my life, Sir, ’tis the most beautiful plot in Christendom. We’ll about it immediately. [Exeunt.

‘ SCENE, *The Street.*

‘ *Duretete and Mirabel.*

‘ *Dur.* [*In a passion.*] And tho’ I can’t dance, nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know I can, Sir.

‘ *Mir.* I know thou can’st, man.

‘ *Dur.* ’Sdeath, Sir and I will: let me see the proudest man alive make a jest of me?

‘ *Mir.* But I’ll engage to make you amends.—

‘ *Dur.* Danced to death! Baited like a bear! Ridiculed! Threatened to be kicked! Confusion! Sir, you set me on, and I will have satisfaction; all mankind will point at me.

‘ *Mir.* [*Aside.*] I must give this thunderbolt some passage, or ’twill break upon my own head—Look’e, Duretete, what do these gentlemen laugh at?

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me to be sure——Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1st Gen. Your'e mistaken, Sir, if we were merry, we had a private reason.

2d Gen. Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and observe me, I won't be named; it shan't be mentioned, not even whispered in your prayers at church. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye smile?

1st Gen. Not I, upon my word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an owl in a barn, or a Friar with his crown a shaving.

Mir. [*Aside to the Gent.*] Don't be bullied out of your humour, gentlemen; the fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll stand by you.

1st Gen. 'Egad and so we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threatened to kick me. Ay, then you dogs, I'll murder ye.

[*Fights, and beats them off; Mir. Runs over to his side.*]

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! bravely done, Duretete, there you had him, noble Captain. Hey, they run, they run, *victoria! victoria!*—Ha, ha, ha—how happy am I in an excellent friend! Tell me of your Virtuoso's and men of sense, a parcel of four-faced splenetic rogues—a man of my thin constitution should never want a fool in his company: I don't affect your fine things that improve the understanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my carcase: and in my conscience, a man of sense is as melancholy without a coxcomb, as a lion without a jackall; he hunts for our diversion, starts game for our spleen, and perfectly feeds us with pleasure.

I hate the man who makes acquaintance nice,
And still discreetly plagues me with advice;
Who moves by caution, and mature delays,
And must give reasons for whate'er he says.
The man, indeed, whose converse is so full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careless rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the fool as freely as he drinks.

Not

' Not a buffoon, who is buffoon by trade,
 ' But one that nature, not his wants have made.
 ' Who still is merry, but does ne'er design it;
 ' And still is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
 ' Who when he's most in earnest, is the best;
 ' And his most grave expression is a jest. [Exeunt.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter Old Mirabel and Dugard.

DUGARD.

THE lady abbess is my relation, and privy to the plot: 'your son has been there, but had no admittance beyond the privilege of the grate, and there my sister refus'd to see him. He went off more nettled at his repulse, than I thought his gaiety could admit.'

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?—O, Mr. Mirabel! you have done fine things for your posterity—And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to answer this—I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, Sir, or—[*To Old Mir.*

Old Mir. Restore him! what d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the cause on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! what d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by shutting up your sister yonder to talk like a parrot thro' a cage? Or a decoy-duck, to draw others into the snare? Your son, Sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the world; and in three words, has——

Old Mir. Hanged himself!

Dur. The very same, turned friar.

Old Mir. You lie, Sir, 'tis ten times worse. Bob turn-
ed

ed friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish crown when the same razor may cut his throat?

Dur. If you have any command, or you any interest over him, lose not a minute: he has thrown himself into the next monastery, and has ordered me to pay off his servants, and discharge his equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the spiritual or the natural father has the most right to the child.—But, dear Captain, what has he done with his estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the church, Sir.

Old Mir. The church! Nay, then the devil won't get him out of their clutches—Ten thousand livres a year upon the church! 'Tis downright sacrilege—Come, gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband, and a disobedient son from his own father. [Exit]

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a monastery?

Dur. Is your sister gone to the *filles repenties*? I tell you, Sir, she's not fit for the society of repenting maids.

Dug. Why so, Sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[Exit, Dug., after him.]

SCENE, the Inside of a monastery; Oriana in a Nun's Habit; Bisarre.

Ori. I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit.

Bis. To me, the greatest jest in the habit, is taking it in earnest: I don't understand this imprisoning people with the keys of Paradise, nor the merit of that virtue which comes by constraint.—' Besides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worst company when among ourselves; for our private thoughts run us into those desires, which our pride resists from the attack of the world; and, you may remember, the first woman met the devil when she retired from her man.

Ori. But I'm reconciled, methinks, to the mortification

'tion of a nunnery ; because, I fancy, the habit becomes me.

' *Bis.* A well-contrived mortification, truly, that makes a woman look ten times handsomer than she did before ! —Ay, my dear, were there any religion in becoming drefs, our sex's devotion were rightly placed ; for our toilettes would do the work of the altar ; we should all be canonized.

' *Ori.* But don't you think there is a great deal of merit in dedicating a beautiful face and person to the service of religion ?

' *Bis.* Not half so much as devoting them to a pretty fellow : if our feminality had no business in this world, why was it sent hither ? Let us dedicate our beautiful minds to the service of heaven : and for our handsome persons, they become a box at the play, as well as a pew in the church.

' *Ori.* But the vicissitude of fortune, the inconstancy of man, with other disappointments of life, require some place of religion, for a refuge from their persecution.

' *Bis.* Ha, ha, ha, and do you think there is any devotion in a fellow's going to church, when he takes it only for a sanctuary ? Don't you know that religion consists in charity with all mankind ; and that you should never think of being friends with heaven, 'till you have quarrelled with all the world.' Come, come, mind your business, Mirabel loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't ; give fresh orders that he shan't see you : we get more by hiding our faces sometimes, than by exposing them, a very mask, you see, whets desire ; but a pair of keen eyes through an iron grate, fire double upon them, with view and disguise. But I must be gone upon my affairs, I have brought my captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourself with that coxcomb ?

Bis. Because he is a coxcomb ; had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an ass of, that a lover like yours, to make a fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life. [*She runs to the door.*] Come hither, run, thou charming nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the news ?

[*Runs to her.*
Bis.

Bis. Don't you see who's below ?

Ori. I see no body but a friar.

Bis. Ah ! Thou poor blind Cupid ! ' O' my conscience,' these hearts of ours spoil our heads ' instantly ! the fellows no sooner turn knaves, than we turn ' fools.' A friar ! Don't you see a villainous genteel mien under that cloak of hypocrisy, the loose careless air of a tall rake-helly fellow ?

Ori. As I live, Mirabel turned friar ! I hope, in heaven, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest : ha, ha, ha, are you in earnest ? ' Now's ' your time ; this disguise has he certainly taken for a ' passport, to get in and try your resolutions ; stick to ' your habit, to be sure ; treat him with disdain, rather ' than anger ; for pride becomes us more than passion !' Remember what I say, if you would yield to advantage, and hold out the attack : to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

The cunning gamesters never gain too fast,

But lose at first, to win the more at last. [*Exit.*

* *Ori.* His coming puts me into some ambiguity. I ' don't know how ; I don't fear him, but I mistrust my- ' self. Would he were not come ; yet I would not have ' him gone neither ; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I ' love to see him though.

' What a strange power has this fantastic fire,

' That makes us dread even what we most desire !'

Enter Mirabel in a Friar's Habit.

Mir. Save you, sister—Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred habit by confession.

Ori. That's false, the cloven foot already. [*Aside.*] My brother's care I own ; and to you, sacred Sir, I confess, that the great crying sin which I have long indulged, and now prepare to expiate, was love. My morning thoughts, my evening prayers, my daily musings, nightly cares, was love ! ' My present peace, my future bliss, the joy ' of earth, and hopes of heaven ! I all condemned for ' love !'

Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest ; death and confusion, I have lost her ! [*Aside.*] You confess your fault ;

fault, Madam, in such moving terms, that I could almost be in love with the sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards; my chief delight became my only grief; he in whose breast I thought my heart secure, turned robber, and despoiled the treasure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that treasure he esteems so much, that like the miser, though afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Ori. No, holy father: who can be miser in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart was open, shar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! must then become of mine? But the same eyes that drew this passion in, shall send it out in tears, to which now hear my vow.

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair angel, but let me repent; here on my knees behold the criminal, that vows repentance his. Ha! No concern upon her!

Ori. This turn is odd, and the time has been, that such a sudden change would have surpris'd me into some confusion.

Mir. Restore that happy time, for I am now returned to myself, for I want but pardon to deserve your favour, and here I'll fix till you relent and give it.

Ori. Groveling, fordid man; why would you act a thing to make you kneel, monarch in your pleasures to be slave to your faults? Are all the conquests of your wand'ring sway, your wit, your humour, fortune, all reduced to the base cringing of a bended knee? Servile and poor! Pray heav'n this change be real. [*Aside.*

Mir. I come not here to justify my fault but my submission, for though there be a meanness in this humble posture, 'tis nobler still to bend when justice calls, than to resist conviction.

Ori. No more—thy oft repeated violated words reproach my weak belief, 'tis the severest calumny to hear thee speak; that humble posture which once could raise, now mortifies my pride; how can'st thou hope for pardon, from one that you affront by asking it?

Mir. [*Rises.*] In my own cause I'll plead no more; but give me leave to intercede for you against the hard injunctions of that habit, which for my fault you wear.

Ori. Surprising insolence! My greatest foe pretends to give me counsel; but I am too warm upon to cool a

sub-

subject. My resolutions, Sir, are fixed! but as our hearts were united with the ceremony of our eyes, so I shall spare some tears to the separation. [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewell.

Mir. And must I lose her? No. [*Runs and catches her.*] Since all my prayers are vain, I'll use the nobler argument of man, and force you to the justice you refuse; you're mine by pre-contract: and where's the vow so sacred to disannul another? I'll urge my love, your oath, and plead my cause against all monastic shifts upon the earth.

Ori. Unhand me, ravisher! Would you prophane these holy walls with violence? Revenge for all my past disgrace now offers, thy life should answer this, would I provoke the law: urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable woman! let me kneel again.

[*Kneels.*]

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit nun?

Ori. Madness! Confusion! I'm ruined!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his hood.*] What did you say, Sir?

Old Mir. I say, she's a counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have lost my child by these tricks, Sir.

Mir. What tricks, Sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended trick, Sir. A contrivance to bring my son to reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him and a thousand pounds a year.

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] My dear father, I'm your most humble servant.

Old Mir. My dear boy. [*Runs and kisses him.*] Welcome *ex inferis*, my dear boy, 'tis all a trick, she's no more a nun than I am.

Mir. No!

Old Mir. The devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiss me again, my dear dad, for the most happy news—And now most venerable holy sister,

[*Kneels.*]

Your mercy and your pardon I implore,
For the offence of asking it before.

E

'Look'e,

‘ Look’e, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice,
 ‘ be a nun in good earnest; women make the best nuns
 ‘ always when they can’t do otherwife. Ah, my dear
 ‘ father! there is a merit in your son’s behaviour that you
 ‘ little think: the free deportment of such fellows as I,
 ‘ makes more ladies religious, than all the pulpits in
 ‘ France.’

Ori. Oh, Sir, how unhappily have you destroyed what was so near perfection! He is the counterfeit that has deceived you.

Old Mir. Ha! Look’e, Sir, I recant, she is a nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble servant, then I’m a friar this moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old fool so bantered by a brace o’ young ones; hang you both, you’re both counterfeits, and my plot’s spoiled, that’s all.

Ori. Shame and confusion, love, anger, and disappointment, will work my brain to madness.

[*Takes off her habit. Exit.*]

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the rags, they have served a turn for us both, and they shall e’en go off together.

[*Takes off his habit.*]

‘ Thus the sick wretch, when tortur’d by his pain,
 ‘ And finding all essays for life are vain;
 ‘ When the physician can no more design,
 ‘ Then call the other doctor, the divine.
 ‘ What vows to Heaven, would Heaven restore his
 health!
 ‘ Vows all to Heaven, his thoughts, his actions, wealth!
 ‘ But if restor’d to vigour as before,
 ‘ His health refuses what his sickness swore.
 ‘ The body is no sooner rais’d and well,
 ‘ But the weak soul relapses into ill;
 ‘ To all its former swing of life is led,
 ‘ And leaves its vows and promises in bed.’

[*Exit, throwing away the habit.*]

SCENE changes to Old Mirabel’s House. Duretete with a Letter.

Dur. [*Reads.*] “ My rudeness was only a proof of your humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own myself

myself penitent, and willing to make any reparation upon your first appearance to BISARRE."

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewell gallantry, and welcome revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Bifarre.

Well, mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the modesty of—

Dur. Of what? Of a dancing devil!—Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I—

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abused again! Death, woman, I'll—

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your obedience, stand there; and ogle me now, as if your heart, blood and soul were like to fly out at your eyes—First, the direct surprise [*She looks full upon him.*] Right; next the *deux yeux par oblique*. [*She gives him the side glance.*] Right; now depart, and languish. [*She turns from him and looks over her shoulder.*] Very well; now sigh. [*She sighs.*] Now drop your fan on purpose. [*She drops her fan.*] Now take it up again. Come now, confess your faults; are not you a proud—say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bis. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Bis. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt me to do you a mischief; ask my pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, Sir, I only mistook the word.

Dur. Cry then. Have you got e'er a handkerchief?

Bis. Yes, Sir.

Bis. Cry then, handsomely; cry like a queen in a tragedy. [*She pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing, and enter two ladies laughing.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha.

Ladies both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the furies fluttered about my ears! Betrayed again?

Bis. That you are, upon my word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha.

Dur. The lord deliver me!

1st Lady. What! Is this the mighty man with the bull-face that comes to frighten ladies? I long to see him angry; come begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the best natured fellow in the world.

2d Lady. A man! We're mistaken, a man has manners; the awkward creature is some tinker's trull in a periwig.

Bis. Come, ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*]

Dur. Examine! the devil you will!

Bis. I'll lay my life, some great dairy maid in man's clothes.

Dur. They will do't;—look'e, dear Christian women, pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again?

Dur. If you please to let me get away with my honour, I'll do any thing in the world.

Bis. Will you persuade your friend to marry mine?

Dur. Oh, yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Burn me, if I do, if the coast be clear. [*Runs out.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha, the visit, ladies, was critical for our diversions, we'll go make an end of our tea. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mirabel and Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your patience, Sir, I tell you I won't marry; and though you send all the bishops in France to persuade me, I shall never believe their doctrine against their practice.

Old Mir. But will you disobey your father Sir?

Mir. Would my father have his youthful son lie lazing here, bound to a wife, chained like a monkey to make sport to a woman, subject to her whims, humours, longings, vapours, and caprices, to have her one day pleased, to-morrow peevish; the next day mad, the fourth

‘ fourth rebellious ; and nothing but this succession of
 ‘ impertinence for ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to
 ‘ your own flesh and blood.

‘ *Old Mir.* But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why should
 ‘ not you ?

‘ *Mir.* Then you think that marriage, like treason,
 ‘ should attain the whole body ; pray consider, Sir, is it
 ‘ reasonable because you throw yourself down from one
 ‘ story, that I must cast myself headlong from the garret
 ‘ window ?’ You would compel me to that state, which
 I have heard you curse yourself, when my mother and
 you have battled it for a whole week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you rogue, and that was
 when she longed for six Flanders mares : ay, Sir, then
 she was breeding of you, which shewed what an expen-
 sive dog I should have of you.

Enter Petit.

Well, Petit, how does she now ?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con pompos*—Ay, Mr. Mirabel, you’ll
 believe that I speak truth now, when I confess that I have
 told you hitherto nothing but lies ; our jesting is come to
 a sad earnest, she’s downright distracted.

Enter Bisarre.

Bis. Where is this mighty victor !—The great ex-
 ploit is done ; ‘ go triumph in the glory of your con-
 ‘ quest, inhuman, barbarous man !’ Oh, Sir, [*To the old*
gentleman.] your wretched ward has found a tender guar-
 dian of you, where her young innocence expected pro-
 tection, here has she found her ruin.

Old Mir. Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that
 rogue won’t marry, for fearing of begetting such another
 disobedient son as his father did. I have done all I can,
 Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for com-
 pany. [*Cries.*

Enter Dugard, with his sword drawn.

Dug. Away ! Revenge, revenge.

Old Mir. Patience, patience, Sir. [*Old Mirabel holds*
him.] Bob, draw. [*Aside.*

Dug. Patience ! The coward’s virtue, and the brave
 man’s failing, when thus provoked—Villain !

Mir. Your sister’s frenzy shall excuse your madness ;
 and to shew my concern for what she suffers, I’ll bear the
 villain

villain from her brother.—Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like yours, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 'twill find a part within this breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft compassion for her grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as she: [*Enter Oriana, held by two maids, who put her in a chair.*] A sister that my dying parents left, with their last words and blessing to my care. Sister, dearest sister.

[*Goes to her.*]

Old Mir. Ay, poor child, poor child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;—Oh! Oh, my heart! Were you never in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?—I dream of walking fires, and tall gigantic fights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that face sure.—How light my head is!

Mir. What piercing charms has beauty, even in madness! 'these sudden starts of undigested words shoot through my soul, with more persuasive force than all the studied art of laboured eloquence.'—Come, Madam, try to repose a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I must be up to go to church, and I must dress me, put on my new gown, and be so fine, to meet my love. Hey ho!—Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried?

Mir. My very soul is touch'd—Your hand, my fair.

Ori. How soft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket—Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—And will you ring my passing-bell?

Mir. 'Oh, woman, woman, of artifice created! whose nature, even distracted, has a cunning: in vain let man his sense, his learning boast, when woman's madness over-rules his reason.' Do you know me, injured creature?

Ori.

Ori. No ; but you shall be my intimate acquaintance in the grave. [Weeps.

Mir. Oh, tears, I must believe you ! Sure there is a kind of sympathy in madness ; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so tossed with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she. [Wipes his eyes.

Ori. What, have you lost your lover ? No, you mock me. I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair innocence, and hear me own my love so loud, that I may call your senses to their place, restore them to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

Bis. Let her alone, Sir ; 'tis all too late ; she trembles ; hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking. Don't trouble her ; she don't know you, Sir.

Old Mir. Not know him ! What then ? she loves to see him, for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all ? What the devil ! melancholy, and I here ! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous subject, such a very good jest among you as I am ?

Mir. Away with this impertinence ! this is no place for *bagatelle* : I have murdered my honour, destroyed a lady, and my desire of reparation is come at length too late. See there.

Dur. What ails her ?

Mir. Alas, she's mad !

Dur. Mad ! dost wonder at that ? By this light, they're all so ; they're cozening mad, they're brawling mad, they're proud mad ; I just now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almost—What, is she dead ?

Mir. Dead ! Heavens forbid !

Dur. Heavens further it ! for till they be as cold as a key, there's no trusting them ; you're never sure that a woman's in earnest, till she is nailed in her coffin. Shall I talk to her ? Are you mad, mistress ?

Bis. What's that to you, Sir ?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there ? [Runs off.

Mir. Away, thou wild buffoon ! how poor and mean this humour now appears ! His follies and my own I here disclaim ; this lady's frenzy has restor'd my senses ; and was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I

peak it) she should be mine ; and as she is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dag. How happy had this declaration been some hours ago!

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off. Come, come, let's leave them. [*Ex. all but Mir. and Ori.*]

Ori. Oh, Sir!

Mir. Speak, my charming angel, if your dear senses have regained their order ; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

Ori. First, let me bless the cunning of my sex, that happy counterfeited frenzy, that has restored to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best beloved of men.

Mir. Tune, all ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs the happy sound of Oriana's health ! her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again ; the counterfeiting fair has played the fool.

She was so mad to counterfeit for me ;

I was so mad to pawn my liberty :

But now we both are well, and both are free. }

Ori. How, Sir, free !

Mir. As air, my dear bedlamite. What, marry a lunatic ! Look ye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long. Here, gentlemen——

Ori. Monster ! you won't disgrace me ?

Mir. O' my faith, but I will—here, come in, gentlemen—A miracle, a miracle ! the woman's dispossessed ! the devil's vanished !

Enter Old Mirabel and Dugard.

Old Mir. Bless us ! was she possessed ?

Mir. With the worst of dæmons, Sir, a marriage-devil, a horrid devil. Mr. Dugard, don't be surpris'd ; I promised my endeavours to cure your sister ; no mad-doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge ; and have a care she don't relapse ; if she should, employ me not again ; for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty ; I do cure sometimes.

Ori. Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove the greatest

greatest poison to my health ; for tho' my former frenzy was but counterfeit, I shall now run into a real madness.

[Exit; Old Mir. after.

' *Dug.* This was a turn beyond my knowledge. I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it. [Exit.]

Mir. What dangerous precipice have I escaped ! Was not I just now upon the brink of destruction ?

' *Enter Duretete.*

' Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom ! no lark, escaped from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehension.

' *Dur.* The matter, man ?

' *Mir.* Marriage, hanging ; I was just at the gallows-foot, the running noose about my neck, and the cart wheeling from me. Oh, I shan't be myself this month again !

' *Dur.* Did not I tell you so ? They are all alike, saints or devils : their counterfeiting can't be reputed a deceit ; for 'tis the nature of the sex, not their contrivance.

' *Mir.* Ay, ay ; there's no living here with security ; this house is so full of stratagem and design, that I must abroad again.

' *Dur.* With all my heart ; I'll bear thee company, my lad. I'll meet you at the play, and we'll set out for Italy to-morrow morning.

' *Mir.* A match ; I'll go pay my compliment of leave to my father presently.

' *Dur.* I'm afraid he'll stop you.

' *Mir.* What, pretend a command over me, after his settlement of a thousand pounds a year upon me ! No, no, he has passed away his authority with the conveyance ; the will of a living father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

' What makes the world attend and croud the great ?

' Hopes, interest and dependance make their state.

' Behold the antichamber fill'd with beaus ;

' A horse's levee crown'd with courtly crows.

' Tho' grumbling subjects make the crown their sport,

' Hopes of a place will bring the sparks to court.

' Dependance ev'n a father's sway secures ;

' For tho' the son rebels, the heir is yours. [Exeunt.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the Play-house.**Enter Mirabel and Duretete, as coming from the Play.*

DURETETE.

HOW d'ye like this play?*Mir.* I liked the company; the lady, the rich beauty, in the front box had my attention. These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

For deaths upon the stage the ladies cry;
 But ne'er mind us that in the audience die.
 The poet's hero should not move their pain;
 But they should weep for those their eyes have slain.

Dur. Hoity toity! did Phillis inspire you with all this?*Mir.* Ten times more; the play-house is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring triumphant air in the boxes than any where else; they sit commanding on their thrones, with all their subject slaves about them; their best cloaths, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes, the treasure of the world in a ring. 'Then there's such a hurry of pleasure to transport us; the bustle, noise, gallantry, equipage, garters, feathers, wigs, bows, smiles, ogles, love, music, and applause.' I could wish that my whole life long were the first night of a new play.*Dug.* The fellow has quite forgot this journey. Have you bespoke post horses?*Mir.* Grant me but three days, dear Captain, one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy, and then I'm yours to the world's end.*Dur.* Hast thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure and quality in so short a time?*Mir.* Yes Sir; I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred louis d'ors in my pocket.*Dur.* Five hundred louis d'ors! You an't mad?*Mir.* I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head. I compared her necklace with her looks, and the living jewels out-sparkled the dead ones by a million.*Dur.*

Dur. But you have owned to me, that, abating Oriana's pretension's to marriage, you loved her passionately : then how can you wander at this rate ?

Mir. I longed for partridge t'other day off the King's plate ; but, d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing ?

Dur. Pr'ythee, Mirabel, be quiet ; you may remember what narrow escapes you have had abroad, by following strangers ; you forget your leap out of the courtesan's window at Bologna, to save your fine ring there.

Mir. My ring's a trifle ; there's nothing we possess comparable to what we desire. Be shy of a lady, bare-faced, in the front-box, with a thousand pounds in jewels about her neck !—For shame ! no more —

Enter Oriana in boy's cloaths, with a letter.

Ori. Is your name Mirabel, Sir ?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A letter from your uncle in Picardy.

[*Gives the letter.*]

Mir. [*Reads.*] “ The bearer is the son of a protestant gentleman who, flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth.”—A pretty boy.—“ He's fond of some handsome service that may afford him an opportunity of improvement. Your care of him will oblige

Your's.”

Ha! a mind to travel, child ?

Ori. 'Tis my desire, Sir ; I should be pleased to serve a traveller in any capacity.

Mir. A hopeful inclination. You shall along with me into Italy as my page.

Dur. I don't think it safe ; the rogue's too handsome. [*Noise without.*] The play is done, and some of the ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, with her train borne up by a page.

Mir. Duretere, the very dear, identical she !

Dur. And what then ?

Mir. Why, 'tis she.

Du.. And what then, Sir ?

Mir. Then ! Why—Look ye, firrah, the first piece of service I put you upon, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where she lives.

[*To Oriana.*]

Ori.

Ori. I don't know the town, Sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Mir. Pshaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, Madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

Lam. That fellow is got into his old pranks, and fallen drunk somewhere—None of my footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. These servants are the plague of our lives. What shall I do?

Mir. By all my hopes, Fortune pimps for me! Now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry.

Dur. Why, you won't, sure?

Mir. Won't, brute!—Let not your servants' neglect, Madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience; for you can't be disappointed of an equipage whilst mine waits below; and would you honour the master so far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure.

[*Aside.*

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome; for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam; and he is a little engaged; besides, Madam, a hackney-coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude beast, be quiet. [*To Duretete.*]—The farther from home, Madam, the more occasion you have for a guard—Pray, Madam—

Lam. Lard, Sir!—

[*He seems to press, she to decline it, in dumb show.*

Dur. Ah, the devil's in his impudence! Now he wheedles, she smiles; he flatters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a rogue, and she's a w—— in a moment.

Mir. Without there! my coach!—Duretete, wish me joy.

[*Hands the lady out.*

Dur. Wish you a surgeon—Here, you little Picard; go follow your master, and he'll lead you—

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the academy, child; 'tis the fashion with men of quality to teach their pages their exercises—Go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir? That woman may do him some harm; I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, Mr. Page? Do you start up to give

give laws of a sudden? Do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters? Look ye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions; and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope that he goes to a bawdy-house.

Ori. Heavens forbid! [Exit.

Dur. Now would I sooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman. What a strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures! a woman to me is aversion upon aversion; a cheese, a cat, a breast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle. [Exit.

SCENE, a handsome Apartment.

Enter Mirabel and Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your service was something more than good breeding, please to lay out an hour of your company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

Mir. Your desire, Madam, has only prevented my request. My hours! make them yours, Madam; eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, Sir, to dismiss your retinue; because an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be consistent with my reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little boy—Here, page, order my coach and servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish country boy, that knows nothing but innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir! I should be sorry if you made any sinister constructions of my freedom.

Mir. Oh, Madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy correspondence, that we entered into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another. Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three words, Madam,—I am a gentleman, I have five hundred pounds in my pocket, and a clean shirt on.

Lam. And your name is——

Mir. Mustapha——Now, Madam, the inventory of your fortunes.

Lam. My name is Lamorce; my birth noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, fullen, impetuous fellow; the husband spoiled the gentleman; crying ruined my face, till at last I took heart, leaped out of a window, got away to my friends, sued my tyrant, and recovered my fortune. I lived from fifteen to twenty to please a husband; from twenty to forty I'm resolved to please myself, and from thence upwards I'll humour the world.

Mir. The charming wild notes of a bird broke out of its cage.

Lam. I marked you at the play, and something I saw of a well-furnished, careless, agreeable *tour* about you. Methought your eyes made their mannerly demands with such an arch modesty, that I don't know how—but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha! I'm elop'd.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! I rejoice in your good fortune with all my heart.

Lam. Oh, now I think on't, Mr. Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there; I could scarcely believe it right; pray, let me see it.

Mir. Hum!—Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right—but, but, but, but it was given me by my mother; an old family ring, Madam, an old-fashioned family ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir—If you can entertain yourself 'with a 'song' for a moment, I'll wait on you immediately. 'Come in there.'

Enter Singers.

'Call what you please, Sir.' [Exit.]

Mir. 'The new song——"Pr'ythee, Phillis." [Song.] Certainly the stars have been in a strange intriguing humour when I was born. Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough: but what should I have to-morrow night? The same. And what next night? The same. And what next night? The very same—Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again—But here's variety.

'I love the fair who freely gives her heart,
'That's mine by ties of nature, not of art;

'Who

' Who boldly owns whate'er her thoughts indite,
' And is too modest for a hypocrite.'

[Lamorce appears at the door; as he runs towards her, four Bravoes step in before her. He starts back.

She comes, she comes!—Hum, hum—Bitch—Murdered, murdered to be sure! The cursed strumpet, to make me send away my servants!—Nobody near me—These cut-throats always make sure work. What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these gentlemen your relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble servant. Sir, your most faithful; yours, Sir, with all my heart; your most obedient. Come, gentlemen, [*Salutes all round.*] please to sit—no ceremony—next the lady, pray, Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how d'ye like my friends?

[*They all sit.*

Mir. Oh, Madam, the most finished gentlemen! I was never more happy in good company in my life. I suppose, Sir, you have travelled?

1 Bra. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, Sir, may I presume?

1 Bra. In a western barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty! facetious pretty gentleman.

Lam. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger there—

Mir. Ah, Madam, 'tis at your service with all my heart!

[*Offering the ring.*

Lam. By no means, Sir; a family ring! [*Takes it.*

Mir. No matter, Madam. Seven hundred pounds, by this light!

[*Aside.*

2 Bra. Pray, Sir, what's o'clock?

Mir. Hum!—Sir, I have left my watch at home.

2 Bra. I thought I saw the string of it just now.

Mir. Ods my life, Sir, I beg your pardon, here it is; but it don't go.

[*Putting it up.*

Lam. Oh, dear Sir, an English watch! Tompion's, I presume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam?—No ceremony—'tis at your service with all my heart and soul—Tompion's! Hang ye!

[*Aside.*

1 Bra.

64 THE INCONSTANT.

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make of your sword-hilt.

Mir. I am mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir. Sir, I won't sell it.

1 *Bra.* Not sell it, Sir!

Mir. No, gentlemen; but I'll bestow it with all my heart. [*Offering it.*]

1 *Bra.* Oh, Sir, we shall rob you!

Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*] I have another at home; pray, Sir—Gentlemen, you're too modest; have I any thing else that you can fancy? Sir, will you do me a favour? [*To the 1st Bravo.*] I am extremely in love with that wig which you wear; will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look ye, Sir, this is a family wig, and I would not part with it; but if you like it——

Mir. Sir, your most humble servant. [*They change wigs.*]

1 *Bra.* Madam, your most humble slave.

[*Goes up foppishly to the lady, salutes her.*]

2 *Bra.* The fellow's very liberal; shall we murder him? [*Aside.*]

1 *Bra.* What, let him escape to hang us all, and I to lose my wig! No, no; I want but a handsome pretence to quarrel with him; for you know we must act like gentlemen. [*Aside.*] Here, some wine. [*Wine here.*] Sir, your good health. [*Pulls Mirabel by the nose.*]

Mir. Oh, Sir, your most humble servant! A pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose. Ha, ha, ha! the pleasantest pretty-humoured gentleman!

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass. [*Mir. drinks.*]

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir. But I tell ye what; I find we're all inclined to be frolicsome, and, 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry. Let's make a night on't, ha!—This wine is pretty; but I have such Burgundy at home—Look ye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my Burgundy, I defy France to match it—'Twill make us all life, all air; pray, gentlemen——

2 *Bra.* Eh——Shall us have the Burgundy?

1 *Bra.*

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can. Here, call up the gentleman's servant—What think you, Lamorce?

Lam. Yes, yes. Your servant is a foolish country boy, Sir, he understands nothing but innocence.

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam. Here, page!

Enter Oriana.

Take this key, and go to my butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red Burgundy, marked a thousand: and be sure you make haste; I long to entertain my friends here, my very good friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, child, take a glass of wine—Your master and I have changed wigs, honey, in a frolic. Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

Ori. Mustapha!

Mir. Out of Picardy. This is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red Burgundy, Sir?

Mir. The red, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste.

Ori. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleased to like my wig, have you any fancy for my coat? Look ye, Sir, it has served a great many honest gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not so faithfully; for I'm afraid it has got a scurvy trick of leaving all its masters in necessity. The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty.

[*Aside.*]

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concerned, Madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy; he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't: I would not be disappointed of my wine for the universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir. But supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, Sir?

Mir. Oh, Madam, I never had a better stomach in my life!

Lam. Come, then; we have nothing but a plate of soup.

Mir. [*Aside.*] Ah, the marriage-soup I could dispense with now!

[*Exit, banding the lady.*]

2 *Bra.* That wig won't fall to your share.

1 *Bra.* No, no, we'll settle that after supper; in the mean time the gentleman shall wear it.

2 *Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be sure. I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I wonder at the impudence of the English rogues, that will hazard the meeting a man at the bar, whom they have encountered upon the road. I ha'n't the confidence to look a man in the face after I have done him an injury; therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's House.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My friend has forsaken me, I have abandoned my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money burns in my pocket. But, now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest Lieutenant, over a flask of wine, a rakehelly story, and a pipe of tobacco. [*Going off, Bisarre meets him.*]

Bis. Who comes there? Stand!

Dur. Hey-day! now she's turn'd dragoon.

Bis. Look ye, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again. I design to wait on you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Bis. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child, where you're never out of the way, because there's no such thing as a high-road.

Bis. Rather always in a high-road, because you travel all upon hills. But be it as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the East-Indies.

Bis. East or West, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take thro' Germany, and drink hard.

Bis. Suppose I take thro' Germany, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppose I go to a bawdy-house.

Bis. Suppose I shew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman, will you go to the guard with me, and smoak a pipe?

Bis. *Allons donc!*

Dur. The devil's in the woman! Suppose I hang myself.

Bis.

Bis. There I'll leave you,

Dur. And a happy riddance; the gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir; [*Catches him by the arm, going.*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam, or I shall think that you are a man, and perhaps examine you.

Bis. Stir if you dare; I have still spirits to attend me; and can raise such a muster of fairies as shall punish you to death. Come, Sir, stand there now and ogle me. [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing sigh. [*He groans.*] Now run and take my fan—faster. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Bis. Hold, hold, dear humourous coxcomb! Captain, spare my fan, and I'll—Why, you rude, inhuman monster, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's twelve-pence; for that is the price on't.

Bis. Sir, it cost a guinea.

Dur. Well, Madam, you shall have the sticks again.

[*Throws them to her, and exit.*

Bis. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous below my concern. I must follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Lamorce's Lodgings.

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. Bloody hell-hounds! I over-heard you. Was not I, two hours ago, the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair coming prospect of a long scene of years? Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised joys, is more than death--the manner too, by villains. Oh, my Oriana, this very moment might have bless'd me in thy arms! and my poor boy, the innocent boy!—Confusion!—But, hush, they come; I must dissemble still—No news of my wine, gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoes.

Bra. No, Sir; I believe your country booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for it—True, Sir, you're a pleasant gentleman; but I suppose you understand our business.

Mir.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your employments; you, Sir, are a lawyer, I presume; you a physician, you a scrivener, and you a stock-jobber—All cut-throats, 'egad. [*Aside.*]

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashiered at the head of the army for a coward; so I took up the trade of murder to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a soldier too, and would serve my king; but I don't like the quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no estate; but I must have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1 *Bra.* I am a ruffian too, by the prejudice of education; I was bred a butcher. In short, Sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. Come, Sir, which sword will you fall by? Mine, Sir? [*Draws.*]

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*]

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*]

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*]

Mir. I scorn to beg my life; but to be butcher'd thus! [*Knocking.*] Oh, there's the wine!—This moment for my life or death.

Enter Oriana.

Lost, for ever lost!—Where's the wine, child? [*Faintly.*]

Ori. Coming up, Sir. [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete with his sword drawn, and six of the grand Musqueteers with their pieces presented; the Ruffians drop their swords. Oriana goes off.

Mir. The wine, the wine, the wine! Youth, pleasure, fortune, days and years are now my own again!—Ah, my dear friends! did not I tell you this wine would make me merry?—Dear Captain, these gentlemen are the best-natured, facetious, witty creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the wine come, Sir?

Mir. Oh, yes, Madam, the wine is come—See there! [*Pointing to the soldiers.*] Your Ladyship has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your service.

Mir. Oh, ho! is it so? Thou dear seven hundred pounds, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my heart—Ad's my life,

life, Madam, you have got the finest built watch there! Tompion's, I presume.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. Oh, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much—Rob you of all!—*[Taking it from her.]* Good dear time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retrieved thee. *[Putting it up.]* What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady.—How now—is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you are surprized at all this! but we're in our frolics, you must know.—Some wine here.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Come, Captain, this worthy gentleman's health. *(Tweaks the first Bravo by the nose; he roars.)* But now, where—where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy!

1st Bra. I hope some of our crew below-stairs have dispatched him.

Mir. Villain, what sayest thou? Dispatched! I'll have ye all tortured, racked, torn to pieces alive, if you have touched my boy.—Here, Page! Page! Page!

[Runs out.]

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1st Bra. Yes, Sir, we know you and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam;—He, he, he.—I'm so pleased to think that I shall be revenged of one woman before I die—Well, Mistress Snap-Dragon, which of these honourable gentlemen is so happy to call you wife?

1st Brav. Sir, she should have been mine to-night, because Sampre here had her last night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Dug. Take them to justice.

[The Guards carry off the Bravoes.]

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, and Bisarre.

Old Mir. Robin, Robin, where's Bob? Where's my boy?—What, is this the lady? a pretty whore, faith?—Heark'e, child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, Madam,—and you shall have a swinging equi-

equipage, three or four thousand footmen at your heels at least.

Dur. No less becomes her quality.

Bis. Faugh! the monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear Bob, art thou safe, man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I'm ruin'd, the savor of my life is lost.

Old Mir. No, he came and brought us the news.

Mir. But where is he?—

Enter Oriana.

Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear preserver, what shall I do to recompense your trust?—'Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth that has relieved me from the most ignominious death, from the scandalous poniards of these bloody Russians, where to have fallen would have defamed my memory with vile reproach—My life, estate, my all, is due to such a favour'—Command me, child: before you all, before my late so kind indulgent stars, I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the same stars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the justice of my claim; I shall demand but what was mine before—the just performance of your contract to Oriana.

[*Discovering herself.*]

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this disguise I resolved to follow you abroad, counterfeited that letter that got me into your service; and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became the instrument of your preservation; few common servants would have had such cunning; my love inspired me with the meaning of your message, because my concern for your safety made me suspect your company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of imposition, 'the tricks and artful cunning of the sex I have despised, and broke through all contrivance.' Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary act; this was no human stratagem, but by my providential stars designed, to shew the dangers wandering youth incurs by the pursuit of an unlawful love, to plunge me headlong in the snares of vice, and then

to free me by the hands of virtue. Here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair preserver's pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe. And now for ever do protest me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all, di, dall. [*Sings.*] Kifs me, daughter—No, you shall kifs me first, [*To Lamorce.*] for you're the cause on't. Well, Bifarre, what say you to the Captain?

Bif. I like the beast well enough, but don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange road.

Old Mir. But marriage is so beaten a path that you can't go wrong.

Bif. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the way is spoiled.

Dur. There is but one thing should make me thy husband—I could marry thee to-day for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this. Mr. Dugard, are not you pleased with this?

Dug. So pleased, that if I thought it might secure your son's affection to my sister, I would double her fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has she not given me mine, my life, estate, my all, and what is more, her virtuous self?—

'Virtue, in this so advantageous life, has her own sparkling charms, more tempting far than glittering gold or glory.' Behold the foil [*Pointing to Lamorce.*] that sets this brightness off! [*To Oriana*] Here view the pride [*To Oriana.*] and scandal of the sex. [*To Lam.*] 'There [*To Lam.*] the false meteor, whose deluding light leads mankind to destruction. Here [*To Oriana.*] the bright shining star that guides to a security of happiness. A garden, and a single she, [*To Oriana.*] was our first father's bliss; the tempter, [*To Lam.*] and to wander, was his curse.'

What liberty can be so tempting there, [*To Lam.*

As a soft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here? [*To Ori.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Written by NATHANIEL ROWE, Esq.

FROM Fletcher's great original, to-day
 We took the hint of this our modern play:
 Our author, from his lines, has store to paint
 A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant:
 With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove,
 With language, and with softness fram'd to move,
 With little truth, but with a world of love.
 Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,
 When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
 When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.
 Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
 Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way;
 Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise,
 There's danger still in darkness and surprise;
 Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
 Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
 With easy freedom, and a gay address,
 A pressing lover seldom wants success:
 Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
 And wastes a ten years siege before one town.
 For her own sake, let no forsaken maid,
 Our wanderer, for want of love, upbraid;
 Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
 That they have lost the happy pow'r to please.
 If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a week;
 As princes, when they resty statesmen doubt,
 Before they can surrender, turn them out.
 Whate'er you think, grave uses may be made,
 And much even for inconstancy be said
 Let the good man for marriage-rites design'd,
 With studious care, and diligence of mind,
 Turn over every page of womankind;
 Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,
 And, when he knows the worst on't,—let him marry.







Published for the British Theatre, July 1777.

J. H. K. del.

*M. BOOTH in the Character of LORD FROTH.
Now when I laugh, I always laugh alone.*

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
DOUBLE DEALER.

A COMEDY,
As written by CONGREVE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book.

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS.

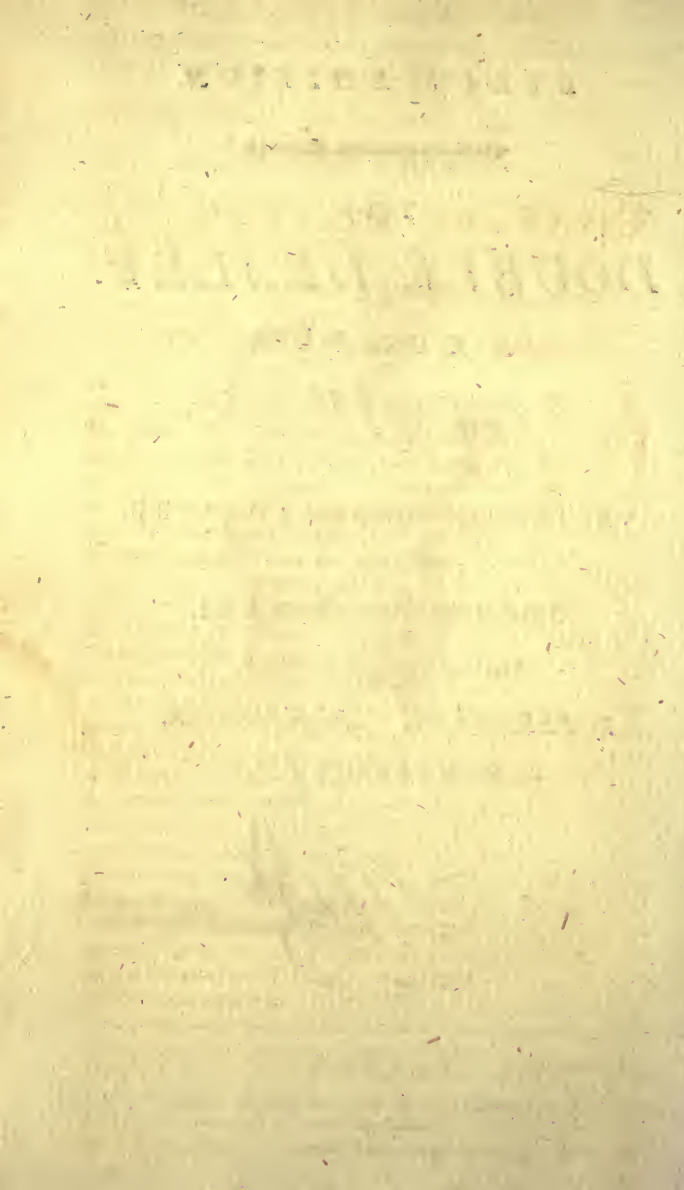
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MDCCCLXXVII.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE,

ONE OF THE

LORDS OF THE TREASURY.

S I R,

I Heartily wish this play were as perfect as I intended it, that it might be more worthy your acceptance; and that my Dedication of it to you might be more becoming that honour and esteem which I, with every body who is so fortunate as to know you, have for you. It had your countenance when yet unknown; and now it is made public, it wants your protection.

I would not have any body imagine, that I think this play without its faults, for I am conscious of several. I confess I designed (whatever vanity or ambition occasioned that design) to have written a true and regular comedy; but I found it an undertaking which put me in mind of—*Sudet multum, frustra que laboret ausus idem.* And now to make amends for the vanity of such a design, I do confess both the attempt, and the imperfect performance. Yet I must take the boldness to say, I have not miscarried in the whole; for the mechanical part of it is regular. That I may say with a little vanity, as a builder may say, he has built a house according to the model laid down before him; or a gardener that he has set his flowers in a knot of such or such a figure. I designed the moral first, and to that moral I invented the fable, and do not know that I have borrowed one hint of it any where. I made the plot as strong as I could, because it was single; and I made it single, because I would avoid confusion, and was resolved to preserve the three unities of the Drama. Sir, this discourse is very impertinent to you, whose judgment much better can discern the faults, than I can excuse them; and whose good-nature, like that of a lover, will find

out those hidden beauties (if there are any such) which it would be great immodesty for me to discover. I think I do not speak improperly when I call you a *Lover* of Poetry; for it is very well known she has been a very kind mistress to you; she has not denied you the last favour, and she has been fruitful to you in a most beautiful issue—If I break off abruptly here, I hope every body will understand that it is to avoid a commendation, which, as it is your due, would be most easy for me to pay, and too troublesome for you to receive.

I have, since the acting of this play, hearkened after the objections which have been made to it; for I was conscious where a true critic might have put me upon my defence, I was prepared for the attack; and am pretty confident I could have vindicated some parts, and excused others; and where there were any plain miscarriages, I would most ingenuously have confessed them. But I have not heard any thing said sufficient to provoke an answer. That which looks most like an objection, does not relate in particular to this play, but to all or most that ever have been written; and that is soliloquy. Therefore I will answer it, not only for my own sake, but to save others the trouble, to whom it may hereafter be objected.

I grant, that for a man to talk to himself, appears absurd and unnatural; and indeed it is so in most cases: but the circumstances which may attend the occasion make great alteration. It oftentimes happens to a man, to have designs which require him to himself, and in their nature cannot admit of a confidant. Such, for certain, is all villainy; and other less mischievous intentions may be very improper to be communicated to a second person. In such a case, therefore, the audience must observe whether the person upon the stage takes any notice of them at all, or no. For if he supposes any one to be by, when he talks to himself, it is monstrous and ridiculous to the last degree; nay, not only in this case, but in any part of a play, if there is expressed any knowledge of an audience, it is insufferable. But otherwise, when a man in soliloquy reasons with himself, and *pro's* and *con's*, and weighs all his designs, we ought not to imagine that this man either talks to us, or to himself; he is only thinking, and thinking such matter as were in-

inexcusable folly in him to speak. But because we are concealed spectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole mystery of this contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this person's thoughts; and to that end is forced to make use of the expedient of speech, no better way being yet invented for the communication of thought.

Another very wrong objection has been made by some who have not taken leisure to distinguish the characters. The hero of the play, as they are pleased to call him, (meaning Mellefont) is a gull, and made a fool, and cheated. Is every man a gull and a fool that is deceived? At that rate I am afraid the two classes of men will be reduced to one, and the knaves themselves be at a loss to justify their title; but if an open-hearted honest man, who has an entire confidence in one whom he takes to be his friend, and whom he has obliged to be so; and who (to confirm him in his opinion) in all appearance, and upon several trials, has been so; if this man be deceived by the treachery of the other, must he of necessity commence fool immediately, only because the other has proved a villain? Ay, but there was a caution given to Mellefont, in the first act, by his friend Careless. Of what nature was that caution? only to give the audience some light into the character of Maskwell before his appearance, and not to convince Mellefont of his treachery; for that was more than Careless was then able to do: he never knew Maskwell guilty of any villainy; he was only a sort of man which he did not like. As for his suspecting his familiarity with my Lady Touchwood, let them examine the answer that Mellefont makes him, and compare it with the conduct of Maskwell's character through the play.

I would beg them again to look into the character of Maskwell before they accuse Mellefont of weakness for being deceived by him. For upon summing up the enquiry into this objection, it may be found they have mistaken cunning in one character for folly in another.

But there is one thing, at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it; for I declare I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world, than one of the fair-sex. They

are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected : How can I help it ? It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human-kind ; and there are but two sexes, male and female, *men* and *women*, which have a title to humanity : and if I leave one half of them out, the work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliment to those ladies who are offended ; but they can no more expect it in a comedy, than to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting them blood. They who are virtuous or discreet should not be offended ; for such characters as these distinguish *them*, and make their beauties more shining and observed : and they who are of the other kind, may nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeased, or touched with the satire of this *Comedy*. Thus have they also wrongfully accused me of doing them a prejudice, when I have in reality done them a service.

You will pardon me, Sir, for the freedom I take of making answers to other people, in an epistle which ought wholly to be sacred to you : but since I intend the play to be so too, I hope I may take the more liberty of justifying it where it is in the right.

I must now, Sir, declare to the world how kind you have been to my endeavours ; for in regard of what was well meant, you have excused what was ill performed. I beg you would continue the same method in your acceptance of this dedication. I know no other way of making a return to that humanity you shewed, in protecting an infant, - but by enrolling it in your service, now that it is of age, and come into the world. Therefore, be pleased to accept of this as an acknowledgment of the favour you have shewn me, and an earnest of the real service and gratitude of,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

To my dear Friend Mr. CONGREVE, on his Comedy,
called, *The DOUBLE DEALER*.

WELL then ; the promis'd hour is come at last ;
The present age of wit obscures the past :
Strong were our fires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit ;
'Theirs was the giant race, before the flood ;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd :
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude,
And boist'rous English wit with art indu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length ;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were, with want of genius, curst ;
The second temple was not like the first :
'Till you the best Vitruvius came at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base ;
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space ;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace. }
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise :
He mov'd the mind, but had no pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by strength of judgment please :
Yet doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In diff'rent talents both adorn'd their age ;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'er-match'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege's courtship, Southerne's purity ;
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley. }
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd ;
Nor are your foil'd cotemporaries griev'd ;
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy with Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome ;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.

Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught, became.

Oh, that your brows my laurel had sustain'd,
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd!

The father had descended for the son;

For only you are lineal to the throne.

Thus when the State one Edward did depose,

A greater Edward in his room arose.

But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd,

For Tom the second reign's, like Tom the first.

But let them not mistake my patron's part,

Nor call his charity their own desert.

Yet this I prophesy; thou shalt be seen

(Tho' with some short parenthesis between)

High on the throne of Wit; and seated there,

Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.

Thy first attempt an early promise made,

That early promise this has more than paid,

So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,

That your least praise, is to be regular.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

This is your portion; this your native store;

Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,

To Shakespear gave as much; she could not give him
more.

Maintain your post; that's all the fame you need;

For 'tis impossible you should proceed.

Already I am worn with cares and age,

And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;

Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expence,

I live a rent-charge on his providence:

But you, whom ev'ry muse and grace adorn,

Whom I foresee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains; and Oh, defend,

Against your judgment, your departed friend!

Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue;

But shade those laurels which descend to you:

And take for tribute what these lines express:

You merit more; nor could my love do less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

P R O L O G U E.

MOORS have this way (as story tells) to know
 Whether their brats are truly got, or no;
 Into the sea the new-born babe is thrown,
 There, as instinct directs, to swim or drown.
 A barbarous device, to try if spouse
 Has kept religiously her nuptial vows.

Such are the trials poets make of plays;
 Only they trust to more inconstant seas;
 So does our author, this his child commit
 To the tempestuous mercy of the pit,
 To know if it be truly born of Wit.

Critics, avaunt; for you are fish of prey,
 And feed, like sharks, upon an infant play.
 Be ev'ry monster of the deep away;
 Let's have fair trial, and a clear sea.

Let Nature work, and do not damn too soon,
 For life will struggle long, ere it sink down:
 And will at least rise thrice before it drown.
 Let us consider, had it been our fate,
 Thus hardly to be prov'd legitimate!
 I will not say we'd all in danger been,
 Were each to suffer for his mother's sin:
 But by my troth I cannot avoid thinking,
 How nearly some good men might have 'scap'd sinking.
 But, Heaven be prais'd, this custom is confin'd
 Alone to th' offspring of the muses kind:
 Our Christian cuckolds are more bent to pity;
 I know not one Moor-husband in the city.
 Pth' good man's arms the chopping bastard thrives,
 For he thinks all his own that is his wives.

Whatever fate is for this play design'd,
 The poet's sure he shall some comfort find:
 For if his muse has play'd him false, the worst
 That can befall him, is, to be divorc'd;
 You husbands judge, if that be to be curs'd.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Covent-Garden.

Maskwell, a villain ; pretended friend
to *Mellefont*, gallant to Lady *Touch-*
wood, and in love with *Cynthia*

Mr. Sheridan.

Lord *Touchwood*, uncle to *Mellefont*

Mr. Clarke.

Mellefont, promised to, and in love
with *Cynthia*

Mr. Wroughton.

Careless, his friend

Mr. Lewis.

Lord *Froth*, a solemn coxcomb

Mr. Booth.

Blisk

Mr. Woodward.

Sir *Paul Plyant*, an uxorious, foolish,
old Knight ; brother to Lady *Touch-*
wood, and father to *Cynthia*

Mr. Macklin.

W O M E N.

Lady *Touchwood*, in love with *Mellefont*
Cynthia, daughter to Sir *Paul* by a for-
mer wife, promised to *Mellefont*

Mrs. Jackson.

Lady *Froth*, a great coquet ; preten-
der to poetry, wit, and learning

Miss Dayes.

Lady *Plyant*, insolent to her husband,
and easy to any pretender

Mrs. Mattocks.

Miss Macklin.

Chaplain, Boy, Footmen, and Attendants.

The SCENE, a Gallery in Lord Touchwood's House,
with Chambers adjoining.

[11]

THE
DOUBLE DEALER.

•• *The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lord Touchwood's House, with Chambers adjoining.*

Enter Careless, crossing the stage, with his hat, gloves, and sword in his hands, as just risen from table; Mellefont following him.

MELLEFONT.

NED, Ned, whither so fast! What, turn'd flincher! Why, you wo'not leave us?

Care. Where are the women? I'm weary of guzzling, and begin to think them the better company.

Mel. Then thy reason staggers, and thou'rt almost drunk.

Care. No, faith, but your fools grow noisy; and if a man must endure the noise of words without sense, I think the women have more musical voices, and become nonsense better.

Mel. Why, they are at the end of the gallery, retired to their tea and scandal, according to their ancient custom after dinner.——But I made a pretence to follow you, because I had something to say to you in private, and I am not like to have many opportunities this evening.

Care. And here's this coxcomb most critically come to interrupt you.

Enter

Enter Brisk.

Brisk. Boys, boys, lads, where are you? What, do you give ground? Mortgage for a bottle, ha? Careless, this is your trick; you are always spoiling company by leaving it.

Care. And thou art always spoiling company by coming into it.

Brisk. Pooh, ha, ha, ha, I know you envy me. Spite, proud spite, by the gods! and burning envy.—I'll be judged by Mellefont here, who gives and takes raillery better, you or I. Pshaw, man, when I say you spoil company by leaving it; I mean you leave nobody for the company to laugh at. I think there I was with you, ha! Mellefont.

Mel. O' my word, Brisk, that was a home thrust—you have silenced him.

Brisk. Oh, my dear Mellefont, let me perish if thou art not the soul of conversation, the very essence of wit, and spirit of wine.—The deuce take me, if there were three good things said, or one understood, since thy amputation from the body of our society.—He, I think that's pretty and metaphorical enough: 'Egad, I could not have said it out of thy company—Careless, ha!

Care. Hum, what is it?

Brisk. O, *mon cœur!* What is't! Nay, gad I'll punish you for want of apprehension:—the deuce take me if I tell you.

Mel. No, no, hang him, he has no taste—But, dear Brisk, excuse me, I have a little business.

Care. Pr'ythee, get thee gone: thou see'st we are serious.

Mel. We'll come immediately if you'll but go in, and keep up good humour and sense in the company: Pr'ythee do—they'll fall asleep else.

Brisk. 'Egad so they will—Well I will, I will; gad you shall command me from the zenith to the nadir.—But the deuce take me if I say a good thing 'till you come.—But pr'ythee, dear rogue, make haste, pr'ythee make haste, I shall burst else.—And yonder your uncle, my Lord Touchwood, swears he'll disinheret you, and Sir Paul Plyant threatens to disclaim you for a son-in-law, and my Lord Froth won't dance at your wedding to-morrow;

crow; nor the deuce take me, I won't write your epithalamium——and see what a condition you're like to be brought to.

Mel. Well, I'll speak but three words, and follow you.

Brisk. Enough, enough. Careless, bring your apprehension along with you. [Exit.]

Care. Pert coxcomb.

Mel. Faith, 'tis a good-natured coxcomb, and has very entertaining follies——You must be more humane to him; at this juncture it will do me service. I'll tell you, I would have mirth continued this day at any rate; tho' patience purchase folly, and attention be paid with noise. There are times when sense may be unseasonable, as well as truth. Pr'ythee do thou wear none to-day; but allow Brisk to have wit, that thou mayst seem a fool.

Care. Why, how now, why this extravagant proposition?

Mel. O, I would have no room for serious design, for I am jealous of a plot. I would have noise and impertinence keep my Lady Touchwood's head from working: for Hell is not more busy than her brain, nor contains more devils than that imaginations.

Care. I thought your fear of her had been over——Is not to-morrow appointed for your marriage with Cynthia, and her father Sir Paul Plyant come to settle the writings this day, on purpose?

Mel. True; but you shall judge whether I have not reason to be alarmed. None besides you and Maskwell are acquainted with the secret of my aunt Touchwood's violent passion for me. Since my first refusal of her addresses, she has endeavoured to do me all ill offices with my uncle; yet has managed them with that subtilty, that to him they have borne the face of kindness, while her malice, like a dark lanthorn, only shone upon me, where it was directed. Still it gave me less perplexity to prevent the success of her displeasure, than to avoid the importunities of her love; and of two evils, I thought myself favoured in her aversion: but whether urged by her despair, and the short prospect of time she saw, to accomplish her designs; whether the hopes of revenge, or of her love, terminated in the view of this my marriage

riage with Cynthia, I know not; but this morning she surprized me in my bed. —

Care. Was there ever such a fury! 'Tis well Nature has not put it into her sex's power to ravish.—Well, bless us! proceed. What followed?

Mel. What at first amazed me; for I looked to have seen her in all the transports of a slighted and revengeful woman: but when I expected thunder from her voice, and lightning in her eyes, I saw her melted into tears, and hushed into a sigh. It was long before either of us spoke, passion had tied her tongue, and amazement mine. —In short, the consequence was thus: she omitted nothing that the most violent love could urge, or tender words express; which when she saw had no effect, but still I pleaded honour and nearness of blood to my uncle, then came the storm I feared at first; for starting from my bed-side like a fury, she flew to my sword, and with much ado I prevented her doing me or herself a mischief: having disarmed her, in a gust of passion she left me, and in a resolution, confirmed by a thousand curses, not to close her eyes, 'till they had seen my ruin.

Care. Exquisite woman! But what the devil does she think thou hast no more sense than to get an heir upon her body to disinherit thyself: for, as I take it, this settlement upon you, is with a proviso that your uncle have no children.

Mel. It is so. Well, the service you are to do me, will be a pleasure to yourself; I must get you to engage my Lady Plyant all this evening, that my pious aunt may not work her to her interest. And if you chance to secure her to yourself, you may incline her to mine. She is handsome, and knows it; is very silly, and thinks she has sense, and has an old fond husband.

Care. I confess a very fair foundation for a lover to build upon.

Mel. For my Lord Froth, he and his wife will be sufficiently taken up with admiring one another, and Brisk's galantry, as they call it. I'll observe my uncle myself; and Jack Maskwell has promised me to watch my aunt narrowly, and give me notice upon any suspicion. As for Sir Paul, my wife father-in-law that is to be, my dear Cynthia has such a share in his fatherly fondness, he would

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would scarce make her a moment uneasy, to have her happy hereafter.

Care. So, you have manned your works; but I wish you may not have the weakest guard where the enemy is strongest.

Mel. Maskwell, you mean; pr'ythee why should you suspect him?

Care. Faith, I cannot help it; you know I never liked him; I am a little superstitious in physiognomy.

Mel. He has obligations of gratitude to bind him to me; his dependence upon my uncle is through my means.

Care. Upon your aunt, you mean.

Mel. My aunt!

Care. I am mistaken if there be not a familiarity between them you do not suspect, notwithstanding her passion for you.

Mel. Pooh, pooh, nothing in the world but his design to do me service; and he endeavours to be well in her esteem, that he may be able to effect it.

Care. Well, I shall be glad to be mistaken: but your aunt's aversion in her revenge cannot be any way so effectually shewn, as in bringing forth a child to disinherit you. She is handsome and cunning, and naturally wanton. Maskwell is flesh and blood at best, and opportunities between them are frequent. His affection to you, you have confessed, is grounded upon his interest, that you have transplanted; and should it take root in my lady, I do not see what you can expect from the fruit.

Mel. I confess the consequence is visible, were your suspicions just.—But see, the company is broke up, let us meet them.

Enter Lord Touchwood, Lord Froth, Sir Paul Plyant, and Brisk.

Ld. T. Out upon't, nephew—leave your father-in-law, and me, to maintain our ground against young people.

Mel. I beg your Lordship's pardon—we were just returning.—

Sir P. Were you, son? Gadsbud, much better as it is—Good, strange! I swear I'm almost tipsy—t'other bottle would have been too powerful for me—as sure as

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can be it would.—We wanted your company, but Mr. Brisk—where is he? I swear and vow he's a most facetious person—and the best company.—And my Lord Froth, your Lordship is so merry a man, he, he, he.

Ld. F. O foy, Sir Paul, what do you mean? Merry! O barbarous! I'd as lieve you called me fool.

Sir P. Nay, I protest and vow now, 'tis true; when Mr. Brisk jokes, your Lordship's laugh does so become you, he, he, he.

Ld. F. Ridiculous! Sir Paul, you're strangely mistaken; I find Champagne is powerful. I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own, or a lady's; I assure you, Sir Paul.

Brisk. How! how, my Lord! What, affront my wit! Let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be laughed at?

Ld. F. O foy, don't misapprehend me; I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality, than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! every body can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any body else of the same quality does not laugh with one. Ridiculous! to be pleased with what pleases the croud! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your own jests, 'egad, ha, ha, ha.

Ld. F. He, he, I swear tho', your raillery provokes me to a smile.

Brisk. Ay, my Lord, it's a sign I hit you in the teeth, if you shew 'em.

Ld. F. He, he, he, I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

Care. I find a quibble bears more sway in your Lordship's face than a jest.

Ld. T. Sir Paul, if you please we'll retire to the ladies, and drink a dish of tea to settle our heads.

Sir P. With all my heart.—Mr. Brisk, you'll come to us — or call me when you joke—I'll be ready to laugh incontinently. *[Exit Ld. Touch. and Sir Paul.]*

Mel. But does your Lordship never see comedies?

Ld. F. O yes, sometimes, but I never laugh.

Mel.

Mel. No?

Ld. F. Oh, no—never laugh indeed, Sir.

Care. No! Why, what d'ye go there for?

Ld. F. To distinguish myself from the commonalty, and mortify the poets;—the fellows grow so conceited when any of their foolish wit prevails upon the side-boxes.—I swear—he, he, he, I have often constrained my inclinations to laugh—he, he, he, to avoid giving them encouragement

Mel. You are cruel to yourself, my Lord, as well as malicious to them.

Ld. F. I confess I did myself some violence at first, but now I think I have conquered it.

Brisk. Let me perish, my Lord, but there is something very particular in the humour; 'tis true, it makes against wit, and I'm sorry for some friends of mine that write, but 'egad, I love to be malicious.—Nay, deuce take me, there's wit in't too—and wit must be foiled by wit; cut a diamond with a diamond, no other way, 'egad.

Ld. F. Oh, I thought you would not be long before you found out the wit.

Care. Wit! In what? Where the Devil's the wit in not laughing when a man has a mind to't?

Brisk. O lord, why, can't you find it out?—Why, there 'tis, in the not laughing—Don't you apprehend me?—My Lord, Careless is a very honest fellow, but hark ye—you understand me, somewhat heavy, a little shallow, or so.—Why, I'll tell you now, suppose now you come up to me—Nay, pr'ythee Careless be instructed. Suppose, as I was saying, you come up to me holding your sides, and laughing, as if you would—Well—I look grave, and ask the cause of this immoderate mirth—You laugh on still, and are not able to tell me—Still I look grave, not so much as smile.—

Care. Smile, no, what the Devil should you smile at, when you suppose I can't tell you?

Brisk. Pshaw, pshaw, pr'ythee don't interrupt me.—But I tell you, you shall tell me—at last.—But it shall be a great while first.

Care. Well; but pr'ythee don't let it be a great while, because I long to have it over.

Brisk. Well then, you tell me some good jest, or very witty thing, laughing all the while as if you were ready to die—and I hear it, and look thus.—Would not you be disappointed?

Care. No: for if it were a witty thing, I should not expect you to understand it.

Ld. F. O foy, Mr. Careless, all the world allows Mr. Brisk to have wit; my wife says he has a great deal. I hope you think her a judge.

Brisk. Pooh, my Lord, his voice goes for nothing.—I can't tell how to make him apprehend.—Take it t'other way. Suppose I say a witty thing to you?

Care. Then I shall be disappointed indeed.

Mel. Let him alone, Brisk, he is obstinately bent not to be instructed.

Brisk. I'm sorry for him, the deuce take me.

Mel. Shall we go to the ladies, my Lord?

Ld. F. With all my heart;—methinks we are a solitude without them.

Mel. Or, what say you to another bottle of Champagne?

Ld. F. O, for the universe, not a drop more, I beseech you. Oh, intemperate! I have a flushing in my face already. [*Takes out a pocket glass, and looks in it.*]

Brisk. Let me see, let me see, my Lord, I broke my glass that was in the lid of my snuff-box. Hum! Deuce take me, I have encouraged a pimple here too.

[*Takes the glass, and looks.*]

Ld. F. Then you must mortify him with a patch; my wife shall supply you. Come, gentlemen, *allons*, here is company coming. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Touchwood and Maskwell.

L. T. I'll hear no more—Y're false and ungrateful; come, I know you false.

Mask. I have been frail I confess, Madam, for your Ladyship's service.

L. T. That I should trust a man whom I had known betray his friend!

Mask. What friend have I betrayed; Or to whom?

L. T. Your fond friend Mellefont, and to me——Can you deny it?

Mask. I do not.

L. T. Have you not wronged my Lord, who has been a father to you in your wants, and given you being? Have you not wronged him in the highest manner, in his bed?

Mask. With your Ladyship's help, and for your service, as I told you before. I cannot deny that neither. Any thing more, Madam?

L. T. More! audacious villain. Oh, what's more is most my shame—Have you not dishonoured me?

Mask. No, that I deny; for I never told in all my life: so that accusation's answered.—On to the next.

L. T. Death, do you dally with my passion? Insolent devil! But have a care—provoke me not; for, by the eternal fire, you shall not escape my vengeance.—Calm villain! how unconcerned he stands, confessing treachery and ingratitude! Is there a vice more black! —Oh, I have excuses, thousands, for my faults; fire in my temper, passions in my soul, apt to every provocation; oppressed at once with love and with despair: but a sedate, a thinking villain, whose black blood runs temperately bad, what excuse can clear?

Mask. Will you be in temper, Madam? I would not talk not to be heard. I have been [*She walks about disordered.*] a very great rogue for your sake, and you reproach me with it; I am ready to be a rogue still, to do you service; and you are flinging conscience and honour in my face, to rebate my inclinations. How am I to behave myself? You know I am your creature, my life and fortune in your power; to disoblige you brings me certain ruin. Allow it, I would betray you, I would not be a traitor to myself: I do not pretend to honesty, because you know I am a rascal: but I would convince you from the necessity of my being firm to you.

L. T. Necessity, impudence! Can no gratitude incline you, no obligations touch you? 'Have not my fortune and my person been subjected to your pleasure?' Were you not in the nature of a servant, and have not I in effect made you lord of all, of me, and of my Lord? Where is that humble love, the languishing, that adoration, which once was paid me, and everlastingly engaged?

Mask.

Mask. Fixed, rooted in my heart, whence nothing can remove them, yet you——

L. T. Yet, what yet?

Mask. Nay, misconceive me not, Madam, when I say I have had a generous and a faithful passion, which you had never favoured but thro' revenge and policy.

L. T. Ha!

Mask. Look you, Madam, we are alone,—Pray contain yourself, and hear me. You know you loved your nephew when I first sighed for you; I quickly found it; an argument that I loved: for with that art you veiled your passion, 'twas imperceptible to all but jealous eyes. This discovery made me bold, I confess it; for by it I thought you in my power. Your nephew's scorn of you added to my hopes; I watched the occasion, and took you, just repulsed by him, warm at once with love and indignation; your disposition, my arguments, and happy opportunity, accomplished my design; I prest the yielding minute, and was blest. How I have loved you since, words have not shewn, then how should words express?

L. T. Well, mollifying devil!—And have I not met your love with forward fire?

Mask. Your zeal I grant was ardent, but misplaced; there was revenge in view; that woman's idol had defiled the temple of the god, and love was made a mock-worship.—A son and heir would have edged young Mellefont upon the brink of ruin, and left him none but you to catch at for prevention.

L. T. Again, provoke me! Do you wind me like a laram, only to rouse my stilled soul for your diversion? Confusion!

Mask. Nay, Madam, I am gone, if you relapse—What needs this? I say nothing but what you yourself, in open hours of love, have told me. Why should you deny it? Nay, how can you? Is not all this present heat owing to the same fire? Do you not love him still? How have I this day offended you, but in not breaking off his match with Cynthia? which, ere to-morrow, shall be done——had you but patience.

L. T. How, what said you, Maskwell,——Another caprice to unwind my temper?

Mask.

Mask. By Heav'n, no; I am your slave, the slave of all your pleasures; and will not rest 'till I have given you peace, would you suffer me.

L. T. Oh, Maskwell, in vain do I disguise me from thee, thou knowest me, knowest the very inmost windings 'and recesses' of my soul.—'Oh, Mellefont! I 'burn : ' married to-morrow! Despair strikes me! Yet my soul knows I hate him too: let him but once be mine, ' and next immediate ruin seize him.'

Mask. Compose yourself, you shall possess and ruin him too—Will that please you?

L. T. How, how? thou dear, thou precious villain, how?

Mask. You have already been tampering with my Lady Plyant.

L. T. I have; she is ready for any impression I think fit.

Mask. She must be thoroughly persuaded that Mellefont loves her.

L. T. She is so credulous that way naturally, and likes him so well, that she will believe it faster than I can persuade her. But I don't see what you can propose from such a trifling design; for her first conversing with Mellefont will convince her of the contrary.

Mask. I know it—I don't depend upon it.—But it will prepare something else; and gain us leisure to lay a stronger plot.—If I gain a little time, I shall not want contrivance.

One minute gives invention to destroy,
What to rebuild, will a whole age employ.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Lady Froth and Cynthia.

CYNTHIA.

INDEED, Madam! Is it possible your Ladyship could have been so much in love?

L. F. I could not sleep; I did not sleep one wink for three weeks together.

Cyn.

Cyn. Prodigious ! I wonder want of sleep, and so much love, and so much wit as your Ladyship has, did not turn your brain.

L. F. O my dear Cynthia, you must not rally your friend—but really, as you say, I wonder too—but then I had a way. For between you and I, I had whimsies and vapours, but I gave them vent.

Cyn. How, pray Madam ?

L. F. O, I writ, writ abundantly——Do you never write ?

Cyn. Write, what ?

L. F. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyrics, lampoons, plays, or heroic poems.

Cyn. O lord, not I, Madam ; I am content to be a courteous reader.

L. F. O inconsistent ! in love, and not write ! If my Lord and I had been both of your temper, we had never come together——O bless me ! what a sad thing would that have been, if my Lord and I should never have met !

Cyn. Then neither my Lord nor you would ever have met with your match, on my conscience.

L. F. O' my conscience no more we should ; thou say'st right——for sure my Lord Froth is as fine a gentleman, and as much a man of quality ! Ah ! nothing at all of the common air——I think I may say he wants nothing but a blue ribband and a star, to make him shine the very phosphorus of our hemisphere. Do you understand those two hard words ? If you don't, I'll explain them to you.

Cyn. Yes, yes, Madam, I am not so ignorant.——At least I won't own it, to be troubled with your instructions

[*Aside.*

L. F. Nay, I beg your pardon ; but being derived from the Greek, I thought you might have escaped the etymology.——But I am the more amazed, to find you a woman of letters, and not write ! Bless me ! how can Mellefont believe you love him ?

Cyn. Why faith, Madam, he that won't take my word, shall never have it under my hand.

L. F. I vow Mellefont's a pretty gentleman, but methinks he wants a manner.

Cyn.

Cyn. A manner ! What's that, Madam ?

L. F. Some distinguishing quality, as for example, the *bel air* or *brillant* of Mr. Brisk ; the solemnity, yet complaisance of my Lord, or something of his own that should look a little *je ne sçai quoi* ; he is too much a mediocrity in my mind.

Cyn. He does not indeed affect either pertness or formality, for which I like him — Here he comes.

Enter Lord Froth, Mellefont, and Brisk.

Impertinent creature ! I could almost be angry with her now. [*Aside.*]

L. F. My Lord, I have been telling Cynthia how much I have been in love with you ; I swear I have ; I'm not ashamed to own it now ; Ah ! it makes my heart leap, I vow I sigh when I think on't :—My dear Lord ! ha, ha, ha, do you remember, my Lord ?

[Squeezes him by the hand, looks kindly on him, sighs, and then laughs out.]

Ld. F. Pleasant creature ! Perfectly well, Ah ! that look ! Ay, there it is ; who could resist !—'Twas so my heart was made a captive at first, and ever since it has been in love with happy slavery.

L. F. O that tongue, that dear deceitful tongue ! that charming softness in your mien and your expression, and then your bow ! Good, my Lord, bow as you did when I gave you my picture ; here, suppose this my picture—*[Gives him a pocket glass.]* Pray mind, my Lord ; ah ! he bows charmingly. Nay, my Lord, you shan't kiss it so much ; I shall grow jealous, I vow now.

[He bows profoundly low, then kisses the glass.]

Ld. F. I saw myself there, and kissed it for your sake.

L. F. Ah ! gallantry to the last degree—Mr. Brisk, you are a judge ; was ever any thing so well bred as my Lord ?

Brisk. Never any thing but your Ladyship, let me perish.

L. F. O prettily turned again ; let me die but you have a great deal of wit.—Mr. Mellefont, don't you think Mr. Brisk has a world of wit ?

Mel. O yes, Madam.

Brisk. O dear, Madam—

L. F. An infinite deal !

Brisk.

Brisk. Oh Heavens, Madam——

L. F. More wit than any body,

Brisk. I am everlastingly your humble servant, deuce take me, Madam.

Ld. F. Don't you think us a happy couple?

Cyn. I vow, my Lord, I think you the happiest couple in the world; 'for you are not only happy in one another and when you are together, but happy in yourselves, and by yourselves.'

Ld. F. I hope Mellefont will make a good husband too.

Cyn. 'Tis my interest to believe he will, my Lord.

Ld. F. D'ye think he'll love you as well as I do my wife? I am afraid not.

Cyn. I believe he'll love me better.

Ld. F. Heav'ns! that can never be; but why do you think so?

Cyn. Because he has not so much reason to be fond of himself.

Ld. F. O your humble servant for that, dear Madam. Well, Mellefont, you'll be a happy creature.

Mel. Ay, my Lord, I shall have the same reason for my happiness that your Lordship has; I shall think myself happy.

Ld. F. Ah, that's all.

Brisk. [*To Lady Froth.*] Your Ladyship is in the right; but 'egad I'm wholly turned into satire. I confess I write but seldom, but when I do——keen Iambics, 'egad. But my Lord was telling me, your Ladyship has made an essay toward an heroic poem.

L. F. Did my Lord tell you? Yes, I vow, and the subject is my Lord's love to me. And what do you think I call it? I dare swear you won't guess——*The Sillabub*, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Because my Lord's title's Froth, 'egad; ha, ha, ha, ha, deuce take me, very *à propos*, and surprizing, ha, ha, ha.

L. F. He, ay, is not it?——And then I call my Lord Spumosa; and myself, what do ye think I call myself?

Brisk. Lactilla, may be——'Egad I cannot tell.

L. F. Biddy, that's all; just my own name.

Brisk,

Brisk. Biddy ! 'Egad very pretty——Deuce take me, if your Ladyship has not the art of suprizing the most naturally in the world——I hope you'll make me happy in communicating the poem.

L. F. O, you must be my confident, I must ask your advice.

Brisk. I'm your humble servant, let me perish——I presume your Ladyship has read Bossu ?

L. F. O yes, and Rapine, and Dacier upon Aristotle and Horace.——My Lord, you must not be jealous, I'm communicating all to Mr. Brisk.

Ld. F. No, no, I'll allow Mr. Brisk ; have you nothing about you to shew him, my dear ?

L. F. Yes, I believe I have.——Mr. Brisk, come will you go into the next room, and there I'll shew you what I have. [Exit *L. Froth and Brisk.*

Ld. F. I'll walk a turn in the garden, and come to you. [Exit *Ld. Froth.*

Mel. You are thoughtful, Cynthia.

Cyn. I am thinking, tho' marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves them still two fools ; and they become more conspicuous by setting off one another.

Mel. That's only when two fools meet, and their follies are opposed.

Cyn. Nay, I have known two wits meet, and by the opposition of their wit, render themselves as ridiculous as fools. 'Tis an odd game we are going to play at ; what think you of drawing stakes, and giving over in time ?

Mel. No, hang it, that's not endeavouring to win, because it is possible we may lose ; since we have shuffled and cut, let's e'en turn up trump now.

Cyn. Then I find it is like cards, if either of us have a good hand it is an accident of fortune.

Mel. No, marriage is rather like a game at bowls : fortune indeed makes the match, and the two nearest, and sometimes the two farthest are together, but the game depends entirely upon judgment.

Cyn. Still it is a game, and consequently one of us must be a loser.

Mel. Not at all ; only a friendly trial of skill, and the winnings to be laid out in an entertainment.——' What's here, the music !——Oh, my Lord has promised the

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‘ company a new song, we’ll get them to give it us by
 ‘ the way. [*Musicians crossing the stage.*] Pray let us have
 ‘ the favour of you, to practise the song before the com-
 ‘ pany hear it.

S O N G.

‘ Cynthia frowns whene’er I woo her,
 ‘ Yet she’s vex’d if I give over;
 ‘ Much she fears I should undo her,
 ‘ But much more to lose her lover :
 ‘ Thus, in doubting, she refuses ;
 ‘ And not winning, thus she loses.
 ‘ Pr’ythee, Cynthia, look behind you,
 ‘ Age and wrinkles will o’ertake you ;
 ‘ Then too late desire will find you,
 ‘ When the power must forsake you :
 ‘ Think, O think o’th’ sad condition,
 ‘ To be past, yet wish fruition.’

Mel. You shall have my thanks below.

[*To the music, they go out.*]

Enter Sir Paul Plyant and Lady Plyant.

Sir P. Gads bud ! I am provoked into a fermentation,
 as my Lady Froth says; was ever the like read of in
 story ?

L. P. Sir Paul, have patience ; let me alone to rattle
 him up.

Sir P. Pray your Ladyship give me leave to be angry
 —I’ll rattle him up, I warrant you, I’ll firk him with
 a *certiorari*.

L. P. You firk him ! I’ll firk him myself. Pray, Sir
 Paul, hold you contented.

‘ *Cyn.* Bless me, what makes my father in such a pas-
 ‘ sion !——I never saw him thus before.’

Sir. P. Hold yourself contented, my Lady Plyant,—
 I find passion coming upon me by inflation, and I cannot
 submit as formerly, therefore give way.

L. P. How now ! will you be pleased to retire, and—

Sir P. No marry will I not be pleased ; I am pleased
 to be angry, that’s my pleasure at this time.

Mel. What can this mean !

L. P. Gads my life, the man's distracted; why how now, who are you? What am I? Slidikins, can't I govern you? What did I marry you for? Am I not to be absolute and uncontroulable? Is it fit a woman of my spirit and conduct should be contradicted in a matter of this concern!

Sir P. It concerns me, and only me:—Besides, I am not to be governed at all times. When I am in tranquillity my Lady Plyant shall command Sir Paul; but when I am provoked to fury, I cannot incorporate with patience and reason,—as soon may tigers match with tigers, lambs with lambs, and every creature couple with its foe, as the poet says.——

L. P. He's hot-headed still! 'tis in vain to talk to you; but remember I have a curtain-lecture for you, you disobedient, headstrong brute.

Sir P. No, 'tis because I won't be headstrong, because I won't be a brute, and have my head fortified, that I am thus exasperated.—But I will protect my honour, and yonder is the violator of my fame.

L. P. 'Tis my honour that is concerned, and the violation was intended to me.—Your honour! you have none but what is in my keeping, and I can dispose of it when I please—therefore don't provoke me.

Sir P. Hum, gads-bud she says true—Well, my Lady, march on, I will fight under you then; I am convinced as far as passion will permit.

[*Lady Pl. and Sir Paul come up to Mellefont.*]

L. P. Inhuman and treacherous——

Sir P. Thou serpent, and first tempter of woman-kind.——

Cyn. Bless me, Sir! Madam, what mean you?

Sir P. Thy, Thy, come away Thy, touch him not; come hither, girl, go not near him, there is nothing but deceit about him; snakes are in his peruke, and the crocodile of Nilus is in his belly, he will eat thee up alive.

L. P. Dishonourable, impudent creature!

Mel. For Heaven's sake, Madam, to whom do you direct this language?

L. P. Have I behaved myself with all the decorum and nicety, befitting the person of Sir Paul's wife? Have I preserved my honour as it were in a snow-house for

these three years past? Have I been white and unfulfilled even by Sir Paul himself?

Sir P. Nay, she has been an invincible wife, even to me, that's the truth on't.

L. P. Have I, I say, preserved myself like a fair sheet of paper for you to make a blot upon?

Sir P. And she shall make a simile with any woman in England.

Mel. I am so amazed, I know not what to say.

Sir P. Do you think my daughter, this pretty creature; gads-bud she's a wife for a cherubin! Do you think her fit for nothing but to be a stalking horse, to stand before you while you take aim at my wife? Gads-bud I was never angry before in my life, and I'll never be appeased again.

Mel. Hell and damnation! this is my aunt; such malice can be engendered no where else. [*Aside,*

L. P. Sir Paul, take Cynthia from his sight; leave me to strike him with the remorse of his intended crime.

Cyn. Pray Sir, stay, hear him, I dare affirm he's innocent.

Sir P. Innocent! Why, hark'ee, come hither, Thy, hark'ee, I had it from his aunt, my sister Touchwood—Gads-bud, he does not care a farthing for any thing of thee, but thy portion; why, he's in love with my wife; he would have tantalized thee, and made a cuckold of thy poor father,—and that would certainly have broke my heart—I am sure if ever I should have horns, they would kill me; they would never come kindly, I should die of them, like a child that was cutting his teeth—I should indeed, Thy—therefore come away; but Providence has prevented all, therefore come away when I bid you.

Cyn. I must obey. [*Exeunt Sir Paul and Cynthia.*

L. P. Oh, such a thing! the impiety of it startles me—to wrong so good, so fair a creature, and one that loves you tenderly—'Tis a barbarity of barbarities, and nothing could be guilty of it——

Mel. But the greatest villain imagination can form, I grant it; and next to the villainy of such a fact, is the villainy of aspersing me with the guilt. How? Which way was I to wrong her? For yet I understand you not.

L. P.

L. P. Why, gads my life, cousin Mellefont, you cannot be so peremptory as to deny it, when I tax you with it to your face; for, now Sir Paul is gone, you are *corum nobus*.

Mel. By Heaven I love her more than life, or——

L. P. Fiddle, faddle, don't tell of this and that, and every thing in the world, but give me mathemacular demonstration, answer me directly——But I have not patience——Oh! the impiety of it, as I was saying, and the unparalleled wickedness! O merciful father! How could you think to reverse nature so, to make the daughter the means of procuring the mother?

Mel. The daughter to procure the mother!

L. P. Ay, for tho' I am not Cynthia's own mother, I am her father's wife, and that's near enough to make it incest.

Mel. Incest! O my precious aunt, and the devil in conjunction. *[Aside.*

L. P. O reflect upon the horror of that, and then the guilt of deceiving every body; marrying the daughter only to make a cuckold of the father; and then seducing me, debauching my purity, and perverting me from the road of virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one trip, not one *faux pas*; O consider it, what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to frailty? Alas! humanity is feeble, Heaven knows! very feeble, and unable to support itself.

Mel. Where am I? Is it day? and am I awake? Madam——

L. P. And nobody knows how circumstances may happen together;——to my thinking, now I could resist the strongest temptation——but yet I know, 'tis impossible for me to know whether I could or not; there's no certainty in the things of this life.

Mel. Madam, pray give me leave to ask you one question.——

L. P. O lord, ask me the question! I'll swear I'll refuse it; I swear I'll deny it——therefore don't ask me; nay you shan't ask me, I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the blood into my face; I warrant I am as red as a turkey-cock; O fye, cousin Mellefont.

Mel. Nay, Madam, hear me; I mean——

L. P. Hear you, no, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how one's mind may change upon hearing.—Hearing is one of the senses, and all the senses are fallible; I won't trust my honour, I assure you; my honour is infallible and uncomatible.

Mel. For Heaven's sake, Madam.

L. P. O name it no more—Bless me, how can you talk of Heaven, and have so much wickedness in your heart? May be you don't think it a sin,—they say some of you gentlemen don't think it a sin—may be it is no sin to them that don't think it so; indeed, if I did not think it a sin—but still my honour, if it were no sin—but then to marry my daughter for the convenience of frequent opportunities—I'll never consent to that; as sure as can be I'll break the match.

Mel. Death and amazement—Madam, upon my knees—

L. P. Nay, nay, rise up; come, you shall see my good-nature. I know love is powerful, and nobody can help his passion: 'tis not your fault, nor I swear it is not mine.—How can I help it if I have charms? And how can you help it if you are made a captive? I swear it is pity it should be a fault—but my honour—well, but your honour too—but the sin!—well, but the necessity—O lord, here's somebody coming, I dare not stay.—Well, you must consider of your crime, and strive as much as can be against it—strive, be sure—but don't be melancholic, don't despair—but never think that I'll grant you any thing; O lord, no;—but be sure you lay aside all thoughts of the marriage; for tho' I know you don't love Cynthia, only as a blind for your passion to me, yet it will make me jealous—O lord, what did I say? Jealous! no, no, I can't be jealous, for I must not love you—therefore don't hope—but don't despair neither—O, they're coming, I must fly. *[Exit.]*

Mel. *[after a pause.]* So then—spite of my care and foresight I am caught, caught in my security.—Yet this was but a shallow artifice, 'unworthy of my Machiavelian aunt.' There must be more behind, this is but the first flash, the priming of her engine; destruction follows hard, if not most presently prevented.

Enter

Enter Maskwell.

Maskwell, welcome, thy presence is a view of land, appearing to my shipwrecked hopes; the witch has raised the storm, and her ministers have done their work; you see the vessels are parted.

Mask. I know it; I met Sir Paul towing away Cynthia. Come, trouble not your head, I'll join you together ere to-morrow morning, or drown between you in the attempt.

Mel. There's comfort in a hand stretched out to one that's sinking, though never so far off.

Mask. No sinking, nor no danger—Come, cheer up; why you don't know that while I plead for you, your aunt has given me a retaining fee;—nay, I am your greatest enemy, and she does but journey-work under me.

Mel. Ha! how's this?

Mask. What do ye think of my being employed in the execution of all her plots? Ha, ha, ha, by Heaven it is true; I have undertaken to break the match, I have undertaken to make your uncle disinherit you, to get you turned out of doors, and to—ha, ha, ha, I can't tell you for laughing—Oh, she has opened her heart to me—I am to turn you a grazing, and to—ha, ha, ha, marry Cynthia myself; there's a plot for you.

Mel. Ha! O see, I see my rising sun! light breaks thro' clouds upon me, and I shall live in day—O my Maskwell! how shall I thank or praise thee; thou hast outwitted woman.—But tell me, how couldst thou thus get into her confidence? Ha! how? But was it her contrivance to persuade my Lady Plyant into this extravagant belief?

Mask. It was, and to tell you the truth I encouraged it for your diversion; tho' it make you a little uneasy for the present, yet the reflexion of it must needs be entertaining—I warrant she was very violent at first.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, ay, a very fury; but I was most afraid of her violence at last—If you had not come as you did, I don't know what she might have attempted.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha, I know her temper.—Well, you must know then, that all my contrivances were but bubbles; 'till at last I pretended to have been long secretly

in love with Cynthia; that did my business; that convinced your aunt I might be trusted; since it was as much my interest as hers to break the match: then, the thought my jealousy might qualify me to assist her in her revenge. And, in short, in that belief told me the secrets of her heart. At length, we made this agreement, if I accomplish her designs (as I told you before) she has engaged to put Cynthia with all her fortune into my power.

Mel. She is most gracious in her favour.—Well, and dear Jack, how hast thou contrived?

Mask. I would not have you stay to hear it now: for I don't know but she may come this way; I am to meet her anon; after that, I'll tell you the whole matter; be here in this gallery an hour hence, by that time I imagine our consultation may be over.

Mel. I will; 'till then success attend thee. [*Exit.*

Mask. 'Till then success will attend me; for when I meet you I meet the only obstacle to my fortune. Cynthia, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatsoever I commit of treachery or deceit shall be imputed to me as a merit—Treachery, what treachery? Love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets men right upon their first foundations. Duty to kings, piety to parents, gratitude to benefactors, and fidelity to friends, are different and particular ties; but the name of rival cuts them all asunder, and is a general acquittance—Rival is equal, and Love, like Death, an universal leveller of mankind. Ha! but is there not such a thing as honesty? Yes, and whosoever has it about him, bears an enemy in his breast: for your honest man, as I take it, is that nice, scrupulous, conscientious person who will cheat nobody but himself; such another coxcomb as your wise man, who is too hard for all the world, and will be made a fool of by nobody but himself. Ha, ha, ha; well, for wisdom and honesty, give me cunning and hypocrisy; Oh, 'tis such a pleasure to angle for fair-faced fools!—Then that hungry gudgeon Credulity will bite at any thing—Why, let me see, I have the same face, the same words and accents when I speak what I do think, and when I speak what I do not think—the very same—and dear dissimulation is the only art not to be known from nature.

Why will mankind be fools, and be deceiv'd?
And why are friends' and lovers' oaths believ'd?
When each who searches strictly his own mind,
May so much fraud and power of baseness find.

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Lord Touchwood, and Lady Touchwood.

LADY TOUCHWOOD.

MY Lord, can you blame my brother Plyant, if he refuse his daughter upon this provocation? The contract is void by this unheard of impiety.

Ld. T. I don't believe it true; he has better principles —pho, 'tis nonsense. Come, come, I know my Lady Plyant has a large eye, and would centre every thing in her own circle; 'tis not the first time she has mistaken respect for love, and made Sir Paul jealous of the civility of an undesigning person, the better to bespeak his security in her unfeigned pleasures.

L. T. You censure hardly, my Lord; my sister's honour is very well known.

Ld. T. Yes, I believe I know some that have been familiarly acquainted with it. This is a little trick wrought by some pitiful contriver, envious of my nephew's merit.

L. T. Nay, my Lord, it may be so, and I hope it will be found so: but that will require some time; for, in such a case as this, demonstration is necessary.

Ld. T. There should have been demonstration of the contrary too before it had been believed ———

L. T. So I suppose there was.

Ld. T. How? Where? When?

L. T. That I can't tell; nay, I don't say there was—I am willing to believe as favourably of my nephew as I can.

Ld. T. I don't know that.

[*Half aside.*]

L. T. How? Don't you believe that, say you, my Lord?

Ld. T.

Ld. T. No, I don't say so—I confess I am troubled to find you so cold in his defence.

L. T. His defence! Bless me, would you have me defend an ill thing?

Ld. T. You believe it then?

L. T. I don't know; I am very unwilling to speak my thoughts in any thing that may be to my cousin's disadvantage; besides, I find, my Lord, you are prepared to receive an ill impression from any opinion of mine which is not consenting with your own: but since I am like to be suspected in the end, and 'tis a pain any longer to dissemble, I own it to you; in short I do believe it, nay, and can believe any thing worse, if it were laid to his charge——Don't ask me my reasons, my Lord, for they are not fit to be told you.

Ld. T. I am amazed! Here must be something more than ordinary in this. [*Aside.*] Not fit to be told me, Madam? You can have no interest wherein I am not concerned, and consequently the same reasons ought to be convincing to me, which create your satisfaction or disquiet.

L. T. But those which cause my disquiet I am willing to have remote from your hearing. Good my Lord, don't press me.

Ld. T. Don't oblige me to press you.

L. T. Whatever it was, 'tis past; and that is better to be unknown which cannot be prevented; therefore, let me beg you to rest satisfied.——

Ld. T. When you have told me, I will ——

L. T. You won't.

Ld. T. By my life, my dear, I will.

L. T. What if you cannot.

Ld. T. How? Then I must know; nay, I will. No more trifling—I charge you tell me—By all our mutual peace to come; upon your duty——

L. T. Nay, my Lord, you need say no more to make me lay my heart before you, but don't be thus transported; compose yourself; it is not of concern to make you lose one minute's temper; 'tis not, indeed, my dear.—'Nay, by this kiss you shan't be angry.' O lord, I wish I had not told you any thing——Indeed, my Lord, you have frightened me. Nay, look pleased, I'll tell you.

Ld. T.

Ld. T. Well, well.

L. T. Nay, but will you be calm?—Indeed it is nothing but——

Ld. T. But what?

L. T. But will you promise me not to be angry?—Nay, you must—not to be angry with Mellefont—I dare swear he's sorry—and were it to do again, would not——

Ld. T. Sorry, for what? 'Death, you rack me with delay.

L. T. Nay, no great matter, only——Well, I have your promise—pho, why nothing, only your nephew had a mind to amuse himself sometimes with a little gallantry towards me. Nay, I can't think he meant any thing seriously, but methought it looked oddly.

Ld. T. Confusion and Hell, what do I hear!

L. T. Or, may be, he thought he was not enough akin to me upon upon your account, and had a mind to create a nearer relation on his own; a lover, you know, my Lord—ha, ha, ha. Well, but that's all—'Now 'you have it;' well, remember your promise, my Lord, and don't take any notice of it to him.

Ld. T. No, no, no—Damnation!

L. T. Nay, I swear you must not—A little harmless mirth—only misplaced, that's all.—But if it were more 'tis over now, and all is well. For my part, I have forgot it; and so has he, I hope—for I have not heard any thing from him these two days.

Ld. T. These two days! Is it so fresh? Unnatural villain! 'Death, I'll have him stripped and turned naked out of my doors this moment, and let him rot and perish, incestuous brute!

L. T. Oh, for Heaven's sake, my Lord, you'll ruin me if you take such public notice of it, it will be a town-talk: consider your own and my honour—Nay, I told you, you would not be satisfied when you knew it.

Ld. T. Before I've done I will be satisfied. Ungrateful monster! How long?

L. T. Lord, I don't know:—I wish my lips had grown together when I told you—Almost a twelvemonth—Nay, I won't tell you any more 'till you are yourself. Pray, my Lord, don't let the company see you in this disorder—Yet, I confess, I cannot blame you; for I think

think I was never so surprized in my life—Who would have thought my nephew could have so misconstrued my kindness—But will you go into your closet, and recover your temper. I'll make an excuse of sudden business to the company, and come to you. Pray, good dear my Lord, let me beg you do now : I'll come immediately, and tell you all——Will you, my Lord ?

Ld. T. I will——I am mute with wonder.

L. T. Well, but go now, here is somebody coming.

Ld. T. Well, I go—You won't stay, for I would hear more of this. [Exit.

L. T. I follow instantly——So.

Enter Maskwell.

Mask. This was a master-piece, and did not need my help—though I stood ready for a cue to come in and confirm all, had there been occasion.

L. T. Have you seen Mellefont ?

Mask. I have ; and am to meet him here about this time.

L. T. How does he bear his disappointment ?

Mask. Secure in my assistance, he seemed not much afflicted, but rather laughed at the shallow artifice, which so little time must of necessity discover. Yet he is apprehensive of some farther design of yours, and has engaged me to watch you. I believe he will hardly be able to prevent your plot, yet I would have you use caution and expedition.

L. T. Expedition indeed ; for all we do must be performed in the remaining part of this evening, and before the company break up, lest my Lord should cool, and have an opportunity to talk with him privately——My Lord must not see him again.

Mask. By no means ; therefore you must aggravate my Lord's displeasure to a degree that will admit of no conference with him.——What think you of mentioning me ?

L. T. How ?

Mask. To my Lord, as having been privy to Mellefont's design upon you, but still using my utmost endeavours to dissuade him : ' tho' my friendship and love to him has made me conceal it ; yet you may say, I threatened

'tened the next time he attempted any thing of that kind, to discover it to my Lord.'

L. T. To what end is this?

Mask. It will confirm my Lord's opinion of my honour and honesty, and create in him a new confidence in me, which (should this design miscarry) will be necessary to the forming another plot that I have in my head—to cheat you as well as the rest. [*Aside.*]

L. T. I'll do it—I'll tell him you hindered him once from forcing me.

Mask. Excellent! your Ladyship has a most improving fancy. You had best go to my Lord, keep him as long as you can in his closet, and I doubt not but you will mould him to what you please; your guests are so engaged in their own follies and intrigues, they'll miss neither of you.

L. T. When shall we meet?—At eight this evening in my chamber; there rejoice at our success, and toy away an hour in mirth. [*Exit.*]

Mask. I will not fail.——I know what she means by toying away an hour well enough. Pox, I have lost all my appetite to her; yet she's a fine woman, and I loved her once. 'But I don't know, since I have been in a great measure kept by her, the case is altered;' what was my pleasure is become my duty: and I have as little stomach to her now as if I were her husband. Should she smoke my design upon Cynthia, I were in a fine pickle. She has a damned penetrating head, and knows how to interpret a coldness the right way; therefore I must dissemble ardour and ecstasy, that's resolved: How easily and pleasantly is that dissembled before fruition! Pox on it, that a man can't drink without quenching his thirst. Ha! yonder comes Mellefont thoughtful. Let me think: meet her at eight—hum—ha! by Heaven I have it—if I can speak to my Lord before—'Was it my brain or Providence? no matter which'—I will deceive them all, and yet secure myself, 'twas a lucky thought! Well, this double-dealing is a jewel. Here he comes, now for me——

[*Maskwell pretending not to see him, walks by him, and speaks as it were to himself.*]

D

Enter

33 THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Enter Mellefont musing.

Mask. Mercy on us, what will the wickedness of this world come to?

Mel. How now, Jack? What, so full of contemplation that you run over!

Mask. I'm glad you are come, for I could not contain myself any longer, and was just going to give vent to a secret, which nobody but you ought to drink down.——Your aunt is just gone from hence.

Mel. And having trusted thee with the secrets of her soul, thou art villainously bent to discover them all to me, ha?

Mask. I am afraid my frailty leans that way——But I don't know whether I can in honour discover them all.

Mel. All, all man. What, you may in honour betray her as far as she betrays herself. No tragical design upon my person, I hope.

Mask. No, but it is a comical design upon mine.

Mel. What dost thou mean?

Mask. Listen and be dumb——We have been bargaining about the rate of your ruin——

Mel. Like any two guardians to an orphan heiress——Well.

Mask. And whereas pleasure is generally paid with mischief, what mischief I do is to be paid with pleasure.

Mel. So when you've swallowed the potion, you sweeten your mouth with a plumb.

Mask. You are merry, Sir, but I shall probe your constitution. In short, the price of your banishment is to be paid with the person of——

Mel. Of Cynthia, and her fortune——Why you forget you told me this before.

Mask. No, no——So far you are right; and I am, as an earnest of that bargain, to have full and free possession of the person of——your aunt.

Mel. Ha!——Pho, you trifle.

Mask. By this light, I am serious; all raillery apart——I knew 'twould stun you:——This evening at eight she will receive me in her bed-chamber.

Mel. Hell and the Devil, is she abandoned of all grace——Why the woman is possessed——

Mask. Well, will you go in my stead?

Mel. By Heaven into a hot furnace sooner.

Mask. No, you would not—it would not be so convenient, as I can order matters.

Mel. What do ye mean?

Mask. Mean? Not to disappoint the lady, I assure you—Ha, ha, ha, how gravely he looks—Come, come, I won't perplex you. 'Tis the only thing that Providence could have contrived to make me capable of serving you, either to my inclination or your own necessity.

Mel. How, how, for Heaven's sake, dear Maskwell?

Mask. Why thus—I'll go according to appointment; you shall have notice at the critical minute to come and surprize your aunt and me together; counterfeit a rage against me, and I will make my escape through the private passage from her chamber, which I'll take care to leave open: 'twill be hard, if then you can't bring her to any conditions. For this discovery will disarm her of all defence, and leave her entirely at your mercy: nay, she must ever after be in awe of you.

Mel. Let me adore thee, my better genius! By Heaven I think it is not in the power of Fate to disappoint my hopes—My hopes, my certainty!

Mask. Well, I'll meet you here within a quarter of eight, and give you notice. [Exit.

Mel. Good fortune ever go along with thee.

Enter Careless.

Care. Mellefont, get out of the way, my Lady Plyant's coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in sight—Tho' she begins to tack about; but I made love a great while to no purpose.

Mel. Why, what's the matter? She is convinced that I don't care for her.

Care. I cannot get an answer from her that does not begin with her honour, or her virtue, her religion, or some such cant. Then she has told me the whole story of Sir Paul's nine years courtship; how he has lain for whole nights together upon the stairs before her chamber-door; and that the first favour he received from her was a piece of an old scarlet petticoat for a stomacher; which, since the day of his marriage, he has, out of a piece of gallantry, converted into a night-cap, and wears it still with much solemnity on his anniversary wedding night.

Mel. That I have seen, with the ceremony thereunto belonging—For on that night he creeps in at the bed's feet, like a gulled Bassa that has married a relation of the Grand Signior, and that night he has his arms at liberty. Did she not tell you at what a distance she keeps him? He has confessed to me, that but at some certain times, that is, I suppose, when she apprehends being with child, he never has the privilege of using the familiarity of a husband with a wife. He was once given to scrambling with his hands, and sprawling in his sleep, and ever since she has swaddled him up in blankets, and his hands and feet swathed down, and so put to bed; and there he lies with a great beard, like a Russian bear upon a drift of snow. You are very great with him, I wonder he never told you his grievances; he will, I warrant you.

Care. Excessively foolish!—But that which gives me most hopes of her, is her telling me of the many temptations she has resisted.

Mel. Nay, then you have her; for a woman's bragging to a man that she has overcome temptations, is an argument that they were weakly offered, and a challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only an enhancing the price of the commodity, by telling you how many customers have underbid her.

Care. Nay, I don't despair—But still she has a grudging to you—I talked to her t'other night at my Lord Froth's masquerade, when I am satisfied she knew me, and I had no reason to complain of my reception; but I find women are not the same bare-faced and in masks—and a vizard disguises their inclinations as much as their faces.

Mel. 'Tis a mistake; for women may most properly be said to be unmasked when they wear vizards; for that secures them from blushing, and being out of countenance, and next to being in the dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a vizard-mask. Here they come. I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a *billet-doux* into her hand: for a woman never thinks a man truly in love with her 'till he has been fool enough to think of her out of her sight, and to lose so much time as to write to her.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Sir Paul and Lady Plyant.

Sir P. Shan't we disturb your meditation, Mr. Careless? You would be in private?

Care. You bring that along with you, Sir Paul, that shall be always welcome to my privacy.

Sir P. O, sweet Sir, you load your humble servants, both me and my wife, with continual favours.

L. P. Sir Paul, what a phrase was there! You will be making answers, and taking that upon you which ought to lie upon me: that you should have so little breeding to think Mr. Careless did not apply himself to me. Pray, what have you to entertain any body's privacy? I swear and declare in the face of the world I'm ready to blush for your ignorance.

Sir P. I acquiesce, my Lady; but don't snub so loud. *[Aside to her.]*

L. P. Mr. Careless, if a person that is wholly illiterate might be supposed to be capable of being qualified to make a suitable return to those obligations which you are pleased to confer upon one that is wholly incapable of being qualified in all those circumstances, I am sure I should rather attempt it than any thing in the world, *[Courtesies.]* for I'm sure there's nothing in the world that I would rather. *[Courtesies.]* But I know Mr. Careless is so great a critic, and so fine a gentleman, that it is impossible for me——

Care. O Heavens! Madam, you confound me.

Sir P. Gads-bud, she's a fine person——

L. P. O lord! Sir, pardon me; we women have not those advantages: I know my own imperfections—but at the same time you must give me leave to declare in the face of the world that nobody is more sensible of favours and things; for, with the reserve of my honour, I assure you, Mr. Careless, I don't know any thing in the world I would refuse to a person so meritorious——
You'll pardon my want of expression.

Care. O, your Ladyship is abounding in all excellence, particularly that of phrase.

L. P. You are so obliging, Sir.

Care. Your Ladyship is so charming.

Sir P. So, now, now; now, my Lady.

L. P. So well bred.

Care. So surprizing.

L. P. So well dress'd, so *bonne mien*, so eloquent, so unaffected, so easy, so free, so particular, so agreeable——

Sir P. Ay, so, so, there.

Care. O lord, I beseech you, Madam, don't——

L. P. So gay, so graceful, so good teeth, so fine shape, so fine limbs, so fine linen, and I don't doubt but you have a very good skin, Sir.

Care. For Heaven's sake, Madam——I am quite out of countenance.

Sir P. And my Lady's quite out of breath; or else you should hear—Gad's-bud, you may talk of my Lady Froth.

Care. O fy, fy, not to be named of a day---My Lady Froth is very well in her accomplishments——but it is when my Lady Plyant is not thought of——If that can ever be.

L. P. O, you overcome me——That is so excessive.

Sir P. Nay, I swear and vow that was pretty.

Care. O, Sir Paul, you are the happiest man alive. Such a lady! that is the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of ours.

Sir P. Your humble servant; I am, I thank Heaven, in a fine way of living, as I may say, peacefully and happily, and I think need not envy any of my neighbours, blessed be Providence——Ay, truly, Mr. Careless, my Lady is a great blessing, a fine, discreet, well-spoken woman as you shall see——if it becomes me to say so; and we live very comfortably together; she is a little hasty sometimes, and so am I; but mine's soon over, and then I am so sorry—O, Mr. Careless, if it were not for one thing——

Enter Boy with a letter.

L. P. How often have you been told of that, you jackanapes?

Sir P. Gad so, gads-bud——Tim, carry it to my Lady; you should have carried it to my Lady first:

Boy. 'Tis directed to your worship.

Sir P. Well, well, my Lady reads all letters first——Child, do so no more; d'ye hear, Tim.

Boy. No, and please you.

[Exit.]

Sir P.

Sir P. A humour of my wife's; you know women have little fancies——But as I was telling you, Mr. Careless, if it were not for one thing, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; indeed that touches me near, very near.

Care. What can that be, Sir Paul?

Sir P. Why, I have, I thank Heaven, a very plentiful fortune, a good estate in the country, some houses in town, and some money, a pretty tolerable personal estate; and it is a great grief to me, indeed it is, Mr. Careless, that I have not a son to inherit this. 'Tis true, I have a daughter, and a fine dutiful child she is, though I say it, blessed be Providence I may say; for indeed, Mr. Careless, I am mightily beholden to Providence---A poor unworthy sinner---But if I had a son, ah! that's my affliction, and my only affliction; indeed, I cannot refrain tears when it comes into my mind. [*Cries.*]

Care. Why, methinks that might be easily remedied; my Lady is a fine likely woman.

Sir P. Oh, a fine likely woman as you shall see in a summer's day——Indeed she is, Mr. Careless, in all respects.

Care. And I should not have taken you to have been so old——

Sir P. Alas! that's not it, Mr. Careless: ah! that's not it; no, no, you shoot wide of the mark a mile; indeed you do; that's not it, Mr. Careless; no, no, that's not it.

Care. No, what can be the matter then?

Sir P. You'll scarcely believe me when I shall tell you——my Lady is so nice——It is very strange, but it is true: too true—she is so very nice, that I don't believe she would touch a man for the world.——'At least not 'above once a year; I am sure I have found it so; and 'alas, what's once a year to an old man, who would do 'good in his generation!' Indeed, it is true, Mr. Careless, it breaks my heart—I am her husband, as I may say; though far unworthy of that honour, yet I am her husband; but alas-a-day, I have no more familiarity with her person—'as to that matter'——than with my own mother——no indeed.

Care.

Care. Alas-a-day! this is a lamentable story; my Lady must be told on't; she must, i'faith, Sir Paul; 'tis an injury to the world.

Sir P. Ah! would to Heaven you would, Mr. Careless; you are mightily in her favour.

Care. I warrant you, what, we must have a son some way or other.

Sir P. Indeed, I should be mightily bound to you, if you could bring it about, Mr. Careless.

L. P. Here, Sir Paul, it is from your steward, here's a return of 600*l.* you may take fifty of it for the next half-year. *[Gives him the letter.]*

Enter Lord Froth and Cynthia.

Sir P. How does my girl? Come hither to thy father, poor lamb, thou art melancholic.

Ld. F. Heaven, Sir Paul, you amaze me of all things in the world—You are never pleased but when we are all upon the broad grin; all laugh and no company; ah! then 'tis such a sight to see some teeth—Sure you are a great admirer of my Lady Whifler, Mr. Sneer, and Sir Laurence Loud, and that gang.

Sir P. I vow and swear she is a very merry woman, but I think she laughs a little too much.

Ld. F. Merry! O lord, what a character that is of a woman of quality—You have been at my Lady Whifler's upon her day, Madam?

Cyn. Yes, my Lord—I must humour this fool. *[Aside.]*

Ld. F. Well and how? hee! What is your sense of the conversation?

Cyn. O, most ridiculous, a perpetual concert of laughing without any harmony; for sure, my Lord, to laugh out of time, is as disagreeable as to sing out of time or out of tune.

Ld. F. Hee, hee, hee, right; and then my Lady Whifler is so ready—she always comes in three bars too soon—And then, what do they laugh at? For you know laughing without a jest is as impertinent, hee! as——

Cyn. As dancing without a fiddle.

Ld. F. Just i'faith, that was at my tongue's end.

Cyn. But that cannot be properly said of them, for I think they are all in good nature with the world, and only laugh at one another; and you must allow they have

have all jests in their persons, though they have none in their conversation.

Ld. F. True, as I am a person of honour——For Heaven's sake let us sacrifice them to mirth a little.

[*Enter Boy and whispers Sir Paul.*]

Sir P. Gad so—Wife, Wife, my Lady Plyant, I have a word.

L. P. I am busy, Sir Paul, I wonder at your impertinence——

Care. Sir Paul, harkee, I am reasoning the matter you know: Madam, if your Ladyship please we'll discourse of this in the next room. [*Ex. Lady P. and Care.*]

Sir P. O ho, I wish you good success, I wish you good success. Boy, tell my Lady, when she has done, I would speak with her below. [*Exit Sir Paul.*]

Enter Lady Froth and Brisk.

L. F. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid, and our coachman, is not amiss; you know I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish—But then being an heroic poem, had you not better call him a Charioteer? Charioteer sounds great: besides your Ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun——And you know the sun is called Heaven's Charioteer.

L. F. Oh, infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint; stay, we'll read over those half a score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here, you know what goes before——the comparison, you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,

So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather——Because you say the sun shines every day.

L. F. No, for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman, for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right, that saves all.

L. F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then, yet he does shine all the day too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk.

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Brisk. Right, but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

L. F. Well, you shall hear—Let me see.

[*Reads.*] For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say;
He shews his drunken fiery face,
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right, all's well, all's well. More or less.

L. F. [*Reads.*]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then too, like Heaven's charioteer, the sun :
Ay, Charioteer does better.

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends ;
There he's secure from danger of a bilk,
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so ———

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, 'egad—But I have one exception to make——Don't you think bilk. (I know it is good rhyme) but don't you think bilk and fare too like a hackney coachman ?

L. F. I swear and vow I am afraid so——And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my Lord took him.

Brisk. Was he ? I am answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman—You may put that in the marginal notes tho' to prevent criticism—Only mark it with a small asterisk, and say—Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.

L. F. I will ; you'll oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish.

Ld. F. Hee, hee, hee, my dear, have you done ?——Won't you join with us ? we were laughing at my Lady Whiffler and Mr. Sneer.

L. F. ——Ay, my dear——Were you ? Oh filthy Mr. Sneer ; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop, foh——He spent two days together in going about Covent-Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Ld. F.

Ld. F. O filly ! yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who, my Lady Toothless ; O, she's a mortifying spectacle ; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Cyn. Fy, Mr. Brisk, eringo is for her cough.

L. F. I have seen her take them half-chewed out of her mouth to laugh, and then put them in again—Foh.

Ld. F. Foh.

L. F. Then she is always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak—and sits in expectation of his jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open——

Brisk. Like an oyfter at low ebb, 'egad—Ha, ha, ha.

Cyn. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.'

L. F. Then that t'other great strapping lady—I cannot hit of her name ; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean—But deuce take me, I cannot hit of her name neither—'Paints, d'ye say ? Why, she lays it on with a trowel—Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plaistered with lime and hair, let me perish.

L. F. Oh, you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

Brisk. He ! 'egad, so I did—My Lord can sing it.

Cyn. O good, my Lord, let us hear it.'

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither—It is a sort of an epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet ; I don't know what to call it, but it is satire.—' Sing it, my Lord.'

Lord Froth sings.

Ancient Phillis has young graces,

'Tis a strange thing, but a true one ;

Shall I tell you how ?

She herself makes her own faces,

And each morning wears a new one ?

Where's the wonder now ?

Brisk. Short, but there is salt in it ; my way of writing, 'egad.

Enter Footman.

L. F. How now?

Foot. Your Ladyship's chair is come.

L. F. Is nurse and the child in it?

Foot. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

L. F. O, the dear creature! let us go see it.

Ld. F. I swear, my dear, you'll spoil that child with sending it to and again so often; this is the seventh time the chair has gone for her to-day.

L. F. O-la, I swear it's but the sixth—and I han't seen her these two hours——The poor dear creature——I swear, my Lord, you don't love poor little Sappho,——Come, my dear Cynthia, Mr. Brisk, we'll go see Sappho, though my Lord won't.

Cyn. I'll wait upon your Ladyship.

Brisk. Pray, Madam, how old is Lady Sappho?

L. F. Three quarters, but I swear she has a world of wit, and can sing a tune already. My Lord, won't you go? Won't you? What, not to see Saph? Pray, my Lord, come see little Saph. I knew you could not stay.

[*Exeunt all but Cynthia.*]

Cyn. 'Tis not so hard to counterfeit joy in the depth of affliction, as to dissemble mirth in the company of fools——Why should I call them fools? The world thinks better of them; for these have quality and education, wit and fine conversation, are received and admired by the world——If not, they like and admire themselves——And why is not that true wisdom, for it is happiness? And for ought I know, we have misapplied the name all this while, and mistaken the thing: since

‘ If happiness in self-content is plac'd,

‘ The wise are wretched, and fools only blest'd.

[*Exit.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

‘ *Enter Mellefont and Cynthia.*

‘ CYNTHIA.

‘ **I** Heard him loud as I came by the closter-door, and
 ‘ my Lady with him; but she seemed to moderate
 ‘ his passion.

Mel. Ay, Hell thank her, as gentle breezes moderate a fire; but I shall counter-work her spells, and ride the witch in her own bridle.

Cyn. It is impossible; she'll cast beyond you still —
I'll lay my life it will never be a match.

Mel. What?

Cyn. Between you and me.

Mel. Why so?

Cyn. My mind gives me it won't—because we are both willing; we each of us strive to reach the goal, and hinder one another in the race; I swear it never does well when parties are so agreed—For when people walk hand in hand, there's neither overtaking nor meeting: we hunt in couples where we both pursue the same game, but forget one another; and 'tis because we are so near that we don't think of coming together.

Mel. Hum, 'egad I believe there's something in it—Marriage is the game that we hunt, and while we think that we only have it in view, I don't see but we have it in our power.

Cyn. Within reach; for example, give me your hand; you have looked through the wrong end of the perspective all this while; for nothing has been between us but our fears.

Mel. I don't know why we should not steal out of the house this very moment, and marry one another, without consideration, or the fear of repentance. Pox o'fortune, portion, settlements, and jointures.

Cyn. Ay, ay, what have we to do with them; you know we marry for love.

Mel. Love, love, downright very villainous love.

Cyn. And he that cannot live upon love deserves to die in a ditch.—Here then, I give you my promise, in spite of duty, any temptation of wealth, your inconstancy, or my own inclination to change——

Mel. To run most wilfully and unreasonably away with me this moment, and be married.

Cyn. Hold—Never to marry any body else.

Mel. That's but a kind of negative consent—Why, you won't baulk the frolic?

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‘ *Cyn.* If you had not been so assured of your own conduct I would not—— But ’tis but reasonable that since I consent to like a man without the vile consideration of money, he should give me a very evident demonstration of his wit: therefore, let me see you undermine my Lady Touchwood, as you boasted, and force her to give her consent, and then——

‘ *Mel.* I’ll do it.

‘ *Cyn.* And I’ll do it.

‘ *Mel.* This very next ensuing hour of eight o’clock, is the last minute of her reign, unless the Devil assist her in *propria persona*.

‘ *Cyn.* Well, if the Devil should assist her, and your plot miscarry.——

‘ *Mel.* Ay, what am I to trust to then?

‘ *Cyn.* Why, if you give me very clear demonstration that it was the Devil, I will allow for irresistible odds. But if I find it to be only chance, or destiny, or unlucky stars, or any thing but the very Devil, I am inexorable: only still I’ll keep my word, and live a maid for your sake.

‘ *Mel.* And you won’t die one for your own, so still there’s hope.

‘ *Cyn.* Here is my mother-in-law, and your friend Careless, I would not have them see us together yet.

‘ [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Careless and Lady Plyant.**

L. P. I swear, Mr. Careless, you are very alluring—and say so many fine things, and nothing is so moving to me as a fine thing. Well, I must do you this justice, and declare in the face of the world, never any body gained so far upon me as yourself; with blushes I must own it, you have shaken, as I may say, the very foundation of my honour—Well, sure if I escape your importunities, I shall value myself as long as I live, I swear.

Care. And despise me.

[*Sighing.*]

L. P. The last of any man in the world, by my purity; now you make me swear—O, gratitude forbid that I should ever be wanting in a respectful acknowledgment of an entire resignation of all my best wishes for the per-

* The fourth act, in representation, begins here.

son and parts of so accomplished a person, whose merit challenges much more, I am sure, than my illiterate praises can description.——

Care. [*In a whining tone.*] Ah, Heavens, Madam, you ruin me with kindness; your charming tongue pursues the victory of your eyes, while at your feet your poor adorer dies.

L. P. Ah! very fine.

Care. [*Still whining.*] Ah, why are you so fair, so bewitching fair? O, let me grow to the ground here, and feast upon that hand; O, let me press it to my heart, my trembling heart, the nimble movement shall instruct your pulse, and teach it to alarm desire.—Zoons I am almost at the end of my cant, if she does not yield quickly.

[*Aside.*

L. P. O that's so passionate and fine, I cannot hear it—I am not safe if I stay, and must leave you.

Care. And must you leave me! Rather let me languish out a wretched life, and breathe my soul beneath your feet——I must say the same thing over again, and cannot help it.

[*Aside.*

L. P. I swear I am ready to languish too——O my honour! Whither is it going? I protest you have given me the palpitation of the heart.

Care. Can you be so cruel?

L. P. O rise, I beseech you, say no more 'till you rise—Why did you kneel so long? I swear I was so transported I did not see it——Well, to shew you how far you have gained upon me, I assure you, if Sir Paul should die, of all mankind there's none I'd sooner make my second choice.

Care. O Heaven! I cannot out-live this night without your favour——I feel my spirits faint, a general dampness over-spreads my face, a cold deadly dew already vents through all my pores, and will to-morrow wash me for ever from your sight, and drown me in my tomb.

L. P. O, you have conquered, sweet, melting, moving Sir, you have conquered—What heart of marble can refrain to weep, and yield to such sad sayings.—

[*Cries.*

Care. I thank Heaven, they are the saddest that I ever said—Oh! 'I shall never contain laughter.'

[*Aside.*

L. P. Oh, I yield myself all up to your uncontrollable embraces——Say, thou dear dying man, when, where, and how?——‘ Ah, there’s Sir Paul.’

Care. ‘Slife, yonder’s Sir Paul, but if he were not come, I am so transported I cannot speak—— This note will inform you. [Gives her a note. Exit.

Enter Sir Paul and Cynthia.

Sir P. Thou art my tender lambkin, and shalt do what thou wilt—But endeavour to forget this Mellefont.

Cyn. I would obey you to my power, Sir; but if I have not him, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir P. Never to marry! Heavens forbid! Must I neither have sons nor grandsons? Must the family of the Plyants be utterly extinct for want of issue male. Oh, impiety! But did you swear, did that sweet creature swear! ha? How durst you swear without my consent, ah? Gads-bud, who am I?

Cyn. Pray don’t be angry, Sir; when I swore I had your consent, and therefore I swore.

Sir P. Why then the revoking my consent does annul, or make of none effect your oath; so you may unswear it again——The law will allow it.

Cyn. Ay, but my conscience never will.

Sir P. Gads-bud, no matter for that; conscience and law never go together; you must not expect that.

L. P. Ay, but Sir Paul, I conceive if she has sworn, d’ye mark me, if she has once sworn, it is most unchristian, inhuman, and obscene that she should break it.——I’ll make up the match again, because Mr. Careless said it would oblige him. [Aside.

Sir P. Does your Ladyship conceive so?——Why, I was of that opinion once too——Nay, if your Ladyship conceives so, I am of that opinion again; but I can neither find my Lord nor my Lady, to know what they intend.

L. P. I am satisfied that my cousin Mellefont has been much wronged.

Cyn. [Aside.] I am amazed to find her of our side, for I am sure she loved him.

L. P. I know my Lady Touchwood has no kindness for him; and besides, I have been informed by Mr. Careless, that Mellefont had never any thing more than
a pro-

a profound respect—That he has owned himself to be my admirer, 'tis true, but he was never so presumptuous to entertain any dishonourable notions of things; so that if this be made plain—I don't see how my daughter can in conscience, or honour, or any thing in the world —

Sir P. Indeed if this be made plain, as my Lady your mother says, child——

L. P. Plain! I was informed of it by Mr. Careless— And I assure you Mr. Careless is a person—that has a most extraordinary respect and honour for you, Sir Paul.

Cyn. [*Aside.*] And for your Ladyship too, I believe, or else you had not changed sides so soon; now I begin to find it.

Sir P. I am much obliged to Mr. Careless, really, he is a person that I have a great value for, not only for that, but because he has a great veneration for your Ladyship.

L. P. O la, no indeed, Sir Paul, it is upon your account.

Sir P. No, I protest and vow I have no title to his esteem, but in having the honour to appertain in some measure to your Ladyship, that's all.

L. P. O la, now, I swear and declare, it shan't be so, you are too modest, Sir Paul.

Sir P. It becomes me, when there is any comparison made between ——

L. P. O fy, fy, Sir Paul, you'll put me out of countenance——Your very obedient and affectionate wife, that's all——And highly honoured in that title.

Sir P. Gads-bud I am transported! Give me leave to kiss your Ladyship's hand.

Cyn. That my poor father should be so very silly!

[*Aside.*]

L. P. My lip, indeed, Sir Paul, I swear you shall.

[*He kisses her, and bows very low.*]

Sir P. I humbly thank your Ladyship—I don't know whether I fly on ground, or walk in air——Gads-bud, she was never thus before——Well, I must own myself beholden to Mr. Careless—As sure as can be this is all his doing—something that he has said; well, 'tis a rare thing to have an ingenious friend. Well, your Ladyship is of opinion that the match may go forward.

L. P. By all means—Mr. Careless has satisfied me of the matter.

Sir P. Well, why then, lamb, you may keep your oath, but have a care of making rash vows; come hither to me, and kiss papa.

L. P. I swear and declare, I am in such a twitter to read Mr. Careless's letter, that I cannot forbear any longer—But though I may read all letters first by prerogative, yet I'll be sure to be unsuspected this time.—
Sir Paul.

Sir P. Did your Ladyship call?

L. P. Nay, not to interrupt you, my dear—Only lend me your letter, which you had from your steward to-day: I would look upon the account again; and may be increase the allowance.

Sir P. There it is, Madam. Do you want a pen and ink?

[Bows and gives the letter.]

L. P. No, no, nothing else, I thank you, Sir Paul—So now I can read my own letter under the cover of his.

[Aside.]

Sir P. He? and wilt thou bring a grandson at nine months end---He? A brave chopping boy.—I'll settle a thousand pounds a year upon the rogue as soon as ever he looks me in the face, I will Gads-bud. I am overjoyed to think I have any of my family that will bring children into the world. For I would fain have some resemblance of myself in my posterity, he, Thy! 'Canst not you contrive that affair, girl? Do; Gads-bud 'think on thy old father;' heh! Make the young rogue as like as you can.

Cyn. I am glad to see you so merry, Sir.

Sir P. Merry! Gads-bud I am serious! I'll give thee good. for every inch of him that resembles me; ah, this eye, this left eye! A thousand pounds for this left eye. This has done execution in its time, girl; why, thou hast my leer, hussy, just thy father's leer.—Let it be transmitted to the young rogue by the help of imagination---Why 'tis the mark of our family, Thy; our house is distinguished by a languishing eye, as the house of Austria is by a thick lip—Ah! when I was of your age, hussy, I would have held fifty to one I could have drawn my own picture—Gads-bud, but I could have done—

not

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not so much as you neither, — but ———— nay, don't blush ————

Cyn. I don't blush, Sir, for I vow I don't understand.

Sir P. Pshaw, pshaw, you fib, you baggage, you do understand, and you shall understand: Come, don't be so nice; Gads-bud don't learn after your mother-in-law, my Lady here——Marry Heaven forbid that you should follow her example, that would spoil all indeed. Bless us, if you should take a vagary, and make a rash resolution on your wedding-night to die a maid, as she did, all were ruined, all my hopes lost——My heart would break, and my estate would be left to the wide world, he! I hope you are a better Christian than to think of living a nun, he? Answer me.

Cyn. I am all obedience, Sir, to your commands.

L. P. [*Having read the letter.*] O dear Mr. Careless, I swear he writes charmingly, and he looks charmingly; and he has charmed me as much as I have charmed him; and so I'll tell him in the wardrobe when 'tis dark. O Crimine! I hope Sir Paul has not seen both letters——
[*Puts the wrong letter hastily up, and gives him her own.*]
Sir Paul, here's your letter, to-morrow morning I'll settle accounts to your advantage.

Enter Brisk.

Brisk. Sir Paul, Gad's-bud you are an uncivil person, let me tell you, and all that; and I did not think it had been in you.

Sir P. O la, what's the matter now? I hope you are not angry, Mr. Brisk?

Brisk. Deuce take me, I believe you intend to marry your daughter yourself; you are always brooding over her like an old hen, as if she were not well hatched, 'egad; he?

Sir P. Good strange! Mr. Brisk is such a merry facetious person, he, he, he. No, no, I have done with her; I have done with her now.

Brisk. The fiddles have stayed this hour in the hall; and my Lord Froth wants a partner; we can never begin without her.

Sir P. Go, go, child, go, get you gone and dance, and be merry; I will come and look at you by and by.——Where is my son Mellefont?

L. P.

L. P. I'll send him to them, I know where he is——

Brisk. Sir Paul, will you send Careless into the hall if you meet him.

Sir P. I will, I will, I'll go and look for him on purpose. [*Ex. all but Brisk.*]

Brisk. So now they are all gone, and I have an opportunity to practise——Ah! my dear Lady Froth! She's a most engaging creature, if she were not so fond of that damned coxcomby Lord of hers; and yet I am forced to allow him wit too, to keep in with him——No matter, she's a woman of parts, and 'egad parts will carry her. She said, she would follow me into the gallery——Now to make my approaches——Hem, hem! Ah, Ma- [*Bows.*]
dam!——Pox on't, why should I disparage my parts by thinking what to say; None but dull rogues *think*: witty men, like rich fellows, are always ready for all expences, while your blockheads, like poor needy scoundrels, are forced to examine their stock, and forecast the charges of the day. Here she comes; I'll seem not to see her, and try to win her with a new airy invention of my own, hem!

Enter Lady Froth.

[*Brisk sings, walking about.*] I'm sick with love, ha, ha, ha, pr'ythee come cure me.

I'm sick with, &c.

O ye powers! O my Lady Froth, my Lady Froth! My Lady Froth! Heigho! Break heart; Gods I thank you.

[*Stands musing with his arms across.*]

L. F. O Heavens, Mr. Brisk! What's the matter?

Brisk. My Lady Froth! Your Ladyship's most humble servant——The matter, Madam? Nothing, Madam, nothing at all 'egad. I was fallen into the most agreeable amusement in the whole province of contemplation: That is all——(I'll seem to conceal my passion, and that will look like respect.) [*Aside.*]

L. F. Bless me, why did you call out upon me so loud?——

Brisk. O lord, I Madam! I beseech your Ladyship——When?

L. F. Just now as I came in; bless me, why don't you know it?

Brisk.

Brisk. Not I, let me perish—But did I? Strange! I confess your Ladyship was in my thoughts; and I was in a sort of dream that did in a manner represent a very pleasing object to my imagination, but—but did I indeed?—To see how love and murder will out. But did I really name my Lady Froth?

L. F. Three times aloud, as I love letters—But did you talk of love? O Parnassus! Who would have thought Mr. Brisk could have been in love, ha, ha, ha. O Heavens! I thought you could have no mistress but the nine muses.

Brisk. No more I have, 'egad, for I adore them all in your Ladyship—Let me perish, I don't know whether to be splenetic or airy upon it; the deuce take me if I can tell whether I am glad or sorry that your Ladyship has made the discovery.

L. F. O, be merry by all means—Prince Volscius in love! Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. O, barbarous, to turn me into ridicule! Yet, ha, ha, ha. The deuce take me, I cannot help laughing myself, ha, ha, ha; yet by Heavens I have a violent passion for your Ladyship seriously.

L. F. Seriously! Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Seriously, ha, ha, ha. Gad I have for all I laugh.

L. F. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye think I laugh at? Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Me 'egad, ha ha.

L. F. No, the deuce take me if I don't laugh at myself; for hang me if I have not a violent passion for Mr. Brisk, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Seriously?

L. F. Seriously, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. That's well enough, let me perish, ha, ha, ha. O miraculous, what a happy discovery! Ay, my dear charming Lady Froth!

L. F. Oh, my adored Mr. Brisk! [Embrace.

Enter Lord Froth.

Ld. F. The company are all ready—How now!

Brisk. Zoons, Madam, there's my Lord. [Softly to her.]

L. F. Take no notice—but observe me—Now cast off, and meet me at the lower end of the room, and then

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then join hands again; I could teach my Lord this dance purely, but I vow, Mr. Brisk, I can't tell how to come so near any other man. Oh, here's my Lord, now you shall see me do it with him.

[They pretend to practise part of a country dance.]

Ld. F. —Oh, I see there's no harm yet—But I don't like this familiarity. *[Aside.]*

L. F. —Shall you and I do our close dance, to shew Mr. Brisk?

Ld. F. No, my dear, do it with him.

L. F. I'll do it with him, my Lord, when you are out of the way.

Brisk. That's good 'egad, that's good; deuce take me I can hardly hold laughing in his face. *[Aside.]*

Ld. F. Any other time, my dear, or we'll dance it below.

L. F. With all my heart.

Brisk. Come, my Lord, I'll wait on you—My charming witty angel! *[To her.]*

L. F. We shall have whispering time enough, you know, since we are partners. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Lady Plyant and Careless.

L. P. O Mr. Careless, Mr. Careless, I'm ruined, I'm undone.

Care. What's the matter, Madam?

L. P. O the unluckiest accident, I'm afraid I shan't live to tell it you.

Care. Heaven forbid! What is it?

L. P. I'm in such a fright; the strangest quandary and premunire! I'm all over in an universal agitation, I dare swear every circumstance of me trembles.—O your letter, your letter! By an unfortunate mistake, I have given Sir Paul your letter instead of his own.

Care. That was unlucky.

L. P. O yonder he comes reading of it, for Heaven's sake step in here and advise me quickly, before he sees.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Paul with the letter.

Sir P. —O Providence, what a conspiracy have I discovered—But let me see to make an end on't—

[Reads.] Hum—*After supper in the wardrobe by the gallery. If Sir Paul should surprize us, I have a commission from*

from him to treat with you about the very matter of fact—
 Matter of fact ! Very pretty ; it seems, then, I am conducting to my own cuckoldom ; why this is a very traitorous position of taking up arms by my authority against my person ! Well, let me see—*'Till then I languish in expectation of my adored charmer.*

Dying Ned Careless.

Gads-bud, would that were matter of fact too. Die and be damned for a Judas Maccabeus and Iscariot both. O friendship, what art thou but a name ! Henceforward let no man make a friend that would not be a cuckold : for whomsoever he receives into his bosom, will find the way to his bed, and there return his caresses with interest to his wife. ' Have I for this been pinioned night after night for three years past ? Have I been swathed in ' blankets 'till I have been even deprived of motion ? ' Have I approached the marriage-bed with reverence, as to a sacred shrine, ' and denied myself the enjoyment of ' lawful domestic pleasures to preserve its purity,' and must I now find it polluted by foreign iniquity ? O my Lady Plyant, you were chaste as ice, but you are melted now, and false as water.—But Providence has been constant to me in discovering this conspiracy ; still I am beholden to Providence ; if it were not for Providence, sure, poor Sir Paul, thy heart would break.

Enter Lady Plyant.

L. P. So, Sir, I see you have read the letter—Well, now, Sir Paul, what do you think of your friend Careless ? Has he been treacherous, or did you give his insolence a licence to make trial of your wife's suspected virtue ? D'ye see here ? [*Snatches the letter as in anger.*] Look, read it ! Gad's my life, if I thought it were so, I would this moment renounce all communication with you. Ungrateful monster ! He ? Is it so ? Ay, I see it, a plot upon my honour ; your guilty cheeks confess it : Oh, where shall wronged virtue fly for reparation ! I'll be divorced this instant.

Sir P. Gads-bud, what shall I say ? This is the strangest surprize ! Why I don't know any thing at all, nor I don't know whether there be any thing at all in the world, or no.

L. P. I thought I should try you, false man. I that never disssembled in my life; yet to make trial of you, pretended to like that monster of iniquity, Careless, and found out that contrivance to let you see this letter; which now I find was of your own inditing—— I do, Heathen, I do; see my face no more; ‘I’ll be divorced presently.’

Sir P. O strange, what will become of me!——I am so amazed, and so overjoyed, so afraid, and so sorry.——But did you give me this letter on purpose, he? Did you?

L. P. Did I? Do you doubt me, Turk, Saracen? I have a cousin that’s a proctor in the Commons, I’ll go to him instantly——

Sir P. Hold, stay, I beseech your Ladyship——I am so overjoyed, stay, I’ll confess all.

L. P. What will you confess, Jew?

Sir P. Why now as I hope to be saved, I had no hand in this letter——Nay, hear me, I beseech your Ladyship: The Devil take me now if he did not go beyond my commission——If I desired him to do any more than speak a good word only just for me; Gads-bud, only for poor Sir Paul, I am an Anabaptist, or a Jew, or what you please to call me.

L. P. Why, is not here matter of fact?

Sir P. Ay, but by your own virtue and continency that matter of fact is all his own doing.——I confess I had a great desire to have some honours conferred upon me, which lie all in your Ladyship’s breast, and he being a well-spoken man, I desired him to intercede for me.——

L. P. Did you so, Presumption! ‘Oh! he comes, the Tarquin comes; I cannot bear his sight.’ [Exit.

Enter Careless.

Care. Sir Paul, I am glad I have met with you; ‘egad I have said all I could, but cannot prevail——Then my friendship to you has carried me a little further in this matter——

Sir P. Indeed——Well, Sir—I’ll disssemble with him a little. [Aside.

Care. Why, faith, I have in my time known honest gentlemen abused by a pretended coyness in their wives, and I had a mind to try my Lady’s virtue——And when I could

could not prevail for you, 'egad I pretended to be in love myself—but all in vain, she would not hear a word upon that subject; then I writ a letter to her; I don't know what effects that will have, but I'll be sure to tell you when I do; though, by this light, I believe her virtue is impregnable.

Sir P. O Providence! Providence! What discoveries are here made! Why, this is better and more miraculous than the rest.

Care. What do you mean?

Sir P. I cannot tell you, I am so overjoyed; come along with me to my Lady, I cannot contain myself; come my dear friend.

Care. So, so, so, this difficulty's over. [*Aside.*
[*Exit.*

Enter Mellefont and Maskwell from different doors.

Mel. Maskwell, I have been looking for you—It is within a quarter of eight.

Mask. My Lady is just gone into my Lord's closet, you had best steal into her chamber before she comes, and lie concealed there, otherwise she may lock the door when we are together, and you not easily get in to surprise us.

Mel. He? You say true.

Mask. You had best make haste, for after she has made some apology to the company for her own and my Lord's absence all this while, she'll retire to her chamber instantly.

Mel. I go this moment: Now, Fortune, I defy thee. [*Exit.*

Mask. I confess you may be allowed to be secure in your own opinion; the appearance is very fair, but I have an after-game to play that shall turn the tables, and here comes the man that I must manage.

Enter Lord Touchwood.

Ld. T. Maskwell, you are the man I wished to meet.

Mask. I am happy to be in the way of your Lordship's commands.

Ld. T. I have always found you prudent and careful in any thing that has concerned me or my family.

Mask. I were a villain else—I am bound by duty and
F grati-

gratitude, and my own inclination, to be ever your Lordship's servant.

Ld. T. Enough——You are my friend; I know it: Yet there has been a thing in your knowledge which has concerned me nearly, that you have concealed from me.

Mask. My Lord!

Ld. T. Nay, I excuse your friendship to my unnatural nephew thus far——But I know you have been privy to his impious designs upon my wife. This evening she has told me all: her good-nature concealed it as long as was possible; but he perseveres so in villainy, that she has told me even you were weary of dissuading him, tho' you have once actually hindered him from forcing her.

Mask. I am sorry, my Lord, I cannot make you an answer; this is an occasion in which I would not willingly be silent.

Ld. T. I know you would excuse him——And I know as well that you cannot.

Mask. Indeed I was in hopes it had been but a youthful heat that might have soon boiled over; but——

Ld. T. Say on.

Mask. I have nothing more to say, my Lord——but to express my concern; for I think his frenzy increases daily.

Ld. T. How! give me but proof of it, ocular proof, that I may justify my dealing with him to the world, and share my fortunes.

Mask. O my Lord! consider that is hard: besides, time may work upon him: then, for me to do it! I have professed an everlasting friendship to him.

Ld. T. He is your friend, and what am I?

Mask. I am answered.

Ld. T. Fear not his displeasure; I will put you out of his and Fortune's power; and for that thou art scrupulously honest, I will secure thy fidelity to him, and give my honour never to own any discovery that you shall make me. Can you give me a demonstrative proof? Speak.

Mask. I wish I could not——To be plain, my Lord, I intended this evening to have tried all arguments to dissuade him from a design, which I suspect; and if I had

not succeeded, to have informed your Lordship of what I knew.

Ld. T. I thank you. What is the villain's purpose?

Mask. He has owned nothing to me of late, and what I mean now is only a bare suspicion of my own. If your Lordship will meet me a quarter of an hour hence there, in that lobby by my Lady's bed-chamber, I shall be able to tell you more.

Ld. T. I will.

Mask. My duty to your Lordship makes me do a severe piece of justice.

Ld. T. I will be secret, and reward your honesty beyond your hopes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE opening, *shews Lady Touchwood's chamber.*

Mellefont solus.

Mel. Pray Heaven my aunt keep touch with her affliction.—Oh, that her Lord were but sweating behind this hanging, with the expectation of what I shall see—Hift, she comes—Little does she think what a mine is just ready to spring under her feet. But to my post.

[*Goes behind the hangings.*]

Enter Lady Touchwood.

L. T. 'Tis eight o'clock: methinks I should have found him here—Who does not prevent the hour of love, outstays the time; for to be duly punctual is too slow.—I was accusing you of neglect.

Enter Maskwell.

Mellefont absconding.

Mask. I confess you do reproach me when I see you here before me; but 'tis fit I should be still behind-hand, still to be more and more indebted to your goodness.

L. T. You can excuse a fault too well, not to have been to blame——A ready answer shews you were prepared.

Mask. Guilt is ever at a loss, and confusion waits upon it; when innocence and bold truth are always ready for expression——

L. T. Not in love; words are the weak support of cold indifference; love has no language to be heard.

Mask. Excess of joy has made me stupid! Thus may my lips be ever closed. [*Kisses her.*] And thus—Oh, who

would not lose his speech upon condition to have joys above it!

L. T. Hold, let me lock the door first.

[*Goes to the door.*]

Mask. [*Aside.*] That I believed ; 'twas well I left the private passage open.

L. T. So, that's safe.

Mask. And so may all your pleasures be, and secret as this kiss——

Mel. And may all treachery be thus discovered.

[*Leaps out.*]

L. T. Ah !

[*Shrieks.*]

Mel. Villain !

[*Offers to draw.*]

Mask. Nay then, there's but one way. [*Runs out.*]

Mel. Say you so, were you provided for an escape? Hold, Madam, you have no more holes to your burrow, I stand between you and this sally-port.

L. T. Thunder strike thee dead for this deceit, immediate lightning blast thee, me, and the whole world—— Oh ! I could rack myself, play the vulture to my own heart, and gnaw it piece-meal, for not boding to me this misfortune.

Mel. Be patient——

L. T. Be damned.

Mel. Consider I have you on the hook ; you will but flounder yourself a weary, and be nevertheless my prisoner.

L. T. I'll hold my breath and die, but I'll be free.

Mel. O Madam, have a care of dying unprepared, I doubt that you have some unrepented sins that may hang heavy, and retard your flight.

L. T. Oh ! what shall I do ? say ? Whither shall I turn ? Has Hell no remedy ?

Mel. None. Hell has served you even as Heaven has done, left you to yourself.—You are in a kind of Erasmus Paradise ; yet if you please, you may make it a purgatory ; and with a little penance and my absolution, all this may turn to a good account.

L. T. [*Aside.*] Hold in my passion, and fall, fall a little, thou swelling heart ; let me have some intermission of this rage, and one minute's coolness to dissemble.

[*She weeps.*]

Mel.

Mel. You have been to blame—I like those tears, and hope they are of the purest kind—Penitential tears.

L. T. O, the scene was shifted quick before me—I had not time to think—I was surprized to see a monster in the glass, and now I find 'tis myself: Can you have mercy to forgive the faults I have imagined, but never put in practice—O consider, consider how fatal you have been to me, 'you have already killed the quiet of this 'life.' The love of you was the first wandering fire that e'er misled my steps, and while I had only that in view, I was betrayed into unthought-of ways of ruin.

Mel. May I believe this true?

L. T. O be not cruelly incredulous—How can you doubt these streaming eyes? Keep the severest eye over all my future conduct, and if I once relapse, let me not hope forgiveness, 'twill ever be in your power to ruin me—My Lord shall sign to your desires; I will myself create your happiness, and Cynthia shall be this night your bride—Do but conceal my failings, and forgive.

Mel. Upon such terms, I will be ever yours in every honest way.

Maskwell softly introduces Lord Touchwood, and retires.

Mask. I have kept my word, he is here, but I must not be seen.

Ld. T. Hell and amazement! She is in tears.

L. T. [*Kneeling.*] Eternal blessings thank you—Ha! My Lord listening! O, Fortune has o'erpaid me all, all! all's my own! [*Aside.*]

Mel. Nay, I beseech you rise.

L. T. [*Aloud.*] Never, never! I'll grow to the ground, be buried quick beneath it, ere I'll be consenting to so damned a sin as incest! unnatural incest!

Mel. Ha!

L. T. O cruel man, will you not let me go—I'll forgive all that's past—O Heaven, you will not ravish me!

Mel. Damnation!

Ld. T. Monster! Dog! your life shall answer this—

[*Draws and runs at Mel. is held by Lady Touchwood.*]

L. T. O Heavens, my Lord! Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake.

Mel. Confusion, my uncle! O, the damned forcerers.

L. T. Moderate your rage, good my Lord! He's mad, alas, he's mad—Indeed he is my Lord, and knows not what he does——See how wild he looks.

Mel. By Heaven, 'twere senseless not to be mad, and see such witchcraft.

L. T. My Lord, you hear him, he talks idly.

Ld. T. Hence from my sight, thou living infamy to my name: when next I see that face, I'll write villain in it with my sword's point.

Mel. Now, by my soul, I will not go 'till I have made known my wrongs——Nay, 'till I have made known yours, which (if possible) are greater—though she has all the host of Hell her servants.

L. T. Alas, he raves! 'Talks very poetry.' For Heaven's sake away my Lord, he'll either tempt you to extravagance, or commit some himself.

Mel. Death and furies, will you not hear me—Why, by Heaven she laughs, grins, points to your back; she forks out cuckoldom with her fingers, and you are running horn-mad after your fortune.

[As she is going she turns back and smiles at him.]

Ld. T. I fear he's mad indeed—Let's send Maskwell to him.

Mel. Send him to her.

'*L. T.* Come, come, good my Lord, my heart aches so, I shall faint if I stay.'

[Exeunt Ld. and L. T.]

Mel. Oh, I could curse my stars, fate, and chance; all causes and accidents of fortune in this life! But to what purpose? 'Yet, 'death, for a man to have the fruit of all his industry grow full and ripe, ready to drop into his mouth, and just when he holds out his hand to gather it, to have a sudden whirlwind come, tear up tree and all, and bear away the very root and foundation of his hopes; What temper can contain?' They talk of sending Maskwell to me; I never had more need of him——But what can he do? Imagination cannot form a fairer and more plausible design than this of his which has miscarried——O my precious aunt! I shall never thrive without I deal with the devil, or another woman.

'Women, like flames, have a destroying pow'r,

'Ne'er to be quench'd 'till they themselves devour.'

[Exit.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

Enter Lady Touchwood and Maskwell.

LADY TOUCHWOOD.

WAS it not lucky?

Mask. Lucky! Fortune is your own, and 'tis her interest so to be; by Heaven I believe you can controul her power, and she fears it; though chance brought my Lord, 'twas your own art that turned it to advantage.*L. T.* 'Tis true, it might have been my ruin—But yonder's my Lord, I believe he is coming to find you, I'll not be seen. [Exit.]*Mask.* So; I durst not own my introducing my Lord, though it succeeded well for her, for she would have suspected a design which I should have been puzzled to excuse. My Lord is thoughtful—I'll be so too; yet he shall know my thoughts; or think he does——*Enter Lord Touchwood.*

What have I done?

Ld. T. Talking to himself!*Mask.* 'Twas honest—and shall I be rewarded for it? No, 'twas honest, therefore I shall not:—Nay, rather therefore I ought not; for it rewards itself.*Ld. T.* Unequalled virtue! [Aside.]*Mask.* But should it be known! then I have lost a friend! He was an ill man, and I have gained; for half myself I lent him, and that I have recalled; so I have served myself, and what is yet better, I have served a worthy Lord, to whom I owe myself.*Ld. T.* Excellent man! [Aside.]*Mask.* Yet I am wretched—O, there is a secret burns within this breast, which, should it once blaze forth, would ruin all, consume my honest character, and brand me with the name of villain.*Ld. T.* Ha!*Mask.* Why do I love! Yet Heaven and my waking conscience are my witnesses, I never gave one working thought a vent, which might discover that I loved, nor ever must; no, let it prey upon my heart; for I would rather die than seem once, barely seem, once dishonest:—

O, should

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O, should it once be known I love fair Cynthia, all this that I have done would look like rival's malice, false friendship to my Lord, and base self-interest. Let me perish first, and from this hour avoid all sight and speech, and, if I can, all thought of that pernicious beauty. Ha ! but what is my distraction doing ? I am wildly talking to myself, and some ill chance might have directed malicious ears this way. [*Seems to start, seeing my Lord.*]

Ld. T. Start not—let guilty and dishonest souls start at the revelation of their thoughts, but be thou fixed, as is thy virtue.

Mask. I am confounded, and beg your Lordship's pardon for those free discourses which I have had with myself.

Ld. T. Come, I beg your pardon that I over-heard you, and yet it shall not need—Honest Maskwell ! Thy and my good genius led me hither—Mine, in that I have discovered so much manly virtue ; thine, in that thou shalt have due reward of all thy worth. Give me thy hand—my nephew is the alone remaining branch of all our ancient family ; him I thus blow away, and constitute thee in his room to be my heir—

Mask. Now Heaven forbid—

Ld. T. No more—I have resolved—The writings are ready drawn, and wanted nothing but to be signed, and have his name inserted—Yours will fill the blank as well—I will have no reply—Let me command this time, for 'tis the last in which I will assume authority—hereafter you shall rule where I have power.

Mask. I humbly would petition—

Ld. T. Is it for yourself ? [*Mask. pauses.*] I'll hear of nought for any body else.

Mask. Then witness Heaven for me, this wealth and honour was not of my seeking, nor would I build my fortune on another's ruin : I had but one desire—

Ld. T. Thou shalt enjoy it.—If all I am worth in wealth or interest can purchase Cynthia, she is thine.—I am sure Sir Paul's consent will follow fortune ; I will quickly shew him which way that is going.

Mask. You oppress me with bounty ; my gratitude is weak, and shrinks beneath the weight, and cannot rise to thank you—What, enjoy my love ! Forgive the trans-

transports of a blessing so unexpected, so unhopcd for, so unthought of!

Ld. T. I will confirm it, and rejoice with thee.

[*Exit.*

Mask. This is prosperous indeed!—Why, let him find me out a villain, settled in possession of a fair estate, and full fruition of my love, I'll bear the railings of a losing gamester—But should he find me out before!—'tis dangerous to delay—Let me think——Should my Lord proceed to treat openly of my marriage with Cynthia, all must be discovered, and Mellefont can be no longer blinded.—It must not be; nay, should my Lady know it——Ay, then were fine work indeed! Her fury would spare nothing, though she involved herself in ruin. No, it must be by stratagem——I must deceive Mellefont once more, and get my Lord to consent to my private management. He comes opportunely——Now will I, in my old way, discover the whole and real truth of the matter to him, that he may not suspect one word on't.

No mask like open truth to cover lies,
As to go naked is the best disguise.

[*Enter Mellefont.*

Mel. O, Maskwell, what hopes? I am confounded in a maze of thoughts, each leading into another, and all ending in perplexity. My uncle will not see nor hear me.

Mask. No matter, Sir, don't trouble your head, all is in my power.

Mel. How, for Heaven's sake?

Mask. Little do you think that your aunt has kept her word——How the devil she wrought my Lord into this dotage I know not; but he is gone to Sir Paul about my marriage with Cynthia, and has appointed me his heir.

Mel. The devil he has! What's to be done?

Mask. I have it, it must be by stratagem; for it is in vain to make application to him. I think I have that in my head which cannot fail. Where is Cynthia?

Mel. In the garden.

Mask. Let us go and consult her:—My life for yours, I cheat my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Enter*

Enter Lord and Lady Touchwood.

L. T. Maskwell your heir, and marry Cynthia!

Ld. T. I cannot do too much for so much merit.

L. T. But this is a thing of too great moment to be so suddenly resolved. Why Cynthia? Why must he be married? Is there not reward enough in raising his low fortune, but he must mix his blood with mine, and wed my niece? How know you that my brother will consent, or she? Nay, he himself perhaps may have affections elsewhere.

Ld. T. No, I am convinced he loves her.

L. T. Maskwell love Cynthia, impossible!

Ld. T. I tell you, he confessed it to me.

L. T. Confusion! How is this! [*Aside.*

Ld. T. His humility long stifled his passion; and his love of Mellefont would have made him still conceal it: but by encouragement I wrung the secret from him, and know he is no way to be rewarded but in her. I will defer my farther proceedings in it 'till you have considered it: but remember how we are both indebted to him.

[*Exit.*

L. T. Both indebted to him! Yes, we are both indebted to him, if you knew all, 'villain!' Oh, I am wild with this surprize of treachery: it is impossible, it cannot be——He love Cynthia! 'What, have I been 'bawd to his designs!' his property only, 'a baiting-place! Now I see what made him false to Mellefont---' Shame and distraction! I cannot bear it, Oh! What 'woman can bear to be a property? To be kindled to a 'flame, only to light him to another's arms: Oh! that 'I were fire indeed, that I might burn the vile traitor.' What shall I do? How shall I think? I cannot think——All my designs are lost, my love unfated, my revenge unfinished, and fresh cause of fury from unthought-of plagues.

Enter Sir Paul.

Sir P. Madam, sister, my Lady sister, did you see my Lady, my wife?

L. T. Oh! Torture!

Sir P. Gads-bud, I cannot find her high nor low; Where can she be, think you?

L. T. Where she is serving you as all your sex ought to

to be served ; making you a beast. Don't you know that you are a fool, brother ?

Sir P. A fool ; he, he, he, you are merry—No, no, not I, I know no such matter.

L. T. Why then you don't know half your happiness.

Sir P. That's a jest with all my heart, faith and troth—But hark ye, my Lord told me something of a revolution of things ; I don't know what to make on't——Gads-bud I must consult my wife——He talks of disinheriting his nephew, and I don't know what——Look you, sister, I must know what my girl has to trust to ; or not a syllable of a wedding, Gads-bud——to shew you that I am not a fool.

L. T. Hear me ; consent to the breaking off this marriage, and the promoting any other, without consulting me, and I will renounce all blood, all relation and concern with you for ever——Nay, I'll be your enemy, and pursue you to destruction ; I'll tear your eyes out, and tread you under my feet.——

Sir P. Why, what's the matter now ? Good Lord, what's all this for ? Pooh, here's a joke indeed——Why, where's my wife ?

L. T. With Careless, in the close harbour ; he may want you by this time, as much as you want her.

Sir P. Oh, if she be with Mr. Careless, 'tis well enough.

L. T. Fool, sot, insensible ox ! But remember what I said to you, or you had better eat your own horns, by this light you had.

Sir P. You are a passionate woman, Gads-bud——But to say truth, all our family are choleric ; I am the only peaceable person amongst them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mellefont, Maskwell, and Cynthia.

Mel. I know no other way but this he has proposed ; if you have love enough to run the venture.

Cyn. I don't know whether I have love enough——but I find I have obstinacy enough to pursue whatever I have once resolved ; and a true female courage to oppose any thing that resists my will, though it were reason itself.

Mask. That's right——Well, I'll secure the writings, and run the hazard along with you.

Cyn.

Cyn. But how can the coach and six horses be got ready without suspicion?

Mask. Leave it to my care; that shall be so far from being suspected, that it shall be got ready by my Lord's own order.

Mel. How?

Mask. Why, I intend to tell my Lord the whole matter of our contrivance, that's my way.

Mel. I do not understand you.

Mask. Why, I'll tell my Lord I laid this plot with you on purpose to betray you; and that which put me upon it, was the finding it impossible to gain the lady any other way, but in the hopes of her marrying you.

Mel. So.——

Mask. So, why so, while you are busied in making yourself ready, I'll wheedle her into the coach; and instead of you, borrow my Lord's chaplain, and so run away with her myself.

Mel. O, I conceive you, you'll tell him so.

Mask. Tell him so! Ay, why, you don't think I mean to do so.

Mel. No, no; ha, ha, I dare swear thou wilt not.

Mask. Therefore, for our farther security I would have you disguised like a parson, that if my Lord should have curiosity to peep, he may not discover you in the coach, but think the cheat is carried on as he would have it.

Mel. Excellent Maskwell! thou wert certainly meant for a statesman or a Jesuit——but thou art too honest for one, and too pious for the other.

Mask. Well, get yourselves ready, and meet me in half an hour yonder in my Lady's dressing-room; go by the back-stairs, and so we may slip down without being observed——I'll send the chaplain to you with his robes; I have made him my own—and ordered him to meet us to-morrow morning at St. Albans; there we will sum up this account to all our satisfactions.

Mel. Should I begin to thank or praise thee, I should waste the little time we have. [Exit.]

Mask. Madam, you will be ready.

Cyn. I will be punctual to the minute.

[Going.
Mask.

Mask. Stay, I have a doubt—Upon second thoughts, we had better meet in the chaplain's chamber here, the corner chamber at this end of the gallery; there is a back way into it, so that you need not come through this door—and a pair of private stairs leading down to the stables——It will be more convenient.

Cyn. I am guided by you—but Mellefont will mistake.

Mask. No, no, I'll after him immediately, and tell him.

Cyn. I will not fail. [Exit.

Mask. Why, *qui vult decipi decipiat.*—'Tis no fault of mine, I have told them in plain terms how easy it is for me to cheat them; and if they will not hear the serpent's hiss, they must be stung into experience and future caution.——Now to prepare my Lord to consent to this.——But first I must instruct my little Levite; there is no plot, public or private, that can expect to prosper without one of them has a finger in it; he promised me to be within at this hour—Mr. Saygrace, Mr. Saygrace. [Goes to the chamber door, and knocks.

[Mr. Saygrace looking out.] Sweet Sir, I will but pen the last line of an acrostick, and be with you in the twinkling of an ejaculation, in the pronouncing of an *Amen*, or before you can——

Mask. Nay, good Mr. Saygrace, do not prolong the time by describing to me the shortness of your stay; rather, if you please, defer the finishing of your wit, and let us talk about our business; it shall be tithes in your way.

Enter Saygrace.

Sayg. You shall prevail; I would break off in the middle of a sermon to do you a pleasure.

Mask. You could not do me a greater——except——the business in hand——Have you provided a habit for Mellefont?

Sayg. I have; they are ready in my chamber, together with a clean starched band and cuffs.

Mask. Good: let them be carried to him——Have you stitched the gown-sleeve, that he may be puzzled, and waste time in putting it on?

Sayg. I have; the gown will not be indued without perplexity.

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Mask. Meet me in half an hour, here in your own chamber. When Cynthia comes, let there be no light; and do not speak, that she may not distinguish you from Mellefont. I'll urge haste to excuse your silence.

Sayg. You have no more commands?

Mask. None, your text is short.

Sayg. But pithy, and I will handle it with discretion.

Mask. It will be the first you have so served. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Touchwood and Maskwell.

Ld. T. Sure I was born to be controuled by those I should command: my very slaves will shortly give me rules how I shall govern them.

Mask. I am concerned to see your Lordship discomposed——

Ld. T. Have you seen my wife lately, or disobliged her?

Mask. No, my Lord.——What can this mean?

[*Aside.*]

Ld. T. Then Mellefont has urged somebody to incense her——Something she has heard of you, which carries her beyond the bounds of patience.

Mask. This I feared. [*Aside.*] Did not your Lordship tell her of the honours you designed me?

Ld. T. Yes.

Mask. 'Tis that; you know my Lady has a high spirit, she thinks I am unworthy.

Ld. T. Unworthy! 'Tis an ignorant pride in her to think so——Honesty to me is true nobility. However, 'tis my will it shall be so, and that should be convincing to her as much as reason——By Heaven, I'll not be wife-ridden! Were it possible, it should be done this night.

Mask. By Heaven he meets my wishes! [*Aside.*] Few things are impossible to willing minds.

Ld. T. Instruct me how this may be done, you shall see I want no inclination.

Mask. I had laid a small design for to-morrow (as love will be inventing) which I thought to communicate to your Lordship——But it may be as well done to-night.

Ld. T. Here is company——Come this way, and tell me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Careless and Cynthia.

Care. Is not that he, now gone out with my Lord?

Cyn. Yes.

Care. By Heaven there's treachery — The confusion that I saw your father in, my Lady Touchwood's passion, with what imperfectly I overheard between my Lord and her, confirm me in my fears. Where's Mellefont?

Cyn. Here he comes.

Enter Mellefont.

— Did Maskwell tell you any thing of the chaplain's chamber?

Mel. No; my dear, will you get ready? — The things are all in my chamber; I want nothing but the habit.

Care. You are betrayed, and Maskwell is the villain I always thought him.

Cyn. When you were gone, he said his mind was changed, and bid me meet him in the chaplain's room, pretending immediately to follow you, and give you notice.

Care. There's Saygrace tripping by with a bundle under his arm — He cannot be ignorant that Maskwell means to use his chamber; let's follow and examine him.

Mel. 'Tis loss of time — I cannot think him false.

[Exeunt Mel. and Care.]

Enter Lord Touchwood.

Cyn. My Lord musing!

Ld. T. He has a quick invention, if this were suddenly designed — Yet he says he had prepared my chaplain already.

Cyn. How is this! Now I fear, indeed.

Ld. T. Cynthia here! Alone, fair cousin, and melancholy?

Cyn. Your Lordship was thoughtful.

Ld. T. My thoughts were on serious business, not worth your hearing.

Cyn. Mine were on treachery concerning you, and may be worth your hearing.

Ld. T. Treachery concerning me! Pray, be plain — Hark! What noise!

Mask. *[Within.]* Will you not hear me?

Lady T. *[Within.]* No, monster! Traitor! No.

Cyn. My Lady and Maskwell! This may be lucky——
My Lord, let me intreat you to stand behind this screen,
and listen; perhaps this chance may give you proof of
what you never could have believed from my suspicions.

Enter Lady Touchwood, with a dagger, and Maskwell:

Cynthia and Lord Touchwood abscond, listening.

L. T. You want but leisure to invent fresh falsehood,
and sooth me to a fond belief of all your fictions; but I
will stab the lie that's forming in your heart, and save a
sin in pity to your soul.

Mask. Strikethen——since you will have it so.

L. T. Ha! a steady villain to the last!

Mask. Come, why do you dally with me thus?

L. T. Thy stubborn temper shocks me, and you
know it would——This is cunning all, and not cou-
rage; no, I know thee well——But thou shalt miss
thy aim.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha.

L. T. Ha! Do you mock my rage? Then this shall
punish your fond, rash contempt! Again smile!

[Goes to strike.]

And such a smile as speaks in ambiguity!

Ten thousand meanings lurk in each corner of that va-
rious face.

O! that they were written in thy heart,

That I, with this, might lay thee open to my sight!

But then 'twill be too late to know——

Thou hast, thou hast found the only way to turn my
rage; too well thou knowest my jealous soul could never
bear uncertainty. Speak then, and tell me——Yet are
you silent? Oh, I am wildered in all passions! But thus
my anger melts. *[Weeps.]* Here, take this poniard, for
my very spirits faint, and I want strength to hold it,
thou hast disarmed my soul. *[Gives the dagger.]*

Ld. T. Amazement shakes me——Where will this end?

Mask. So 'tis well——let your wild fury have a vent,
and when you have temper, tell me.

L. T. Now, now, now I am calm, and can hear you.

Mask. *[Aside.]* Thanks, my invention: and now I have
it for you.——First tell me, what urged you to this vio-
lence? For your passion broke out in such imperfect
terms, that yet I am to learn the cause.

L. T.

L. T. My Lord himself surprized me with the news, you were to marry Cynthia—That you had owned your love to him, and his indulgence would assist you to attain your ends.

Cyn. How, my Lord!

Ld. T. Pray forbear all resentments for a while, and let us hear the rest.

Mask. I grant you in appearance all is true; I seemed consenting to my Lord; nay, transported with the blessing—But could you think that I, who had been happy in your loved embraces, could e'er be fond of inferior slavery?

Cyn. Nay, good my Lord, forbear resentment, let us hear it out.

Ld. T. Yes, I will contain, though I could burst.

Mask. I that had wantoned in the rich circle of your world of love, could be confined within the puny province of a girl? No—Yet tho' I dote on each last favour more than all the rest, though I would give a limb for every look you cheaply throw away on any other object of your love; yet so far I prize your pleasures o'er my own, that all this seeming plot that I have laid, has been to gratify your taste, and cheat the world, to prove a faithful rogue to you.

L. T. If this were true—But how can it be?

Mask. I have so contrived, that Mellefont will presently, in the chaplain's habit, wait for Cynthia in your dressing-room: but I have put the change upon her, that she may be elsewhere employed—Do you procure her night-gown, and with your hoods tied over your face, meet him in her stead; you may go privately by the back-stairs, and, unperceived, there you may propose to reinstate him in his uncle's favour, if he will comply with your desires; his case is desperate, and I believe he'll yield to any conditions—If not, here, take this; you may employ it better than in the heart of one who is nothing when not yours. *[Gives the dagger.]*

L. T. Thou canst deceive every body—Nay, thou hast deceived me; but 'tis as I would wish—Trusty villain! I could worship thee. —

Mask. No more—it wants but a few minutes of the time; and Mellefont's love will carry him there before his hour.

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L. T. I go, I fly, incomparable Maskwell! [*Exit.*

Mask. So, this was a pinch indeed; my invention was upon the rack, and made discovery of her last plot; I hope Cynthia and my chaplain will be ready. I'll prepare for the expedition. [*Exit.*

Cynthia and Lord Touchwood come forward.

Cyn. Now, my Lord!

Ld. T. Astonishment binds up my rage! Villainy upon villainy! Heavens, what a long track of dark deceit has this discovered! I am confounded when I look back, and want a clue to guide me through the various mazes of unheard-of treachery. My wife! Damnation! My Hell!

Cyn. My Lord, have patience, and be sensible how great our happiness is, that this discovery was not made too late.

Ld. T. I thank you, yet it may be still too late, if we don't presently prevent the execution of their plots:—Ha! I'll do it. Where is Mellefont, my poor injured nephew? How shall I make him ample satisfaction?

Cyn. I dare answer for him.

Ld. T. I do him fresh wrong to question his forgiveness, for I know him to be all goodness—Yet my wife! Damn her—She'll think to meet him in that dressing-room—Was't not so? And Maskwell will expect you in the chaplain's chamber—For once I'll add my plot too—let us haste to find out, and inform my nephew; and do you, quickly, as you can, bring all the company into this gallery.—I'll expose the strumpet and the villain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Froth and Sir Paul.

Ld. F. By Heavens, I have slept an age—Sir Paul, what o'clock is it? Past eight, on my conscience, my Lady's is the most inviting couch, and a slumber there is the prettiest amusement! But where is all the company?

Sir P. The company, Gad's-bud, I don't know, my Lord; but here's the strangest revolution, all turned topsy-turvy, as I hope for Providence.

Ld. F. O Heavens! What's the matter? Where is my wife?

Sir P. All turned topsy-turvy, as sure as a gun.

Ld. F. How do you mean? My wife!

Sir. P.

Sir P. The strangest posture of affairs!

Ld. F. What, my wife?

Sir P. No, no, I mean the family. Your Lady's affairs may be in a very good posture; I saw her go into the garden with Mr. Brisk.

Ld. F. How? Where, when, what to do?

Sir P. I suppose they have been laying their heads together.

Ld. F. How?

Sir P. Nay, only about poetry, I suppose, my Lord; making couplets.

Ld. F. Couplets.

Sir P. O, here they come.

Enter Lady Froth and Brisk.

Brisk. My Lord, your humble servant; Sir Paul, yours——The finest night!

L. F. My dear, Mr. Brisk and I have been star-gazing I don't know how long.

Sir P. Does it not tire your Ladyship? Are not you weary with looking up?

L. F. Oh, no! I love it violently——My dear, you are melancholy.

Ld. F. No, my dear, I am but just awake.

L. F. Snuff some of my spirit of hartshorn.

Ld. F. I have some of my own, thank you, my dear.

L. F. Well, I swear, Mr. Brisk, you understood astronomy like an old Egyptian.

Brisk. Not comparably to your Ladyship; you are the very Cynthia of the skies, and queen of stars.

L. F. That's because I have no light; but what's by reflexion from you, who are the sun.

Brisk. Madam, you have eclipsed me quite, let me perish——I cannot answer that.

L. F. No matter——Harkee, shall you and I make an almanack together?

Brisk. With all my soul,——Your Ladyship has made me the man in it already, I am so full of the wounds which you have given.

L. F. O, finely taken! I swear now you are even with me; O Parnassus, you have an infinite deal of wit.

Sir P. So he has, Gads-bud, and so has your Ladyship.

Enter

80 THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Enter Lady Plyant, Careless, and Cynthia.

L. P. You tell me most surprizing things ; bless me, who would ever trust a man ? O, my heart aches for fear they should be all deceitful alike.

Care. You need not fear, Madam, you have charms to fix inconstancy itself.

L. P. O dear, you make me blush.

Ld. F. Come, my dear, shall we take leave of my Lord and Lady ?

Cyn. They'll wait upon your Lordship presently.

L. F. Mr. Brisk, my coach shall set you down.

All. What's the matter ?

[A great shriek from the corner of the stage.

Enter Lady Touchwood, and runs out affrighted, my Lord after her, like a parson.

L. T. O, I'm betrayed——Save me, help me !

Ld. T. Now what evasion, strumpet ?

L. T. Stand off, let me go.

Ld. T. Go, and thy own infamy pursue thee---You stare as you were all amazed——I do not wonder at it,——But too soon you'll know mine, and that woman's shame.

Enter Mellefont, disguised in a parson's habit, and pulling in Maskwell.

Mel. Nay, by Heaven you shall be seen——Careless, your hand—Do you hold down your head ? Yes, I am your chaplain ; look in the face of your injured friend, thou wonder of all falshood.

Ld. T. Are you silent, monster ?

Mel. Good Heavens ! How I believed and loved this man !—Take him hence, for he is a disease to my sight.

Ld. T. Secure that manifold villain.

[Servants seize him.

Care. Miracle of ingratitude !

Brisk. This is all very surprizing, let me perish.

L. F. You know I told you Saturn looked a little more angry than usual.

Ld. T. We'll think of punishment at leisure, but let me hasten to do justice, in rewarding virtue and wronged innocence.——Nephew, I hope I have your pardon, and Cynthia's.

Mel. We are your Lordship's creatures.

Ld. T.

THE DOUBLE DEALER. 8:

Ld. T. And be each other's comfort :----Let me join your hands-----Unwearied nights, and wishing days attend you both ; mutual love, lasting health, and circling joys, tread round each happy year of your long lives.

Let secret villainy from hence be warn'd ;
Howe'er in private mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and shame attend their open birth :
Like vipers in the womb, base treachery lies
Still gnawing that whence first it did arise ;
No sooner born, but the vile parent dies.

}

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



E P I L O G U E.

COULD poets but foresee how plays would take,
 Then they could tell what epilogues to make;
 Whether to thank or blame their audience most:
 But that late knowledge does much hazard cost,
 'Till dice are thrown, there's nothing won, nor lost.
 So 'till the thief has stol'n, he cannot know
 Whether he shall escape the law, or no.
 But poets run much greater hazards far,
 Than they who stand their trials at the bar;
 The law provides a curb for its own fury,
 And suffers judges to direct the jury.
 But in this court, what difference does appear!
 For every one's both judge and jury here;
 Nay, and what's worse, an executioner.
 All have a right and title to some part,
 Each choosing that in which he has most art.
 The dreadful men of learning all confound,
 Unless the fable's good, and moral sound.
 The vizor-masks that are in pit and gallery,
 Approve or damn the repartee and raillery.
 The lady critics, who are better read,
 Inquire if characters are nicely bred;
 If the soft things are penn'd and spoke with grace:
 They judge of action too, and time, and place;
 In which we do not doubt but they're discerning,
 For that's a kind of assignation learning.
 Beaus judge of dress; the wirlings judge of songs;
 The cuckoldom, of ancient right, to Cits belongs.
 Thus poor poets the favour are deny'd,
 Even to make exceptions, when they're try'd.
 'Tis hard that they must every one admit:
 Methinks I see some faces in the pit,
 Which must of consequence be foes to wit.
 You who can judge, to sentence may proceed;
 But tho' he cannot write, let him be freed,
 At least, from their contempt who cannot read.





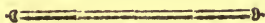
Published for Balls through Theatre July 1st 1777.

Thames Street London.

MISS POPE in the Character of ROSETTA.

— Is it not very polite, Colonel ?

BELL'S EDITION.



THE
FOUNDLING.

A COMEDY,

As written by Mr. MOORE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

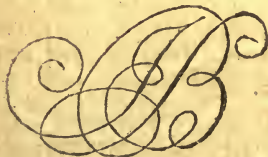
AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.



TO HER GRACE THE

D U C H E S S

O F

B E D F O R D.

MADAM,

THE permission your Grace honours me with, of presenting the Foundling to your protection, is the highest gratification of my pride, and my best security for the indulgence of the town. It is in writing as in life; an introduction to the world by a great name is a sanction, even where merit is wanting, and can adorn it where it is. And though my pretensions are inconsiderable, my fears are lessened, while I can boast the Duchess of Bedford for my patroness.

I have no intention to alarm your Grace with the common flattery of dedications. The mind that deserves praise, is above receiving it. Your own consciousness, though in your humblest hours, will afford truer satisfaction than the best written panegyric. But while your Grace forbids me praise, I am at liberty to indulge my wishes for your happiness and honour. In those, I may be allowed to name the Duke of Bedford with his Duchess, and to rejoice, with every Englishman, that the highest dignities are the reward of the highest merit.

If I descend to say a little of myself, I shall hope for your Grace's pardon. This is my first attempt in dramatic poetry. Whether I deserve the favour the town

has shewn me, is submitted to your Grace's candour, and the judgment of my readers. The disapprobation which the character of Faddle met with the first night, made it necessary for me to shorten it in almost every scene, where it was not immediately connected with the fable. But though success has attended the alteration, I have ventured to publish it in its original dress; submitting it still to your Grace and the public, from whom I have no appeal to my own partiality. But I am detaining your Grace too long, and shall only add, that I am,

Madam,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

EDW. MOORE.



P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. BROOKE.

UNPRACTIS'D in the drama's artful page,
 And new to all the dangers of the stage,
 Where judgment sits to save or damn his play,
 Our poet trembles for his first essay.
 He, like all authors, a conforming race!
 Writes to the taste and genius of the place;
 Intent to fix, and emulous to please
 The happy sense of these politer days,
 He forms a model of a virtuous sort,
 And gives you more of moral than of sport;
 He rather aims to draw the melting sigh,
 Or steal the pitying tear from beauty's eye;
 To touch the strings that humanise our kind,
 Man's sweetest strain, the music of the mind.
 Ladies, he bids me tell you, that from you
 His first, his fav'rite character, he drew;
 A young, a lovely, unexperienc'd maid,
 In honest truth and innocence array'd;
 Of fortune destitute, with wrongs oppress'd,
 By fraud attempt'd, and by love distress'd;
 Yet, guarded still, and every suff'ring past,
 Her virtue meets the sure reward at last.
 From such examples shall the sex be taught,
 How virtue fixes whom their eyes have caught;
 How honour beautifies the fairest face,
 Improves the mien, and dignifies the grace.
 And hence the libertine, who builds a name
 On the base ruins of a woman's fame,
 Shall own, the best of human blessings lie
 In the chaste honours of the nuptial tie;
 There lives the homeselt sweet, the near delight,
 There peace reposes, and there joys unite;
 And female virtue was by Heav'n design'd
 To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane.

<i>Sir Roger Belmont,</i>	—	—	Mr. Yates.
<i>Sir Charles Raymond,</i>	—	—	Mr. Bannister.
<i>Young Belmont,</i>	—	—	Mr. Reddish.
<i>Colonel Raymond,</i>	—	—	Mr. Packer.
<i>Villiard,</i>	—	—	Mr. Bransby.
<i>Faddle,</i>	—	—	Mr. Dodd.

W O M E N.

<i>Rosetta,</i>	—	—	Miss Pope.
<i>Fidelia,</i>	—	—	Miss Younge.

SCENE, Sir Roger Belmont's house in *LONDON.*

THE FOUNDLING.

* * * *The lines marked with inverted commas, "thus," are omitted in the representation.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Apartment in Sir Roger Belmont's House.*

Enter Young Belmont and Col. Raymond.

BELMONT.

MY dear Colonel, you are as unlettered in love as I am in war. What, a woman, a fine woman, a coquette, and my sister!—and to be won by whining! Mercy on us! that a well-built fellow, with common sense, should take pains to unman himself, to tempt a warm girl of two-and-twenty to come to bed to him!—I say, again, and again, Colonel, my sister's a woman.

Col. And the very individual woman that I want, Charles.

Bel. And of all women in the world, the least fit for thee. An April day is less changeable than her humour. She laughs behind her fan at what she should not understand; calls humility meanness, and blushing the want of education. In all affairs with a man, she goes by contraries; if you tell her a merry story, she sighs; if a serious one, she laughs; for yes, she says no, and for no, yes; and is mistress of such obedient features, that her looks are always ready to confirm what her tongue utters.

Col. Fine painting, upon my word, and no flattery!

Bel. This is the lady. Now for the lover. A fellow made up of credulity and suspicion; believing where he should doubt, and doubting where he should believe; jealous without cause, and satisfied without proof. A great boy,

boy, that has lost his way, and blubbering through every road, but the right, to find his home again ; ha, ha, ha !

Col. Mighty florid, indeed, Sir !

Bel. Come, come, Colonel ; Love, that can exalt the brute to a man, has set you upon all-fours. Women are indeed delicious creatures ; but not what you think them. The first wish of every mother's daughter is power, the second mischief : the way to her heart is by indifference, or abuse ; for whoever owns her beauty, will feel her tyranny : but if he calls her ugly, or a fool, she'll set her cap at him, and take pains for his good opinion.

Col. And so, submission and flattery are out of your system ?

Bel. For submission and flattery, I substitute impudence and contradiction ; these two, well managed, my dear, will do more with beauty in an hour, than fine speeches in a year. Your fine woman expects adoration, and receives it as common incense, which every fool offers ; while the rude fellow, who tells her truth, claims all her attention. Difficulty endears conquest. To him only she appears what she should be to all ; and while she labours with her natural charms to secure him, she's lost herself.

Col. Why, faith, Charles, there may be some music in these wild notes ; but I am so far gone in the old ballad, that I can sing no other words to any tune.

Bel. Ha, ha ! Thou poor mournful nightingale in a cage, sing on then ; and I'll whistle an upper part with thee, to give a little life to the measure.

Col. That will be kind ; for Heaven knows, I have need of assistance !—Pr'ythee, tell me, dost think Rosetta wants understanding ?

Bel. N——o, faith, I think not.

Col. Good-humour ?

Bel. Hum——She's generally pleased.

Col. What then can reconcile her behaviour to me, and her fondness for such a reptile as Faddle ? A fellow made up of knavery and noise, with scandal for wit, and impudence for raillery ; and so needy, that the very devil might buy him for a single guinea. I say, Charles, what can tempt her even to an acquaintance with this fellow ?

Bel. Why, the very understanding and good-humour
you

you speak of. A woman's understanding is design, and her good-humour mischief. Her advances to one fool are made only to teize another.

Col. Sir, your most humble servant.

Bel. And her good-humour is kept alive by the success of her plots!

Col. But why so constant to her fool?

Bel. Because her fool's the fittest for her purpose——
He has more tricks than her monkey, more prate than her parrot, more servility than her lap-dog, more lies than her woman, and more wit than her—Colonel. And faith, all these things considered, I can't blame my sister for her constancy.

Col. Thou art a wild fellow, and in earnest about nothing but thy own pleasures—and so we'll change the subject. What says Fidelia?

Bel. Why, there, now!—That a man can't instruct another, but he must be told, by way of thanks, how much he stands in need of assistance himself!

Col. Any new difficulties?

Bel. Mountains, Colonel, a few mountains in my way. But if I want faith to remove them, I hope I shall have strength to climb them, and that will do my business.

Col. She's a woman, Charles.

Bel. By her outside one would guess so; but look a little farther, and, except the stubbornness of her temper, she has nothing feminine about her. She has wit without pertness, beauty without consciousness, pride without insolence, and desire without wantonness. In short, she has every thing ——

Col. That you would wish to ruin in her. Why, what a devil are you, Charles, to speak so feelingly of virtues, which you only admire to destroy!

Bel. A very pretty comforter, truly!

Col. Come, come, Charles, if she is as well born as you pretend, what hinders you from cherishing these qualities in a wife, which you would ruin in a mistress? Marry her, marry her.

Bel. And hang myself in her garters the next morning, to give her virtues the reward of widowhood. Faith, I must read Pamela twice over first. But suppose her not born

born as I pretend, but the outcast of a beggar, and obliged to chance for a little education.

Col. Why, then her mind is dignified by her obscurity; and you will have the merit of raising her to a rank which she was meant to adorn. And where's the mighty matter in all this? You want no addition to your fortune, and have only to sacrifice a little unnecessary pride to necessary happiness.

Bel. Very heroical, upon my word! And so, my dear Colonel, one way or other, I must be married, it seems.

Col. If Fidelia can be honest, my life on't, you are of my mind within this fortnight. But, pr'ythee, since I am not to believe your former account of her, who is this delicious girl, that must and will get the better of your pride?

Bel. A sister of the Graces, without mortal father or mother; she dropped from the clouds in her cradle, was lulled by the winds, christened by the rains, fostered by a hag, sold for a whore, sentenced to a rape, and rescued by a rogue—to be ravished by her own consent. There's mystery and hieroglyphic for you! and every syllable, my dear, a truth, beyond apocrypha.

Col. And what am I to understand by all this?

Bel. Faith, just as much as your understanding can carry. A man in love is not to be trusted with a secret.

Col. And, pray, most discreet Sir, is Rosetta acquainted with her real history?

Bel. Not a circumstance. She has been amused, like you, and still believes her to be the sister of a dead friend of mine at college, bequeathed to my guardianship. But the devil, I find, owes me a grudge, for former virtues; for this sister of mine, who doats upon Fidelia, and believes every thing I have told her of her family and fortune, has very fairly turned the tables upon me. She talks of equality of birth, forsooth; of virtue, prudence, and good sense; and bids me bless my stars for throwing in my way the only woman in the world that has good qualities enough to redeem my bad ones, and make me, what she says every man ought to be—a good husband.

Col. Was ever poor innocent fellow in such distress!—But what says the old gentleman, your father?

Bel.

Bel. Why, faith, the certainty of a little money would set him at work the same way—But I'll have one trial of skill with them yet.—As I brought her in by one lie, I'll take her out by another—I'll swear she's a whore—that I may get an opportunity to make her one.

Col. Most religiously resolved, upon my word!

Bel. Between you and me, Colonel, has not your old gentleman, Sir Charles, a liquorish look out for Fidelia himself?

Col. No, upon my honour. I believe his assiduities there, are more to prevent the designs of another, than to forward any of his own.

Bel. As who should say, because I have no teeth for a crust, I'll muzzle the young dog that has. A pox of every thing that's old, but a woman!—for 'tis but varying her vocation a little, and you may make her as useful at fifty-five, as fifteen. But what say you to a little chat with the girls this morning? I believe we shall find them in the next room.

Col. Not immediately——I have an appointment at White's.

Bel. For half an hour, I am your man there too.—D'ye return so soon?

Col. Sooner, if you will.

Bel. With all my heart. *Alons!*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Rosetta and Fidelia meeting.

Ros. O, my dear! I was just coming to see if you were dressed. You look as if you had pleasant dreams last night.

Fid. Whatever my dreams were, they can't disturb the morning's happiness, of meeting my dear Rosetta so gay and charming.

Ros. My sweet creature!——But what were your dreams?

Fid. O, nothing—A confusion of gay castles, built by Hope, and thrown down by Disappointment.

Ros. O barbarous! Well, for my part, I never built a castle in my sleep, that would not last till doomsday. Give me a dream, and I am mistress of the crea-

tion.

tion. I can do what I will with every man in it—And power, power, my dear, sleeping or waking, is a charming thing!

Fid. Now, in my opinion, a woman has no business with power——Power admits no equal, and dismisses friendship for flattery. Besides, it keeps the men at a distance, and that is not always what we wish.

Ros. But then, my dear, they'll come when we call them, and do what we bid them, and go when we send them——There's something pretty in that, sure—And for flattery—take my word for't, 'tis the highest proof of a man's esteem—'Tis only allowing one what one has not, because the fellow admires what one has—And she, that can keep that, need not be afraid of believing she has more.

Fid. Ay, if she can keep that. But the danger is, in giving up the substance for the shadow. Come, come, my dear, we are weak by nature; and 'tis but knowing that we are so, to be always upon our guard. Fear may make a woman strong, but confidence undoes her.

Ros. Ha! ha! How different circumstances direct different opinions! You are in love with a rake of a fellow, who makes you afraid of yourself——And I hold in chains a mighty Colonel, who's afraid of me. And so, my dear, we both go upon right principles. Your weakness keeps you upon your guard, and my power leaves me without danger.

Fid. And yet you must forgive me, if I tell you, that you love this Colonel.

Ros. Who told you so, my dear creature?

Fid. I know it by the pains you take to vex him. Besides, I have seen you look as if you did.

Ros. Look, child! Why don't I look like other people?

Fid. Ay, like other people in love. Oh, my dear, I have seen just such looks in the glass, when my heart has beat at my very lips.

Ros. Thou art the most provoking creature——

Fid. You must pardon me, Rosetta——I have a heart but little inclined to gaiety; and am rather wondering, that when happiness is in a woman's power, she should neglect

neglect it for trifles—or how it should ever enter her thoughts, that the rigour of a mistress can endear the submission of a wife.

Ros. As certain, my dear, as the repentance of a sinner out-weighs in opinion the life of a saint. But, to come to serious confession, I have, besides a woman's inclination to mischief, another reason for keeping off a little—I am afraid of being thought mercenary.

Fid. Hey day!—why, are you not his equal every way?

Ros. That's not it—I have told you, that before his father's return from exile—You know his unhappy attachments to a successful party—This Colonel (brought up in our family, and favoured by Sir Roger and my brother) laid violent siege to me for a whole year. Now, tho' I own I never disliked him, in all that time, either thro' pride, folly, or a little mischief, I never gave him the least hint, by which he could guess at my inclinations.

Fid. Right woman, upon my word!

Ros. 'Tis now about three months, since the king in his goodness recalled Sir Charles; and, by restoring the estate, made the Colonel heir to a fortune, more than equal to my expectations. And now, to confess all, the airs that Folly gave me before, Reason bids me continue—for to surrender my heart at once to this new-made commander, would look as if the poor Colonel had wanted a bribe for the governor. Besides, he has affronted my pride, in daring to imagine I could descend so low, as to be fond of that creature, Faddle. A fellow, formed only to make one laugh—a cordial for the spleen, to be bought by every body; and just as necessary in a family as a monkey. For which insolence, I must and will be revenged.

Fid. Well, I confess, this looks a little like reason. But are you sure, all this while, the Colonel, in despair, won't raise the siege, and draw off his forces to another place?

Ros. Pshaw! I have a better opinion of the men, child. Do but ply them with ill usage, and they are the gentlest creatures in the world. 'Like other beasts of prey, you must tame them by hunger—but if once you feed them high, they are apt to run wild, and forget their keepers.'

Fid. And are all men so, Rosetta?

Ros. By the gravity of that question, I'll be whipped now, if you don't expect me to say something civil of my brother---Take care of him, Fidelia, 'for hunger 'can't tame him, nor fulness make him wilder.'---To leave you to his guardianship, was setting the fox to keep the chicken.

Fid. Wild as he is, my heart can never beat to another ---And then I have obligations, that would amaze you.

Roset. Obligations!—Let me die, if I would not marry my Colonel's papa, and put it out of his power to oblige, or disoblige me.

Fid. Still you banter me with Sir Charles—Upon my life, he has no more designs upon me than you have—I know no reason for his friendship, but his general humanity, or perhaps the particularity of my circumstances.

Roset. Why, as you say, youth and beauty are particular circumstances to move humanity—Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, my dear, time's a great tell-tale, and will discover all—What a sweet mamma shall I have, when I marry the Colonel!

Enter Young Belmont, and the Colonel.

Bel. When you marry the Colonel, sister!—A match, a match, child!—Here he is, just in the nick; and, faith, as men go, very excellent stuff for a husband.

Col. Those were lucky words, Madam.

Roset. Perhaps not so lucky, if you knew all, Sir.—Now, or never, for a little lying, Fidelia, if you love me.

[*Apart to Fid.*

Fid. I'll warrant you, my dear—You must know, Sir, [*To Bel.*] that your sister has taken it into her head, that the Colonel's father is my lover.

Roset. What is she going to say now? [*Aside.*

Fid. And as she looks upon herself to be as good as married to the Colonel.

Roset. Who I!—I!—

Fid. She has been settling some family affairs with her new mamma here: and upon my word, she's a sweet contriver.

Ros. And you think I won't be even with you for this, Fidelia?

Bel. Sister!

Col.

Col. And was it so, Madam?—And may I hope?

Ros. Was it so, Madam?—And may I hope? [*Mocking him.*] No, Sir, it was not so, and you may not hope.—Do you call this wit, Fidelia?

Fid. My dear creature, you must allow me to laugh a little—Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. 'Tis mighty well, Madam---Oh, for a little devil at my elbow now, to help out invention. [*Aside.*

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!---Won't it come, sister?

Ros. As soon as your manners, brother. You and your grave friend there, have been genteelly employed indeed, in listening at the door of a lady's chamber: and then, because you heard nothing for your purpose, to turn my own words to a meaning, I should hate myself for dreaming of.

Bel. Why, indeed, child, we might have perplexed you a little, if Fidelia had not so artfully brought you off.

Ros. Greatly obliged to her, really.

[*Walking in disorder.*

Col. I never knew till now, Rosetta, that I could find a pleasure in your uneasiness.

Ros. And you think, Sir, that I shall easily forgive this insolence? But you may be mistaken, Sir.

Bel. Poor thing, how it pants! Come, it shall have a husband! We must about it immediately, Colonel, for she's all over in a flame.

Ros. You grow impertinent, brother. Is there no relief? [*Aside.*

Bel. Shall I lift up the fash for a little air, child?

[*Enter Servant.*

Ros. So, John!---Have you delivered the card, I gave you?

Serv. Yes, Madam; and Mr. Faddle desires his compliments to your Ladyship, and Madam Fidelia.

Ros. Mr. Faddle, John!—Where did you see him?

Serv. He met me in the street, Madam, and made me step into a coffee-house with him, 'till he wrote this, Madam.

[*Delivers a letter, and Exit.*

Ros. Oh, the kind creature!---Here's a letter from Mr. Faddle, Fidelia!---Fortune, I thank thee for this little respite.

[*Aside, and reading the letter.*

Col. Does she suffer the fool to write to her too?

Fid. What, pining, Colonel, in the midst of victory?

Col. To receive his letters, Madam!---I shall run mad.

Bel. So!---Away prop, and down scaffold.---All's over, I see.

Ros. Oh, Fidelia!---You shall hear it---You shall all hear it---And there's something in't about the Colonel too.

Col. About me, Madam.

[*Peevishly.*]

Ros. Nay, Colonel, I am not at all angry now. Methinks this letter has made me quite another creature.---To be sure, Mr. Faddle has the most gallant way of writing! But his own words will speak best for him. [*Reads.*]

“ Dear creature,

“ Since I saw you yesterday, time has hung upon me like a winter in the country; and unless you appear at rehearsal of the new opera this morning, my sun will be in total eclipse for two hours. Lady Fanny made us laugh last night, at What's my Thought like, by comparing your Colonel to a great box o' the ear---Because it was very rude, she said, and what nobody cared for---I have a thousand things to say, but the clamour of a coffee-house is an interruption to the sentiments of love and veneration, with which I am,

“ Madam, most unspeakably yours,

“ WM. FADDLE.”

——Is it not very polite, Colonel?

Col. Extremely, Madam!---Only a little out as to the box o' the ear: for you shall see him take it, Madam, as carelessly as a pinch of snuff.

Ros. Fie, Colonel! You would not quarrel before a lady, I hope. Fidelia, you must oblige me with your company to rehearsal---I'll go put on my capuchin, and slip into the coach, this moment.

Fid. I am no friend to public places; but I'll attend you, Madam.

Ros. You'll come, Colonel?

Col. To be sure, Madam.

Bel. Sister!---Oh, you're a good creature!

[*Exit Rosetta, laughing affectedly.*]

Fid. Shall we have your company, Sir? [*To Bel.*]

Bel. We could find a way to employ time better, child

——But I am your shadow, and must move with you every

every where. [*Exit Fidelia.*]—Ha, ha, ha!—How like a beaten general dost thou look now!—while the enemy is upon the march, to proclaim *Te Deum* for a complete victory.

Col. I am but a man, Charles, and find myself no match for the devil and a woman.

Bel. Courage, boy!—and the flesh and the devil may be subdued—Ha, ha, ha!—Such a colonel! [*Exit.*]

Col. Why this it is to be in love!—Well!—Let me but slip my leading-strings!—and if ever I am a woman's baby again!—

‘To cheat our wishes nature meant the sex,

‘And form'd them, less to please us, than perplex.

‘[*Exit.*’]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Sir Roger Belmont, and Sir Charles Raymond.

SIR ROGER.

A Voracious young dog!—Must I feed ortolans to pamper his gluttony!

Sir Char. Be under no apprehensions, Sir Roger; Mr. Belmont's excesses are mitigated by the levity of youth, and a too early indulgence. In his moments of thinking, I know him generous and noble—And for Fidelia!—I think I can be answerable for her conduct, both in regard to what she owes herself, and you.

Sir Ro. Why, look you, Sir Charles, the girl's a sweet girl, and a good girl—and beauty's a fine thing, and virtue's a fine thing—But as for marriage!—Why—a man may buy fine things too dear.—A little money, Sir Charles, would set off her beauty, and find her virtue employment—But the young rogue does not say a word of that, of late.

Sir Cha. Nor of marriage, I am sure—His love of liberty will prevent your fears one way; and, I hope, Fidelia's honour, another.

Sir Ro. Must not have her ruined though !

Sir Char. Fear it not, Sir Roger—And when next you see your son, be a little particular in your enquiries about her family and circumstances—If she is what her behaviour bespeaks her, and he pretends, a lady of birth and fortune—why, secrets are unnecessary : if he declines an explanation, look upon the whole as a contrivance to cover purposes, which we must guard against.

Sir Ro. What you don't think the rogue has had her, hah, Sir Charles ?

Sir Char. No, upon my honour—I hold her innocence to be without stain—But to deal freely with my friend, I look upon her story, as strange and improbable.—An orphan, of beauty, family, and fortune ; committed by a dying brother to the sole care of a licentious young fellow !—You must pardon me, Sir Roger.

Sir Ro. Pray go on, Sir.

Sir Char. Brought in at midnight too !—And then a young creature, so educated, and so irresistibly amiable, to be, in all appearance, without alliance, friend, or acquaintance in the wide world !—a link, torn off from the general chain !—I say, Sir Roger, this is strange.

Sir Ro. By my troth, and so it is !

Sir Char. I know not why I am so interested, in this lady's concerns ; but yesterday, I indulged my curiosity with her, perhaps, beyond the bounds of good-manners.—I gave a loose to my suspicion, and added oaths of secrecy to my enquiries. But her answers only served to multiply my doubts ; and still as I persisted, I saw her cheeks covered with blushes, and her eyes swimming in tears—But my life upon't, they were the blushes and the tears of innocence !

Sir Ro. We must and will be satisfied, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. For who knows, while we are delaying, but some unhappy mother, perhaps, of rank too, may be wringing her hands in bitterness of misery for this lost daughter.—Girls, who have kept their virtue, Sir Roger, have done mad things for a man they love.

Sir Ro. And so indeed they have—I remember when I was a young fellow myself—But is not that my Charles coming through the hall yonder ?

Sir Char. Ay, Sir Roger. Attack him now—But let your

your enquiries have more the shew of accidental chat than design ; for too much earnestness may beget suspicion—
And so, Sir, I leave you to your discretion. [Exit.]

Sir Ro. You shall see me again before dinner—A pox of these young, rakehelly rogues !—a girl's worth twenty of them—if one could but manage her.

Enter Young Belmont, repeating ;

Bel. No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like sudden death, it came ;
Like mariners, by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment——

My dear Sir, I have not seen you to-day before !

Sir Ro. What, studying poetry, boy, to help out the year's allowance ?

Bel. Faith, Sir, times are hard—and unless you come down with a fresh hundred now and then, I may go near to disgrace your family—and turn poet.

Sir Ro. And so want friends all thy life after ! But now we talk of money, Charles, what art thou doing with Fidelia's money ?—I am thinking, that a round sum thrown into the stocks now, might turn to pretty tolerable account.

Bel. The stocks, Sir ?

Sir Ro. Ay, boy. My broker will be here after dinner, and he shall have a little chat with thee, about laying out a few of her thousands.

Bel. I hope, he'll tell us where we shall get these thousands. [Aside.]

Sir Ro. Thou dost not answer me, Charles—Art dumb, boy ?

Bel. Why, to be sure, Sir, as to that—Fidelia—I can't say, but that she may—However, that is, you know, Sir—If as to possibility—Will your broker be here after dinner, Sir ?

Sir Ro. Take a little time, Charles ; for at present, thou dost not make thyself so clearly understood.

Bel. Quite right, to be sure, Sir—Nothing could, beyond all doubt, be more judicious, or more advantageous—Her interest, Sir—why as to that—a pretty fortune—but—did you know her brother, Sir ?

Sir Ro. Who I, child ?—No.

Bel. Faith, nor I neither. [Aside.]—Not know, Jack, Sir ?

Sir?—The rogue would have made you laugh.—Did I never read you any of his epigrams?—But then he had such an itch for play!—Why he would set you a whole fortune at a cast!—And such a mimic too!—but no economy in the world—Why, it cost him a cool six thousand, to stand for member once—Oh, I could tell you such stories of that election, Sir——

Sir Ro. Pr'ythee, what borough did he stand for?

Bel. Lord, Sir!—He was flung all to nothing—My Lord What-d'ye-call-um's son carried it fifteen to one, at half the expence.—In short, Sir, by his extravagance, affairs are so perplexed, so very intricate, that upon my word, Sir, I declare it, I don't know what to think of them—A pox of these questions! [*Aside.*]

Sir Ro. But she has friends and relations, Charles:—I fancy, if I knew who they were, something might be done.

Bel. Yes, yes, Sir, she has friends and relations—I see, Sir, you know nothing of her affairs—Such a string of them!—The only wise thing her brother ever did, was making me her guardian, to take her out of the reach of those wretches—I shall never forget his last words—Whatever you do, my dear Charles, says he, taking me by the hand, keep that girl from her relations. Why, I would not for a thousand pounds, Sir, that any of them should know where she is.

Sir Ro. Why, we have been a little cautious, Charles—But where does the estate lie?

Bel. Lord, Sir!—an estate and no estate—I wonder a man of your knowledge would ask the question.—An earthquake may swallow it for any thing I care.

Sir Ro. But where does it lie, Charles?—In what county, I say?

Bel. And then there's the six thousand pounds, that her father left her——

Sir Ro. What, that gone too, Charles?

Bel. Just as good, I believe—Every shilling on't in a lawyer's hands.

Sir Ro. But she is not afraid to see him too, Charles?—Where does he live?

Bel. Live, Sir!—Do you think such a fellow ought to live?—Why he has trumped up a contract of marriage
with

with this girl, Sir, under the penalty of her whole fortune—There's a piece of work for you!

Sir Ro. But has he no name, Charles?—What is he called, I say?

Bel. You can't call him by any name, that's too bad for him—But if I don't draw his gown over his ears—why say, I am a bad guardian, Sir—that's all.

Sir Ro. If this should be apocryphal now?

Bel. Sir?

Sir Ro. A fetch! a fib, Charles!—to conceal some honest man's daughter, that you have stolen, child!

Bel. And brought into a sober family, to have the entire possession of, without lett, or molestation?—Why, what a deal of money have you lavished away, Sir, upon the education of a fool?

Sir Ro. There is but that one circumstance to bring thee off—For to be sure, her affairs might have been as well settled in private lodgings—And besides, Charles, a world of troublesome questions, and lying answers, might have been saved. But take care, boy;—for I may be in the secret before thou art aware on't—A great rogue, Charles!

[*Exit.*

Bel. So! The mine's sprung, I see—and Fidelia has betrayed me. And yet, upon cooler thoughts, she durst not break her word with me; for though she's a woman, the devil has no part in her—Now will I be hanged, if my loving sister is not at the bottom of all this—But if I don't out-plot her!—Let me see!—Ay—Faddle shall be called in—for the fool loves mischief like an old maid; and will out-lie an attorney.

Enter Rosetta.

Roset. What, musing, brother!—Now would I fain know, which of all the virtues has been the subject of your contemplations?

Bel. Patience, patience, child—for he that has connection with a woman, let her be wife, mistress, or sister, must have patience.

Roset. The most useful virtue in the world, brother!—and Fidelia shall be your tutorefs—I'll hold fix to four, that she leads you into the practice on't with more dexterity, than the best philosopher in England—She shall

shall teach it, and yet keep the heart without hope, brother.

Bel. Why that's a contrary method to yours, sister ;—for you give hope, where you mean to try patience most—and I take it, that you are the abler mistress in the art. Why every coxcomb in town has been your scholar, child.

Roset. Not to learn patience—there's your mistake now ; for it has been my constant practice, to put my scholars out of all patience. What are you thinking of, brother ?

Bel. Why, I was thinking, child, that 'twould be a question to puzzle a conjurer, what a coquette was made for ?

Roset. Am I one, brother ?

Bel. Oh, fie, sister !

Roset. Lord ! I, that am no conjurer, can tell you that—A coquette !—Oh !—Why, a coquette is a sort of beautiful desert in wax-work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment, merely to baulk his appetite.—And will any one tell me, that nature had no hand in the making a coquette, when she answers such wise and necessary purposes ?—Now, pray, Sir, tell me what a rake was made for ?

Bel. Am I one, sister ?

Roset. Oh, fie, brother !

Bel. Nay, child, if a coquette be so useful in the system of morals, a rake must be the most horrid thing in nature—He was born for her destruction, child—she loses her being at the very sight of him—and drops plump into his arms, like a charmed bird into the mouth of a rattle-snake.

Roset. Bless us all !—What a mercy it is, that we are brother and sister !

Bel. Be thankful for't night and morning upon your knees, hussy—for I should certainly have been the ruin of you—But come, Rosetta—'tis allowed then that we are rake and coquette—And now, do you know, that the essential difference between us lies only in two words—petticoat and breeches.

Roset. Ay, make that out, and you'll do something.

Bel. Pleasure, child, is the business of both—and
the

the same principles, that make me a rake, would make you——no better than you should be——were it not for that tax upon the petticoat, called Scandal. Your wishes are restrained by fear; mine, authorised by custom: and while you are forced to sit down with the starved comfort of making men fools, I am upon the wing to make girls——women, child.

Roset. Now, as I hope to be married, I would not be a rake for the whole world——unless I were a man; and then I do verily believe, I should turn out just such another.

Bel. That's my dear sister! Give me your hand, child.——Why now thou art the honestest girl in St James's parish——and I'll trust thee for the future with all my secrets——I am going to Fidelia, child.

Roset. What a pity 'tis, brother, that she is not such a coquette as I am?

Bel. Not so neither, my sweet sister; for, faith, the conquest would be too easy to keep a man constant.

Roset. Civil creature!

Bel. But here comes the Colonel——Now to our several vocations——You to fooling, and I to business——At dinner we'll meet, and compare notes, child.

Roset. For a pot of coffee, I succeed best.

Bel. Faith, I'm afraid so.

[*Exit.*

Enter the Colonel.

Col. To meet you alone, Madam, is a happiness——

Roset. Pray, Colonel, are you a rake? Methinks I would fain have you a rake.

Col. Why so, Madam?——'Tis a character I never was fond of.

Roset. Because I am tired of being a coquette——and my brother says, that a rake can transform one, in the flint of a fan.

Col. I would be any thing, Madam, to be better in your opinion.

Roset. If you were a rake now, what would you say to me?

Col. Nothing, Madam——I would——

[*Snatches her hand, and kisses it.*

Roset. Bless me!——is the man mad!——I only asked what you would say to me?

Col.

Col. I would say, Madam, that you are my life, my soul, my angel!—That all my hopes of happiness are built upon your kindness!

Roset. Very well!—keep it up!

Col. That your smiles are brighter than virtue, and your chains sweeter than liberty!

Roset. Upon my word!

Col. Oh, Rosetta!—How can you trifle so with a heart that loves you?

Roset. Very well!—Pathetic too!

Col. Nay, nay, this is carrying the jest too far—If you knew the situation of my mind, you would not torture me thus.

Roset. Situation of the mind!—Very geographical!—Go on!

Col. Pishah!—This is not in your nature.

Roset. Suspicion!—pretty enough!

Col. You know I have not deserved this.

Roset. Anger too!—Go on!

Col. No, Madam,—Faddle can divert you this way at an easier price.

Roset. And jealousy!—All the vicissitudes of love!—Incomparable!

Col. You will force me to tell you, Madam, that I can bear to be your jest no longer.

Roset. Or thus——

Am I the jest of her I love!

Forbid it all the gods above!

——It may be rendered either way——But I am for the rhyme——I love poetry vastly—Don't you love poetry, Colonel?

Col. This is beyond all patience, Madam.

[*Very angrily.*]

Roset. Bless me!—Why, you have not been in earnest, Colonel?—Lord, Lord, how a silly woman may be mistaken!

Col. Shall I ask you one serious question, Madam?

Roset. Why, I find myself somewhat whimsical this morning—and I don't care if I do take a little stuff—but don't let it be bitter.

Col. Am I to be your fool always, Madam, or, like other

other fools, to be made a husband of, when my time's out?

Roset. Lord, you men-creatures do ask the strangest questions!—Why how can I possibly say now, what I shall do ten years hence?

Col. I am answered, Madam. [*Walking in disorder.*—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Faddle, Madam. [*Exit.*

Enter Faddle.

Fad. Oh, my dear, soft toad!—And the Colonel, by all that's scarlet!—Now pox catch me, if nature ever formed so complete a couple—since the first pair in Paradise.

Roset. 'Tis well you are come, Faddle—Give me something to laugh at, or I shall die with the spleen.

Col. Ay, Sir, make the lady laugh this moment, or I shall break your bones, rascal.

Fad. Lord, Colonel!—What!—What!—hah!—

Col. Make her laugh this instant, I say, or I'll make you cry—Not make her laugh, when she bids you!—Why, firrah!—I have made her laugh this half hour, without bidding.

Roset. Ha, ha, ha!

Fad. Why there, there, there, Colonel!—She does, she does, she does!—

Enter young Belmont, and Fidelia.

Bel. Why, how now, Faddle!—What has been the matter, pr'ythee?

Col. A rascal!—Not make a lady laugh

Fad. What, Charles, and my little Fiddy, too!—Stand by me a little—for this robust Colonel has relaxed my very sinews, and quite tremulated my whole system.—I could not have collected myself, without your presence.

Fid. And was he angry with you, Faddle?

Fad. To a degree, my dear—But I have forgot it—I bear no malice to any one in the world, child.

Roset. Do you know, Faddle, that I have a quarrel with you too?

Fad. You, child!—Heh! heh!—What, I am inconstant, I suppose—and have been the ruin of a few families this winter, hah, child?—Murder will out, though it's done in the centre—But come, *vicace!* Let the

storm loose——and you shall see me weather it, like the osier in the fable——It may bend, but not break me.

Roset. Nay, it shall come in a breeze——I'll whisper it. [*Whispers Faddle.*]

Bel. Colonel!

Col. Now I could cut my throat, for being vexed at this puppy : and yet the devil, jealousy, will have it so.

[*Apart to Belmont.*]

Fad. Oh, what a creature have you named, child!—Heh, heh, heh!——May grace renounce me; and darkness seal my eye-lids, if I would not as soon make love to a millener's doll.

Bel. Pr'ythee, what mistress has she found out for thee, Faddle?

Fad. By all that's odious, Charles, Miss Gargle, the 'pothecary's daughter: the toad is fond of me, that's positive: but such a mess of water-gruel!—Ugh!——To all purposes of joy, she's an armful of dry shavings! And then she's so jealous of one! Lord, says she, Mr. Faddle, you are eternally at Sir Roger's; one can't set eyes upon you in a whole day---Heh, heh! And then the tears do so trickle down those white-wash cheeks of hers, that if she could but warm me to the least fit of the heart-burn, I believe I should be tempted to take her, by way of chalk and water.---Heh, heh, heh!

Bel.

Roset. } Ha, ha, ha!

Fid. }

Roset. Isn't he a pleasant creature, Colonel?

Col. Certainly, Madam, of infinite wit, with abundance of modesty.

Fad. Pugh!—Pox of modesty, Colonel! But do you know, you slim toad you, [*To Roset.*] what a battle I had last night, in a certain company, about you, and that ugly gipsy there?

Fid. Meaning me, Sir?

Fad. Pert, and pretty!—You must know, there was Jack Taffety, Billy Cruel, Lord Harry Gyp, and I, at Jack's lodgings, all in tip-top spirits, over a pint of Burgundy—A pox of all drinking though! I shall never get it out of my head.—Well, we were toasting a round of beauties, you must know: the girl of your heart, Faddle,

says

says my Lord. Rosetta Belmont, my Lord, says I—and, faith, down you went, you delicate devil you, in almost half a glass.—Rot your toast, says my Lord, I was fond of her last winter.—She's a wit, says Jack; and a scold, by all that's noisy, says Billy.—Isn't she a little freckled, says my Lord? Damnationally padded, says Jack; and painted like a Dutch doll, by Jupiter, says Billy. She's very unsusceptible, says my Lord. No more warmth than a snow-ball, says Jack.—A mere cold-bath to a lover, curse catch me, says Billy.—Heh, heh, heh! Says I, that's because you want heart to warm her, my dears: to me now, she's all over combustibles; I can electrify her by a look: touch but her lip, and snap she goes off in a flash of fire.

Ros. Oh, the wretch! what a picture has he drawn of me! [To Fidelia,

Fid. You must be curious, my dear.

Bel. Ha, ha! But you forget Fidelia, Faddle.

Fad. Oh!—And there's the new face, says Billy—Fidelia, I think they call her.—If she was an appurtenance of mine, says my Lord, I'd hang her upon a peg in my wardrobe, amongst my cast clothes.—With those demure looks of hers, says Jack, I'd send her to my aunt in Worcestershire, to set her face by, when she went to church. Or what think you, says Billy, of keeping her in a show-glass, by way of—Gentlemen and Ladies, walk in, and see the curiosity of curiosities—the perfect Pamela in high life! Observe, gentlemen, the blushing of her cheeks, the turning up of her eyes, and her tongue, that says nothing but fie! fie!—Ha, ha, ha!—Incomparable! said all three—Pugh, pox, says I, not so bad as that neither: the little toad has not seen much of the town indeed: but she'll do in time; and a glass of Preniac may serve one's turn, you know, when Campaign is not to be had. [Bowing to Rosetta.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. Why, thou didst give it them, faith, bully.

Fid. I think, Rosetta, we were mighty lucky in an advocate.

Ros. Prodigious!

Fad. Poor toads!—Oh!—I had forgot: you left the rehearsal of the new opera this morning in the most

‘ unlucky time ! The very moment you were gone, souſe
 ‘ came into the pit, my friend the alderman and his fat
 ‘ wife, tricked out in ſun-ſhine : you muſt know, I drank
 ‘ chocolate with them in the morning, and heard all the
 ‘ ceremony of their proceedings---Sir Barnaby, ſays my
 ‘ Lady, I ſhall wear my pink and ſilver, and my beſt
 ‘ jewels ; and, d’ye hear ? Do you get Betty to tack on
 ‘ your Dreſdens, and let Pompey comb out the white tie,
 ‘ and bring down the blue coat lined with buff, and the
 ‘ brown ſilk breeches, and the gold-headed cane : I think
 ‘ as you always wear your coat buttoned, that green
 ‘ waſtcoat may do ; but ’tis ſo beſmeared, that I vow it’s
 ‘ a filthy ſight with your night-gown open : and as you
 ‘ go in the coach with me, you may get your white
 ‘ ſtockings aired——But you are determined never to
 ‘ oblige me with a pair of roll-ups upon theſe occaſions,
 ‘ notwithſtanding all I have ſaid. We are to mix with
 ‘ quality this morning, Mr. Faddle, and it may be proper
 ‘ to let them know as how, there are people in the city,
 ‘ who live of the Weſtminſter ſide of Wapping. Your
 ‘ Ladyſhip’s perfectly in the right, Madam, ſays I——
 ‘ [*Stifling a laugh.*] and for fear of a horſe-laugh in her
 ‘ face, flap-daſh, I made a leg, and brushed off like light-
 ‘ ning.

‘ *All.* Ha, ha, ha !’

Enter Servant, and whispers Roſetta.

Rof. Come, gentlemen, dinner waits——We ſhall have
 all your companies, I hope.

Bel. You know, you dine with me at the King’s-Arms,
 Faddle. [*Apart to Faddle.*]

Fad. Do I ? I am ſorry, my dear creature, that a par-
 ticular appointment robs me of the honour. [*To Roſetta.*]

Rof. Pſhah ! you are always engaged, I think. Come,
 Fidelia. [*Excunt Roſetta and Fidelia.*]

Col. Why then, thank heaven, there’s ſome reſpite !

[*Exit.*]

Bel. Hark you, Faddle ; I hope you are not in the leaſt
 ignorant, that upon particular occaſions, you can be a
 -very great rascal ?

Fad. Who I, Charles ?—Pugh !—Pox !—Is this the
 dinner I am to have ?

Bel. Courage, boy ! And becauſe I think ſo well of
 thee,

thee, there : [*Gives him a purse.*] 'twill buy thee a new laced coat, and a feather.

Fad. Why ay, this is something, Charles. But what am I to do, hah ? I won't fight, upon my soul, I won't fight.

Bel. Thou canst lie a little.

Fad. A great deal, Charles, or I have spent my time among women of quality to little purpose.

Bel. I'll tell thee then. This sweet girl, this angel, this stubborn Fidelia, sticks so at my heart, that I must either get the better of her, or run mad.

Fad. And so thou wouldst have me aiding and abetting, hah, Charles ? Must not be tucked up for a rape neither.

Bel. Peace, fool ! About three months ago, by a very extraordinary adventure, this lady dropped into my arms. It happened that our hearts took fire at first sight — But as the devil would have it, in the hurry of my first thoughts, not knowing where to place her, I was tempted, for security, to bring her to this haunted house here, where, between the jealousy of Sir Charles, the gravity of the Colonel, the curiosity of a sister, and the awkward care of a father, she must become a vestal, or I—a husband.

Fad. And so, by way of a little simple fornication, you want to remove her to private lodgings, hah, Charles ?

Bel. But how, how, how—thou dear rascal ?

Fad. Let me see—Hum—And so, you are not her guardian, Charles ?

Bel. Nor she the woman she pretends, boy—I tell thee, she was mine by fortune—I tilted for her at midnight—But the devil tempted me, I say, to bring her hither—The family was in bed, which gave me time for contrivance—I prevailed upon her to call me guardian—that by pretending authority over her, I might remove her at pleasure—But here too I was deceived—My sister's fondness for her has rendered every plot of mine to part them impracticable—And without thy wicked assistance, we must both die in our virginity,

Fad. Hum ! That would be a pity, Charles——
But let me see——Ay——I have it.——Within these
three hours, we'll contrive to set the house in such a
flame, that the devil himself may take her——if he stand
at the street-door——To dinner, to dinner, boy ! 'Tis
here, here, here, Charles !

Bel. If thou dost——

Fad. And if I don't——why no more purses, Charles.
——I tell thee, 'tis here, here, boy ! To dinner, to
dinner !

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Rosetta and Fidelia.

FIDELIA.

'TIS all your own doing, my dear. You first teize
him into madness, and then wonder to hear his
chains rattle.

Ros. And yet how one of my heavenly smiles sobered
him again !

Fid. If I were a man, you should use me so but once,
Rosetta.

Ros. Pshaw !—If you were a man, you would do, as
men do, child——Ha, ha, ha !——They are creatures
of robust constitutions, and will bear a great deal——
Besides, for my part, I can't see what a reasonable fel-
low ought to expect before marriage, but ill usage.——
You can't imagine, my dear, how it sweetens kindness
afterwards——'Tis bringing a poor starved creature to
' a warm fire, after a whole night's wandering through
' frost and snow.

' *Fid.* But, to carry on the image, my dear——won't
' he be apt to curse the tongue that misguided him ; and
' take up with the first fire he meets with, rather than
' perish in the cold ?——I could sing you a song,
' Rosetta, that one would swear was made o' purpose
' for you.

' *Ros.*

Ros. O, pray let me hear it.

‘ S O N G, *Fidelia.*

‘ I.

‘ For a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mien,
‘ Myrtila was brightest of all the gay green ;
‘ But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
‘ Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

II.

‘ By the flocks, as she stray’d with the nymphs of the
‘ vale,
‘ Not a shepherd but woo’d her to hear his soft tale ;
‘ Tho’ fatal the passion, she laugh’d at the swain,
‘ And return’d with neglect, what she heard with disdain.

III.

‘ But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
‘ And love, unrewarded, soon sickens and dies.
‘ The nymph cur’d, by time, of her folly and pride,
‘ Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny’d.

IV.

‘ No longer she frolicks it wide o’er the plain,
‘ To kill with her coyness the languishing swain ;
‘ So humbled her pride is, so soften’d her mind,
‘ That, tho’ courted by none, she to all would be kind.

‘ *Ros.* Pshaw !——there’s a song indeed !——You
‘ should sing of men’s perjuries, my dear——of kind
‘ nymphs, and cloy’d shepherds’——For, take my word
‘ for’t, there’s no charm like cruelty, to keep the men
‘ constant ; nor no deformity like kindness, to make them
‘ loath you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter for your Ladyship, Madam. [*Exit.*

Ros. For me ? I don’t remember the hand.

[*Opens and reads the letter to herself.*

‘ *Fid.*

Fid. 'I have little inclination to be chearful, tho' I sing songs, and prattle thro' the whole day—Belmont! Belmont! [*Aside.*]' You seem strangely concerned, Madam—I hope no ill news?

Ros. The worst in the world, Fidelia, if it be true.

Fid. Pray Heaven it be false then!—But must it be a secret?—I hope, my dear Rosetta knows, that whatever affects her quiet, can't leave mine undisturbed.

Ros. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

How did you receive this letter?

Ser. From a porter, Madam.

Ros. Is he without?

Ser. No, Madam; he said it required no answer.

Ros. Had you any knowledge of him?

Ser. Not that I remember, Madam.

Ros. Should you know him again?

Ser. Certainly, Madam.

Ros. Where did my brother say he dined to-day?

Ser. At the King's-Arms, Madam.

Ros. And Mr. Faddle with him?

Ser. They went out together, Madam.

Ros. Run this moment, and say I desire to speak with both of them immediately, upon an extraordinary affair.

Ser. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Fid. What can this mean, Rosetta?—Am I unfit to be trusted?

Ros. Tell me, Fidelia—But no matter—Why should I disturb you?—I have been too grave.

Fid. Still more and more perplexing!—But my enquiries are at an end—I shall learn to be less troublesome, as you are less kind, Rosetta.

Ros. Pr'ythee don't talk so, Fidelia—I can never be less kind.

Fid. Indeed, I won't deserve you should.

Ros. I know it, Fidelia.—But tell me then.—Is there a circumstance in your life, that would call a blush to your cheeks, if it were laid as open to the world's knowledge, as to your own?

Fid. If from the letter you ask me that strange question, Madam, surely I should see it.

Ros.

Ros. I think not, Fidelia—For, upon second thoughts, 'tis a trifle, not worth your notice.

Fid. Why were you so much alarmed then?

Ros. I confess, it startled me at first—But 'tis a lying letter, and should not trouble you.

Fid. Then it relates to me, Madam?

Ros. No matter, Fidelia.

Fid. I have lost my friend then—I begged at first, to be a sharer in Rosetta's griefs—but now I find they are all my own, and she denies my right to them.

Ros. This is too much, Fidelia—And now to keep you longer in suspense would be cruelty——But the writer of this scroll has a mind darker than night. You shall join with me in wondering, that there is such a monster in the world. [*Reads.*

To Miss Rosetta Belmont.

Madam,

As I write without a name, I am alike indifferent to your thanks or resentment.—Fidelia is not what she seems—She has deceived you, and may your brother, to his ruin.—Women of the town know how to wear the face of innocence, when it serves the purposes of guilt.—Faddle, if he pleases, can inform you farther—But be assured, I have my intelligence from more sufficient authority.

P. S. There needs no farther address in this matter, than a plain question to Fidelia—Is she the sister of Mr. Belmont's friend?

Fid. Then I am lost!

[*Aside.*

Ros. What, in tears, Fidelia?—Nay, I meant to raise your contempt only—Pr'ythee, look up, and let us laugh at the malice of this nameless libeller.

Fid. No, Rosetta—The mind must be wrapt in its own innocence, that can stand against the storms of malice—I fear, I have not that mind.

Ros. What mind, Fidelia?

Fid. And yet that letter is a false one.

Ros. Upon my life, it is—For you are innocence itself.

Fid.

Fid. Oh, Rosetta!——No sister of Mr. Belmont's friend kneels to you for pardon——but a poor wretched out-cast of fortune, that with an artful tale has imposed upon your nature, and won you to a friendship for a helpless stranger, that never knew herself.

Ros. Rise, Fidelia——But take care!——For if you have deceived me, honesty is nothing but a name.

Fid. Think not too hardly of me neither——For tho' I am not what I seem, I would not be what that letter calls me, to be mistress of the world.

Ros. I have no words, Fidelia——Speak on——But methinks you should not weep so.

Fid. Nay, now, Rosetta, you compel me——For this gentleness is too much for me——I have deceived you, and you are kind——If you would dry up my tears, call forth your resentment——Anger might turn me into stone—but compassion melts me.

Ros. I have no anger, Fidelia——Pray go on.

Fid. When my tears will let me——I have played a foolish game, Rosetta—and yet my utmost fault has been consenting to deceive you.—What I am, I know not——That I am not what I seem, I know.—But why I have seemed otherwise than I am, again I know not.—'Tis a riddle, that your brother only can explain.—He knows the story of my life, and will in honour reveal it. Would he were here!

Ros. Would he were, Fidelia!——for I am upon the rack——Pr'ythee, go on, and inform me farther.

Fid. There's my grief, Rosetta——For I am bound by such promises to silence, that to clear my innocence, would be to wound it——All I have left to say is, that my condition of life only has been assumed, my virtue never.

Enter Servant.

Ros. Well, Sir!

Ser. Mr. Belmont, Madam, was just gone; but Mr. Faddle will wait upon your Ladyship immediately.

Ros. Did they say where my brother went?

Ser. They did not know——Mr. Faddle is here, Madam.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Faddle, humming a tune.

Fad. In obedience to your extraordinary commands, Madam——But you should have been alone, child.

Ros. No trifling, Sir——Do you know this handwriting? [*Gives him the letter.*]

Fad. Hum!——Not I, as I hope to be saved——Nor you neither, I believe. [*Aside.*]——Is it for my perusal, Madam?

Fid. And your answering too, Sir.

Fad. Mighty well, Madam. [*Reads.*] Hum!——Fidelia——Women——of the town——Innocence——Guilt——Faddle inform you farther!——Why, what a-pox am I brought in for?——Intelligence——Question——Fidelia——Sister of Mr. Belmont's friend.

[*Stares and whistles.*]

Ros. Well, Sir!

[*Takes the letter.*]

Fad. Oh!——I am to guess at the writer——Can't, upon my soul——Upon my soul, I can't, child——'Tis a woman, I believe tho', by the damned blabbing that's in't.

Fid. The letter says, Sir, that you can inform this lady farther concerning me.—Now, Sir, whatever you happen to know, or to have heard of me, deliver it freely, and without disguise.—I entreat it, as an act of friendship, that will for ever oblige me.

Fad. Let me see——No——It can't be her neither——She is a woman of too much honour—and yet, I don't remember to have opened my lips about it, to any soul but her.

Fid. You know me then, Sir?

Ros. Speak out, Sir.

Fad. Methinks, if these letter-writers were a little more communicative of their own names, and less so of their neighbours, there would be more honesty in them,——Why am I introduced here!——Truly, forsooth, because a certain person in the world is overburthened with the secrets of her own slips, and for a little vent, chuses to blab those of another——Faddle inform you farther! Faddle will be damned as soon.

Ros. Hark you, Sir——If you intend to enter these doors again, tell me all you know, for I will have it. You have owned your telling it elsewhere, Sir.

Fid.

THE FOUNDLING.

Fid. What is it you told, Sir?

Fad. What I shan't tell here, Madam. Her angry
 dyship must excuse me, faith.

Ros. 'Tis very well, Sir!

Fid. Indeed, Rosetta, he knows nothing.

Fad. Nothing in the world, Madam, as I hope to be
 saved. Mine is all hear-say. And, curse upon them!
 the whole town may be in a lie, for any thing I know.
 So they said of Lady Bridget, that she went off with her
 footman; but 'twas all slander, for 'twas a horse grena-
 dier, that she bought a commission for last week.

Ros. What has Lady Bridget, or the town, to do with
 Fidelia, Sir?

Fad. So I said, Madam—the very words. Says I, a
 woman of the town? Does a slip or two with particu-
 lars make a lady a woman of the town? Or if it did,
 says I, many a one has taken up, and lived honestly af-
 terwards. A woman of the town indeed!

Fid. Hold your licentious tongue, Sir! Upon my
 life, Rosetta, 'tis all malice. 'Tis his own contrivance.
 I dare him to produce another villain, that's base enough
 to say this of me.

Fad. Right, Madam! Stick to that, and 'egad, I'll
 be of your side.

[Aloud in her ear.]

Fid. Insolence! *[Strikes him.]* Oh, I am hurt beyond
 all bearing!

Ros. And I, lost in perplexity. If thou art linked
 with any wretch base enough to contrive this paper, or
 art thyself the contriver, may poverty and a bad heart,
 be thy companions: but if thou art privy to any thing,
 that concerns the honour of this family, give it breath,
 and I'll insure thee both protection and reward.

Fid. I dare him to discovery.

Fad. Ladies, I have had the honour of a blow con-
 ferred on me by one of you, and am favoured with the
 offer of protection and reward from the other; now to
 convince both, that, in spite of indignities, or obliga-
 tions, I can keep a secret, if ever I open my lips upon
 this matter, may plague, famine, and the horned devil
 consume and seize me. And so, ladies, I take my leave.

[Exit singing.]

Ros.

Ros. What can this fellow mean, Fidelia? Has he not abused you?

Fid. Is it a doubt then? Would I had leave to speak!

Ros. And why not, Fidelia? Promises unjustly extorted, have no right to observance. You have deceived me, by your own acknowledgment, and methinks, at such a time, matters of punctilio should give place to reason and necessity.

Fid. I dare not, Rosetta. 'Twould be a crime to your brother, and I owe him more than all the world.

Ros. And what are those obligations, Fidelia?

Fid. Not for me to mention. Indeed, I dare not, Rosetta.

Ros. 'Tis well, Madam! And when you are inclined to admit me to your confidence, I shall perhaps know better how to conduct myself. [Going.]

Enter Young Belmont, meeting her.

Oh, are you come, brother! Your friend's sister, your ward there, has wanted you, Sir.

Bel. What is it, Fidelia?

Fid. I have no breath to speak it. Your sister, Sir, can better inform you.

Ros. Read that, Sir.

[Gives him the letter, which he reads to himself.]

Fid. Now, Rosetta, all shall be set right. Your brother will do me justice, and account for his own conduct.

Ros. I expect so, Fidelia.

Bel. Impertinent! *[Gives back the letter.]* I met Faddle as I came in, and I suppose in pure love of mischief, he has made my believing sister here, a convert to the villainy of that letter. But I'll make the rascal unsay every thing he has said, or his bones shall ake for't.

[Going.]

Fid. Stay, Sir, I entreat you. That I am a counterfeit, in part, I have already confessed——

Bel. You have done wrong then.

Fid. But am I a creature of the town, Sir? Your sister must learn that from you. You have been once my deliverer—be so now. Tell her, I am poor and miserable, but not dishonest. That I have only consented to

deceive her, not desired it. Tell her, I deserve her pity, not her anger. 'Tis my only request. Can you deny it me?

Bel. You have said too much, Fidelia. And for your own sake, I shall forbear to mention what I know of your story. How far your own honour is bound, you are the best judge. But a breach of the most solemn promises, let me tell you, Madam, will be a wretched vindication of the innocence you contend for.

Fid. And is this all, Sir?

Bel. For my own part, I must have better authority than Faddle, or a nameless writer, to believe any thing to your dishonour. And for you, sister, I must not have this lady ill-treated. While I am satisfied of her innocence, your suspicions are impertinent. Nor will I consent to her removal, Madam, mark that, whatever you, in your great wisdom, may have privately determined.

[*Exit.*

Ros. You are a villain, brother.

Fid. Now I have lost you, Rosetta!

Ros. When you incline to be a friend to yourself, Fidelia, you may find one in me. But while explanations are avoided, I must be allowed to act from my own opinion, and agreeable to the character I am to support.

[*Exit.*

Fid. Then I am wretched! But that's no novelty. I have wandered from my cradle, the very child of misfortune. To retire and weep, must now be my only indulgence.

[*Exit.*

Enter Belmont.

Bel. Why, what a rogue am I! Here have I thrown a whole family, and that my own too, into perplexities, that innocence can't oppose, nor cunning guard against. And all for what? Why, a woman—Take away that excuse, and the devil himself would be a saint to me; for all the rest is sinning without temptation. In my commerce with the world, I am guarded against the mercenary vices.—I think, I have honour above lying, courage above cruelty, pride above meanness, and honesty above deceit; and yet, throw but coy beauty in my way, and all the vices, by turns, take possession of me.

me. Fortune, Fortune, give me success this once—— and I'll build churches !

Enter Faddle.

Fad. What, Charles—Is the coast clear, and the finishing stroke given to my embassy, hah ?

Bel. Thou hast been a most excellent rascal, and faith, matters seem to be in a promising condition. For I have flung that in Rosetta's way, which if she keeps her womanhood, will do the business.

Fad. Pr'ythee, what's that, Charles ?

Bel. Why, I have bid her not to think of parting with Fidelia.

Fad. Nay, then, tip she goes headlong out at window. But hast thou no bowels, Charles ? for, methinks, I begin to feel some twitches of compunction about me.

Bel. I understand you, Sir ; but I have no more purses.

Fad. Why, look you, Charles, we must find a way to lull this conscience of mine—here will be the devil to do else. That's a very pretty ring, Charles.

Bel. Is it so, Sir ? Hark you, Mr. Dog, if you demur one moment to fetching and carrying in this business, as I bid you, you shall find my hand a little heavy upon you.

Fad. Pugh, pox, Charles ! can't a body speak ? People may be in good-humour, when they want people to do things for people, methinks.

Bel. Troop this moment, with your rascally conscience to the King's Arms, and wait there till I come, Sir.

Fad. Why so I will, Charles——A pox of the swaggering son of a——Not so big neither, if one had but a little courage.

[Aside and going.]

Bel. Hark you, Faddle—Now I think on't, there is a way yet for thee to make another purse out of this business.

Fad. Why, one would not be a rogue for nothing, methinks.

Bel. I saw Sir Charles going into Fidelia's chamber—thou mayest steal upon them unobserved—they'll have their plots too, I suppose.

Fad. And where am I to come and tell thee, hah ?

Bel. At the King's Arms, boy.

Fad. But you'll remember the purse, Charles.

Bel. Softly, rascal ! [*Exit Fad.*] Why there it is again now ! I am a fellow of principle ! and so I will be, some time or other. But these appetites are the devil, and at present I am under their direction. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Sir Charles and Fidelia discovered sitting.

Sir Cha. He durst not say, directly, you were that creature the letter called you !

Fid. Not in terms, Sir ; but his concealments struck deeper than the sharpest accusations.

Sir Cha. And could Mr. Belmont be silent to all this ?

Fid. He said he had his reasons, Sir, and it was my part to submit. I had no heart to disoblige him.

Sir Cha. You are too nice, Madam. Rosetta loves you, and should be trusted.

Fid. Alas, Sir ! if it concerned me only, I should have no concealment.

Sir Cha. It concerns you most, Madam. I must deal plainly with you. You have deceived your friend ; and, tho' I believe it not, a severer reproach rests upon you. And shall an idle promise, an extorted one too, and that from a man who solicits your undoing, forbid your vindication ? You must think better of it.

Fid. 'Tis not an extorted promise, Sir, that seals my lips—but I love him—and tho' he pursues me to my ruin, I will obey him in this, whatever happens. He may desert me, but never shall have reason to upbraid me.

Sir Cha. 'Tis your own cause, Madam, and you must act in it as you think proper. Yet still, if I might advise——

Fid. Leave it to time, Sir Charles. And if you believe me innocent, your friendly thoughts of me, and my own conscience, shall keep me chearful.

Enter Faddle, listening.

Fad. O, pox, is it so ! Now for a secret worth twenty pieces !

Sir Cha. Has it ever appeared to you, Madam, that Faddle was a confidant of Mr. Belmont's?

Fid. Never, Sir. On the contrary, a wretch most heartily despised by him.

Fad. If she should be a little mistaken now. [*Aside.*]

Sir Cha. Can you guess at any other means of his coming to a knowledge of you?

Fid. None that I know of, Sir.

Fad. Faith, I believe her. [*Aside.*]

Sir Cha. One question more, Madam, and I have done. Did Mr. Belmont ever solicit your removing from this house?

Fid. Never directly, Sir. He has often, when we have been alone, quarrelled with himself for bringing me into it.

Sir Cha. I thank you, Madam. And if my enquiries have been at any time too importunate, allow them to the warmth of an honest friendship: for I have a heart that feels for your distresses, and beats to relieve them.

Fid. I have no words, Sir Charles; let my tears thank you.

Sir Cha. Be composed, my child. And if Rosetta's suspicions grow violent, I have apartments ready to receive you, with such welcome, as virtue should find with one who loves it.

Fid. Still, Sir Charles, my tears are all that I can thank you with—for this goodness is too much for me.

Fad. And so she's a bit for the old gentleman at last! Rare news for Charles! or with a little addition I shall make it so. But I must decamp, to avoid danger.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir Cha. Dry up your tears, Fidelia. For, if my conjectures are well grounded, before night, perhaps, something may be done to serve you. And so I leave you to your best thoughts. [*Exit.*]

Fid. Then I have one friend left. How long I am to hold him, Heaven knows. 'Tis a fickle world, and nothing in it is lasting, but misfortune—yet I'll have patience;

That sweet relief, the healing hand of Heav'n
 Alone to suff'ring innocence has giv'n;
 Come, friend of virtue, balm of every care,
 Dwell in my bosom, and forbid despair.

[Exit.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Colonel and Rosetta.

ROSETTA.

I Tell you, I will not be talked to.

Col. 'Tis my unhappiness, Madam, to raise no passion in you, but anger.

Ros. You are mistaken, Colonel. I am not angry, tho' I answer so. My gaiety has been disturbed to-day; and gravity always sits upon me like ill-humour. Fidelia has engrossed me, and you are talking of yourself. What would you have me say?

Col. That your neglect of me has been dissembled, and that I have leave to love you, and to hope for you.

Ros. This is very strange now! Why 'tis not in your power to avoid loving me, whether you have leave to hope or not. And as to my dissembling, I know nothing of that—all I know is, that I'm a woman, and women, I suppose, dissemble sometimes—I don't pretend to be a bit better than a woman.

Col. Be a kind one, and you're an angel.

Ros. Why there now! when if I wanted to be an angel, the very kindness that made me one, would leave me in a month or two, a mere forsaken woman. No, no, Colonel! ignorance is the mother of love, as well as devotion. We are angels before you know us to be women, and less than women, when you know us to be no angels. If you would be pleased with the tricks of a juggler, never enquire how they are done.

Col. Right, Madam, where the entertainment consists only in the deceit.

Ros.

Ros. And philosophers will tell you, that the only happiness of life is to be well deceived.

Col. 'Tis the philosophy of fools, Madam. Is the pleasure that arises from virtue a cheat? Or is there no happiness in conferring obligations, where the receiver wishes to be obliged, and labours to return? 'Tis the happiness of divinity, to distribute good, and be paid with gratitude.

Ros. But to give all at once, would be to lose the power of obliging.

Col. And to deny all, would be to lose the pleasure of obliging.

Ros. But where the gift is trifling, you know —

Col. That trifle, if lent to another's management, might make both rich.

Ros. This is playing at cross-purposes. But if I were inclined to listen, what have you to say in favour of matrimony?

Col. 'To fools, Madam, 'tis the jewel of Æsop's cock; but to the wise, a diamond of price, in a skilful hand, to enrich life.' 'Tis happiness, or misery, as minds are differently disposed. The necessary requisites are love, good sense, and good breeding. The first to unite, the second to advise, and the third to comply. If you add to these, neatness and a competency, beauty will always please, and family cares become agreeable amusements.

Ros. And yet I have known a very miserable couple, with all these requisites.

Col. Never, if you'll believe me, Rosetta--They have worn them in public, and may have dissembled with success. But marriage-intimacies destroy dissimulation. —And if their private hours have known no enjoyment, there must have been wanting, either the affection that should unite, the understanding that should advise, or the complacency that should oblige.'

Ros. Do you know, now, that you never pleased me so much in all your life?

Col. If so, Rosetta, one question, and then to apply.

Ros. How if I should not answer your question?

Col. 'Tis a fair one, upon my word. Don't you think, that

that you and I could muster up these requisites between us?

Ros. Let me consider a little——Who must have love, pray?

Col. Both of us.

Ros. No, I have no mind to have any thing to do with love. Do you take that, and give me understanding, to advise. 'So then you chuse again, and have all the good-breeding, for compliance; then I neatness; and last of all, competency shall be divided between us.'

Col. A match, Madam, upon your own terms. 'But if ever you should take it into your head to dispute love with me, what other requisite are you willing to give up for it?'

Ros. Why, neatness, I think; 'tis of little use to a married woman, you know.

Col. A trifle, Madam.' But when are we to come together?

Ros. As soon as we can give proof that these ingredients are between us——In a few years, perhaps.

Col. If our virtues should starve in that time?

Ros. Psha!—You know nothing of the matter. Sense will improve every day, and love and good-breeding live an age, if we don't marry them. But we'll have done with these matters; for I can keep the ball up no longer. You did not say *Fidelia* upbraided me?

Col. The very reverse. 'Twas her only affliction, she said, that you had reason to think hardly of her.

Ros. Poor girl! If you would make love to me with success, Colonel, clear up these perplexities. Suppose I was to dismiss my pride a little, and make her a visit with you?

Col. 'Twould be a kind one.

Ros. Lead on then; for, in spite of my resentments, I have no heart to keep from her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, another Apartment.

Enter Young Belmont and Faddle.

Bel. If this should be invention, Faddle?

Fad. I tell, thee, I was behind the screen, and heard every syllable on't. Why, I'll say it to his face, pr'ythee.

Bel.

Bel. What, that he propos'd to take her into keeping, and that she consented?

Fad. Not in those words, man—No, no, Sir Charles is a gentleman of politer elocution. Pray, child, says he, did Young Belmont ever propose your removing from this house? No, Sir, says she, but he has cursed himself to damnation for bringing me into it. [*Mimicking Sir Charles and Fidelia.*] Well, child, says he, the thing may be done to-night; apartments are ready for you. And then, in a lower voice, he said something about virtue, that I could not very well hear; but I saw it set the girl a-crying. And presently, in answer to a whisper of his, I heard her say, in a very pretty manner, that she thought it was too much for her. But what his proposals were, the devil a syllable could I hear.

Bel. Ha, ha!—Yonder he is, Faddle, and coming this way. We must not be seen together.

Fad. For a little sport, Charles, suppose I sling myself in his way, and make interest to be commode to him, ha!

Bel. And get thy nose twisted for thy pains?

Fad. Why, I can run, if I can't fight, pr'ythee.

Bel. Faith, I never doubted thee that way. I'll to my room, then, and wait for thee.

Fad. But leave the door open, Charles.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!—You'll not be tedious, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Fad. If the old gentleman should be in his airs tho'—Servant, servant, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, Sir, you are the man I was looking for!

Fad. If I can be of any service, Sir Charles—What, and so—ha!—Faith, you're a sly one—But you old poachers have such a way with you?—Why here has Charles been racking his brains for ways and means, any time these three months; and just in the nick, soufe comes me down the old kite—and, alack-a-day, poor chick!—the business is done.

Sir Cha. Make yourself a little intelligible, Sir.

Fad. And so, I don't speak plain, ha?—Oh, the little rogue!—There's more beauty in the veins of her neck, than in a landscape of Claude; and more music in the smack of her lips, than in all Handel!

Sir Cha. Let me understand you, Sir.

Fad. Methinks 'twas very laconic, tho'—If Rosetta's

ta's suspicions grow violent, I have apartments ready to receive you. [*Mimicking Sir Charles.*] But a word in your ear, old gentleman—Those apartments won't do.

Sir Cha. Oh, Sir, I begin to be a little in the secret!

Fad. Mighty quick of apprehension, faith!—And the little innocent!—Still, Sir Charles, my tears are all that I can thank you with; for this goodness is too much for me. [*Mimicking Fidelia.*] Upon my soul, you have a great deal of goodness, Sir Charles; a great deal of goodness, upon my soul.

Sir Cha. Why, now I understand you, Sir. And as these matters may require time, for the sake of privacy, we'll shut this door. [*Shuts the door.*]

Fad. Any other time, Sir Charles. But I am really so hurried at present, that—Oh, Lord! [*Aside.*]

Sir Cha. Why, what does the wretch tremble at?—Broken bones are to be set again; and thou mayest yet die in thy bed. [*Takes hold of him.*] You have been a listener, Sir.

Fad. Lord, Sir!—Indeed, Sir!—Not I, Sir!

Sir Cha. No denial, Sir. [*Shakes him.*]

Fad. Oh, Sir, I'll confess! I did listen, Sir—I did, indeed, Sir.

Sir Cha. Does your memory furnish you with any other villainy of yours, that may save me the trouble of an explanation?

Fad. I'll think, Sir—What the devil shall I say now?

Sir Cha. Take care; for every lie thou tellest me, shall be scored ten fold upon thy flesh. Answer me—How came Mr. Belmont's sister by that anonymous letter?

Fad. Letter, Sir!

Sir Cha. Whence came it, I say?

Fad. Is there no remission, Sir?

Sir Cha. None that thou canst deserve: for honesty is not in thy nature.

Fad. If I confess?

Sir Cha. Do so, then, and trust me.

Fad. Yes, and so be beat to mummy by Charles—
If you won't tell him, Sir—

Sir Cha. I'll think on't.

Fad. Why, then, Sir—But he'll certainly be the death

death of me — It was by his contrivance I wrote the letter, and sent it from the King's Arms.

Sir Cha. Very well, Sir. And did you know to what purpose it was sent?

Fad. Yes, Sir; it was to alarm the family against Fidelia, that Charles might get her into private lodgings — That was all, as I hope to be sav'd, Sir.

Sir Cha. Was it, Sir? And upon what principles were you an accomplice in this villainy?

Fad. I was out of money, Sir, and not over-valiant; and Charles promised and threatened — 'Twas either a small purse, or a great cudgel — And so, I took one, to avoid t'other, Sir.

Sir Cha. And what dost thou deserve for this?

Fad. Pray, Sir, consider my honest confession, and think me paid already, if you please, Sir.

Sir Cha. For that thou art safe. If thou wouldst continue so, avoid me. Begone, I say!

Fad. Yes, Sir — and well off, too, faith.

[*Aside, and going.*]

Sir Cha. Yet stay — If thou art open to any sense of shame, hear me.

Fad. I will, Sir.

Sir Cha. Thy life is a disgrace to humanity. A foolish prodigality makes thee needy; need makes thee vicious, and both make thee contemptible. Thy wit is prostituted to slander and buffoonery; and thy judgment, if thou hast any, to meanness and villainy. Thy betters that laugh with thee, laugh at thee; and who are they? The fools of quality at court, and those who ape them in the city. The varieties of thy life are pitiful rewards, and painful abuses; for the same trick that gets thee a guinea to-day, shall get thee beaten out of doors to-morrow. Those who caress thee are enemies to themselves; and when they know it, will be so to thee: in thy distresses they'll desert thee, and leave thee, at last, to sink in thy poverty, unregarded and unpitied. If thou canst be wise, think of me, and be honest.

[*Exit.*]

Fad. I'll endeavour it, Sir — A most excellent discourse, faith,; and mighty well there was not a larger congregation. — So, so! — I must be witty, with a vengeance! — What the devil shall I say to Charles, now?

—And

—And here he comes, like poverty and the plague, to destroy me at once—Let me see—Ay—as truth has saved me with one, I'll try what a little lying will do with t'other.

Enter Young Belmont.

Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the rarest sport, Charles!

Bel. What sport, pr'ythee?

Fad. I shall burst!—Ha, ha, ha!—The old gentleman has let me into all his secrets.

Bel. And like a faithful confidant, you are going to reveal them.

Fad. Not a breath, Charles—Only that I am in commission, my dear, that's all.

Bel. So I suppose, indeed.

Fad. Nay, Charles, if I tell thee a lie, cut my throat. The short of the matter is, the old poacher, finding me in the secret, thought it the wisest way to make a confidant of me; and this very moment, my dear, I am upon the wing to provide lodgings for the occasion.

Bel. If this should be apocryphal, as my father says—

Fad. Gospel every syllable, as I hope to be saved—Why, what, in the devil's name, have I to do, to be inventing lies for thee?—But here comes the old gentleman again, faith—Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*]—Pr'ythee, stroke him down a little, Charles, if 'tis only to see how awkward he takes it—I must about the lodgings, ha, ha, ha!—But if ever I set foot in this house again, may a horse-pond be my portion. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Enter Sir Charles, with a letter in his hand, speaking to a Servant.

Sir Cha. Bid him wait a little, and I'll attend him. [*Exit Servant.*] What can this mean?—Let me read it again. [*Reads.*] “If the interest of Sir Charles Raymond's family be dear to him, he will follow the bearer with the same haste that he would shun ruin.”—That he would shun ruin! This is strange! But, be it as it will, I have another concern, that must take place first.

Bel. Sir Charles, your servant. Any news, Sir?

Sir Cha. Not much, Sir; only, that a young gentleman, of honour and condition, had introduced a virtuous lady to his family; and when a worthless fellow defamed her innocence, and robbed her of her quiet, he, who might

might have dried her tears, and vindicated her virtue, forlook her in her injuries, to debauch his mind with the assassin of her reputation.

Bel. If your tale ends there, Sir, you have learned but half on't; for my advices add, that a certain elderly gentleman, of title and fortune, pitying the forlorn circumstances of the lady, has offered her terms of friendship and accommodation: and this night she bids farewell to maidenhood, and a female bedfellow in private apartments.

Sir Cha. You treat me lightly, Mr. Belmont.

Bel. You use me roughly, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. How, Sir?

Bel. In the person of Fidelia.

Sir Cha. Make it appear, and you shall find me a very boy in my submissions.

Bel. 'Twould be time lost; and I can employ it to advantage. But remember, Sir, that this house is another's, not yours; that Fidelia is under my direction, not yours; and that my will must determine her removal, not yours.

Sir Cha. Is she your slave, Sir, to bear the burden of your insults without complaining, or the right of chusing another master?

Bel. And who shall be that master? You, Sir? The poor bird, that would escape the kite, is like to find warm protection from the fox.

Sir Cha. Pr'ythee, think me a man, and treat me as such.

Bel. As the man I have found you, Sir Charles. Your grave deportment, and honesty of heart, are covers only for wantonness and design. You preach up temperance and sobriety to youth, to monopolize, in age, the vices you are unfit for.

Sir Cha. Hark you, young man—you must curb this impetuous spirit of yours, or I shall be tempted to teach you manners, in a method disagreeable to you.

Bel. Learn them first yourself, Sir. You say Fidelia is insulted by me; how is it made out? Why, truly, I would possess her without marriage!—I would so. Marriage is the thing I would avoid: 'tis the trick of priests, to make men miserable, and women insolent. I have dealt plainly, and told her so. Have you said as much?

E

No;

No; you wear the face of honesty, to quiet her fears; that when your blood boils, and security has stolen away her guard, you may rush at midnight upon her beauties, and do the ravage you are sworn to protect her from.

Sir Cha. Hold, Sir. You have driven me beyond the limits of my patience; and I must tell you, young man, that the obligations I owe your father, demand no returns that manhood must blush to make. Therefore, hold, I say; for I have a sword to do me justice, tho' it should leave my dearest friend childless.

Bel. I fear it not.

Sir Cha. Better tempt it not; for your fears may come too late. You have dealt openly with Fidelia, you say: deal so for once with me, and tell me, whence came that vile scroll to Rosetta this afternoon?

Bel. It seems, then, I wrote it. You dare not think so.

Sir Cha. I dare speak, as well as think, where honour directs me.

Bel. You are my accuser, then?

Sir Cha. When I become so, I shall take care, Mr. Belmont, that the proof waits upon the accusation.

Bel. I disdain the thought.

Sir Cha. Better have disdained the deed.

Bel. I do both—and him that suspects me.

Sir Cha. Away! You fear him that suspects you; and have disdained neither the thought nor the deed.

Bel. How, Sir?

[*Drawing.*

Sir Cha. Put up your sword, young man, and use it in a better cause: this is a vile one. And now you shall be as still thro' shame, as you have been loud thro' pride. You should have known, that cowards are unfit for secrets.

Bel. And if I had, Sir?

Sir Cha. Why, then, Sir, you had not employed such a wretch as Faddle, to write that letter to Rosetta.

Bel. The villain has betrayed me! But I'll be sure on't. [*Aside.*] He durst not say I did.

Sir Cha. You should rather have built your innocence upon the probability of his unsaying it; for the same fear that made him confess to me, may make him deny every syllable to you.

Bel. What has he confessed, Sir?

Sir Cha. That, to-day, at dinner, you prompted the letter

letter that he wrote. That your design was, by vilifying Fidelia, to get her dismissed, and the dismissal to prepare her ruin in private lodgings. Was this your open behaviour, Sir?

Bel. Go on with your upbraidings, Sir. Speak to me as you will, and think of me as you will. I have deserved shame, and am taught patience.

Sir Cha. Was this well done? Did her innocence, and her undissembled love deserve this treatment?

Bel. Proceed, Sir.

Sir Cha. No, Sir, I have done. If you have sense of your past conduct, you want not humanity to heal the wounds it has given. Something must be done, and speedily.

Bel. What reparation can I make her?

Sir Cha. Dry up her tears, by an immediate acknowledgment of her wrongs.

Bel. I would do more.

Sir Cha. Bid her farewell, then, and consent to her removal.

Bel. I cannot, Sir.

Sir Cha. Her peace demands it: but we'll talk of that hereafter. If you have honour, go and do her justice, and undeceive your abused sister. Who waits there?—Indeed, you have been to blame, Mr. Belmont.

Enter Servant.

Show me to the bearer of this letter.

[Exit with the Servant.]

Bel. Why, what a thing am I!—But 'tis the trick of Vice to pay her votaries with shame; and I am rewarded amply. To be a fool's fool too! to link myself in villainy with a wretch below the notice of a man! and to be outwitted by him!—So, so!—I may have abused Sir Charles too—Let me think a little—I'll to Fidelia instantly, and tell her what a rogue I have been. But will that be reparation?—I know but of one way; and there my pride stops me—And then I lose her—Worse and worse!—I'll think no more on't; but away to her chamber, and bid her think for me.

[Exit.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E . *continues.*

Enter Sir Roger and Servant. Sir Roger with a letter in his hand.

SIR ROGER.

VERY fine doings, indeed! But I'll teach the dog to play his tricks upon his father. A man had better let a lion loose in his family, than a town-rake. Where is Sir Charles, I say?

Serv. This moment come in, Sir.

Sir Ro. And why did not you say so, blockhead? Tell him I must speak with him this moment.

Serv. The servant says, he waits for an answer to that letter, Sir.

Sir Ro. Do as I bid you, rascal, and let him wait. Fly, I say. *[Exit Servant.]*

The riotous young dog! to bring his harlots home with him! But I'll out with the baggage.

Enter Sir Charles.

Oh, Sir Charles, 'tis every word as we said this morning! The boy has stolen her, and I am to be ruined by a law-suit.

Sir Cha. A law-suit! With whom, Sir?

Sir Ro. Read, read, read! *[Gives the letter.]*

Sir Cha. *[Reads.]* "I am guardian to that Fidelia, whom your son has stolen from me, and you unjustly detain. If you deny her to me, the law shall right me. I wait your answer by the bearer, to assert my claim, in the person of
George Villiard."

Why, then my doubts are at an end. But I must conceal my transports, and wear a face of coolness, while my heart overflows with passion. *[Aside.]*

Sir Ro. What, not a word, Sir Charles?—There's a piece of work for you!—And so I am to be ruined.

Sir Cha. Do you know this Villiard, Sir Roger?

Sir Ro. Whether I do or not, Sir, the slut shall go to him this moment.

Sir Cha. Hold a little. This gentleman must be heard, Sir, and, if his claim be good, the lady restored.

Sir Ro. Why, e'en let her go as it is, Sir Charles.

Sir

Sir Cha. That would be too hasty. Go in with me, Sir, and we'll consider how to write to him.

Sir Ro. Well, well, well—I wish she was gone, tho'.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *another apartment.*

Enter Young Belmont and Fidelia.

Bel. Ask me not why I did it, but forgive me.

Fid. No, Sir, 'tis impossible. I have a mind, Mr. Belmont, above the wretchedness of my fortunes; and, helpless as I am, I can feel in this breast a sense of injuries, and spirit to resent them.

Bel. Nay, but hear me, Fidelia.

Fid. Was it not enough to desert me in my distresses, to deny me the poor request I made you, but must you own yourself the contriver of that letter? 'Tis insupportable! If I consented to assume a rank that belonged not to me, my heart went not with the deceit. You would have it so, and I complied. 'Twas shame enough, that I had deceived your sister; it needed not, that I should bring a prostitute to her friendship. This was too much, too much, Mr. Belmont.

Bel. Yet hear me, I say.

Fid. And then, to leave me to the malice of that wretch; to have my supposed infamy the tavern jest of his licentious companions!—I never flattered myself, Mr. Belmont, with your love; but knew not, till now, that I have been the object of your hatred.

Bel. My hatred!—But I have deserved your hardest thoughts of me. And yet, believe me, Fidelia, when I used you worst, I loved you most.

Fid. Call it by another name; for love delights in acts of kindness. Were yours such, Sir?—And yet, must I forget all—for I owe you more than injuries can cancel, or gratitude repay.

Bel. Generous creature! This is to be amiable indeed! But must we part, Fidelia?

Fid. I have resolved it, Sir, and you must yield to it.

Bel. Never, my sweet obstinate.

Fid. That I have loved you, 'tis my pride to acknowledge; but that must be forgot. And the hard task remains, to drive the passion from my breast, while I cherish

memory of your humane offices. This day, then, shall be the last of our meeting. Painful tho' it may be, yet your own, mine, and the family's peace requires it. Heaven, in my distresses, has not left me destitute of a friend; or if it had, I can find one in my innocence, to make even poverty supportable.

Bel. You have touch'd me, Fidelia; and my heart yields to your virtues. Here, then, let my follies have an end; and thus let me receive you as the everlasting partner of my heart and fortune. [*Offers to embrace her.*]

Fid. No, Sir. The conduct that has hitherto secured my own honour, shall protect yours. I have been the innocent disturber of your family; but never will consent to load it with disgrace.

Bel. Nor can it be disgraced. I mean to honour it, Fidelia. You must comply.

Fid. And repay generosity with ruin! No, Mr. Belmont; I can forego happiness, but never can consent to make another miserable.

Bel. When I repent, Fidelia!—But see where my sister comes, to be an advocate for my wishes.

Enter Rosetta.

Ros. Oh, Sir, you are found! You have done nobly, indeed! But your thefts are discovered, Sir. This lady's guardian has a word or two for you.

Bel. Her guardian!—Upon my life, Fidelia, Villiard! He comes as I could wish him.

Ros. Say so when you have answered him, brother. Am I to lose you at last then, Fidelia? And yet my hopes flatter me, that this too, as well as the letter, is a deceit. May I think so, Fidelia?

Fid. As truly as of your own goodness, Rosetta. Your brother will tell you all. Oh, he has made me miserable by his generosity!

Bel. This pretended guardian, sister, is a villain, and Fidelia the most abused of women. Bounteous he has been indeed; but to his vices, not his virtues, she stands indebted for the best of educations. The story will amaze you. At twelve years old——

Ros. He's here, brother, and with him my papa, Sir Charles, and the Colonel. Now, Fidelia.

Enter Sir Roger, Sir Charles, the Colonel, and Villiard.

Sir Cha. If that be the lady, Mr. Villiard, and your claim

claim as you pretend, Sir Roger has told you, she shall be restored, Sir.

Sir Ro. Yes, Sir, and your claim as you pretend.

Vil. 'Tis well, Madam, I have found you. [*Going to Fidelia*] This, gentlemen, is the lady; and this the robber who stole her from me: [*Pointing to Belmont.*] By violence, and at midnight he stole her.

Bel. Stole her, Sir!

Vil. By violence, and at midnight, I say.

Bel. You shall be heard, Sir.

Vil. Ay, Sir, and satisfied. I stand here, gentlemen, to demand my ward.

Sir Cha. Give us proofs, Sir, and you shall have justice.

Vil. Demand them there, Sir. [*Pointing to Bel. and Fid.*] I have told you, I am robbed: if you deny me justice, the law shall force it.

Sir Cha. A little patience, Sir. [*To Villiard.*] Do you know this gentleman, Fidelia?

Fid. Too well, Sir.

Sir Cha. By what means, Sir, did you become her guardian? [*To Vil.*

Vil. By the will of her who bore her, Sir.

Sir Cha. How will you reply to this, Fidelia?

Fid. With truth and honesty, Sir.

Bel. Let him proceed, Madam.

Vil. Ay, Sir, to your part of the story; tho' both are practised in a damn'd falshood to confront me.

Bel. Falshood!—But I am cool, Sir. Proceed.

Vil. My doors were broke open at midnight by this gentleman, [*Pointing to Bel.*] myself wounded, and Fidelia ravished from me. He ran off with her in his arms. Nor, till this morning, in a coach which brought her hither, have my eyes ever beheld her.

Sir Ro. A very fine business, truly, young man!

[*To Belmont.*

Fid. He has abused you, Sir. Mr. Belmont is noble—

Bel. No matter, Fidelia. Well, Sir, you have been robbed, you say? [*To Villiard.*

Vil. And will have justice, Sir.

Bel. Take it from this hand then, [*Drawing.*

Sir Cha. Hold, Sir. This is adding insult to injuries. Fidelia must be restored, Sir.

Sir Ro. Ay, Sir, Fidelia must be restored.

Fid. But not to him. Hear but my story, and, if I deceive you, let your friendship forsake me. He bought me, gentlemen, for the worst of purposes; he bought me of the worst of women. A thousand times has he confessed it, and as often pleaded his right of purchase to undo me. Whole years have I endured his brutal solicitations; till, tired with entreaties, he had recourse to violence. The scene was laid, and I had been ruined beyond redress, had not my cries brought the generous Mr. Belmont to my relief. He was accidentally passing by, and alarmed, at midnight, with a woman's shrieks, he forced open the door, and saved me from destruction.

Sir Cha. How will you answer this, Sir? [*To Vil.*

Vil. 'Tis false, Sir. That woman was her nurse: these hands delivered her to her care.

Fid. Alas, gentlemen, she found me a helpless infant at her door! So she has always told me; and at twelve years old, betrayed me to that monster. Search out the woman, if she be alive, and let me be confronted.

Sir Ro. If this be true, Sir Charles, I shall bless myself as long as I live, for getting my boy. [*Weeps.*

Vil. 'Tis false, I say; a damn'd contrivance to escape me. I stand here, Sir, to demand my ward. [*To Sir Ro.*] Deny her to me at your peril.

Bel. He shall have my life as soon.

Vil. Hark you, Sir. [*To Sir Ro.*] There are things, called laws, to do right to the injured. My appeal shall be to them.

Sir Cha. That woman must be produced, Sir. [*To Vil.*

Vil. And shall, Sir, in a court of justice. Our next meeting shall be there. Till then, Madam, you are secure. [*To Fidelia.*

Bel. Take care that you are so, Sir, when we have occasion to call upon you. You shall have justice.

Vil. And will, Sir, in defiance of you. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Fear not, Fidelia; we believe, and will protect you.

Ros. My sweet girl!—But whence came the letter this afternoon?

Bel. 'Twas I that wrote it.

Ros.

Ros. Oh, monstrous!—And could you be that wretch, brother?

Bel. And will atone for it, by the only recompence that's left me.

Sir Ro. And what recompence will you make her, ha, rogue?

Bel. I have injured her, Sir, and must do her justice. If you would retrieve my honour, or promote my happiness, give me your consent, Sir, to make her your daughter.

Ros. Why, that's my brother! Now I am sure she's innocent. And so you will, papa.

Sir Ro. But, positively, I will not, child. Marry her, indeed! What, without a shilling! and be ruined by Villiard into the bargain! If your story be true, Fidelia, you shall be provided for. But no marrying, d'ye hear, child?

Fid. You need not doubt me, Sir.

Sir Ro. Why, that's well said, Fidelia.

Ros. And deserves reward, Sir. Pray, Sir Charles, let us have your thoughts upon this matter.

Sir Cha. Your brother's proposal, Madam, and Fidelia's denial, are as generous, as your father's determination is just.

Bel. I expected as much, Sir.

Sir Cha. My opinion was asked, Sir.

Bel. And you have given it. I thank you, Sir.

Sir Cha. Think of Villiard, Mr. Belmont; his claim may be renewed, Sir.

Bel. Fidelia has deceived you then. You think otherwise, Sir Charles.

Col. My life upon her innocence!—And where the fortune, on one side, is more than sufficient, how light is all addition to it, compared to the possession of her one loves!—Let me, Sir, be happy in Rosetta, [*To Sir Ro.*] and give her fortune to Fidelia, to make her an object worthy of your son.

Ros. There's a Colonel for you!—What says my sweet Fidelia?

Fid. I intended to be silent, Madam; but 'tis now my duty to speak. You have been my deliverer, Sir, from the worst of evils; [*To Bel.*] and now would nobly augment

ment the first obligation, by a generosity, too mighty for acknowledgment. If I had the wealth of worlds, it would be too little to bestow. But poor and friendless as I am, my heart may break, but never shall consent to make my benefactor a penitent to his virtues.

Sir Cha. 'Tis nobly said, Fidelia. And now, Mr. Belmont, our disputes will soon be at an end. You have this day, Sir, reproached me often; it remains now that you should know me as I am.

Bel. If I have erred, Sir——

Sir Cha. Interrupt me not, but hear me. I have watched your follies with concern; and 'tis with equal pleasure, I congratulate your return to honour. If I have opposed your generous inclinations, it was only to give them strength. I am now a suppliant to your father, for the happiness you desire.

Bel. This is noble, Sir Charles!

Sir Cha. And to make Fidelia worthy of his son, a fortune shall be added, equal to his warmest expectations.

Sir Ro. Why ay, Sir Charles, let that be made out, and I shall have no objections.

Fid. What mean you, Sir?

[*To Sir Cha.*

Sir Cha. A minute more, and my sweet girl shall be instructed. You have often told me, Sir, [*To Bel.*] that I had an interest in this lovely creature. I have an interest! an interest, that you shall allow me! My heart doats upon her! Oh, I can hold no longer!——My daughter! my daughter!

[*Running to Fidelia and embracing her.*

Fid. Your daughter, Sir!

Sir Cha. Oh, my sweet child!——Sir Roger, Mr. Belmont, my son!——These tears!——these tears!——Fidelia is my daughter!

Col. Is't possible?

Sir Cha. Let not excess of wonder over-power you, Fidelia, for I have a tale to tell, that will exceed belief.

Fid. Oh, Sir!

Sir Cha. Upbraid me not, that I have kept it a moment from your knowledge——'twas a hard trial! and while my tongue was taught dissimulation, my heart bled for a child's distresses.

Bel.

Bel. Torture us not, Sir, but explain this wonder !

Sir Cha. My tears must have their way first — O, my child ! my child ! [*Turning to Sir Roger and the rest.*] — Know then, that wicked woman, so often mentioned, was my *Fidelia's* governante. When my mistaken zeal drove me into banishment, I left her, an infant, to her care — To secure some jewels of value, I had lodged with her, she became the woman you have heard — My child was taught to believe she was a foundling — her name of *Harriet* changed to *Fidelia* — and to lessen my solicitude for the theft, a letter was dispatched to me in France, that my infant daughter had no longer a being. Thus was the father robbed of his child, and the brother taught to believe he had no sister !

Fid. Am I that Sister, and that daughter ? — Oh, Heavens !

[*Kneels.*]

Bel. [*Running to her, and raising her.*] Be composed, my life ! A moment's attention more, and your transports shall have a loose. Proceed, Sir !

Sir Cha. Where she withdrew herself, I could never learn. At twelve years old, she sold her, as you have heard, and never, till yesterday, made enquiry about her. 'Twas then, that a sudden fit of sickness brought her to repentance. She sent for *Villiard*, who told her minutely what happened. The knowledge of her deliverance gave her some consolation. But more was to be done yet. She had information of my pardon and return, and ignorant of my child's deliverer, or the place of her conveyance, she at last determined to unburthen herself to me. A letter was brought to me this afternoon, conjuring me to follow the bearer with the same haste that I would shun ruin. I did follow him, and received from this wretched woman the story I have told you.

Fid. Oh, my heart ! — My father ! [*Kneels.*] Have I at last found you ! And were all my sorrows past, meant only to endear the present transport — 'Tis too much for me !

Sir Cha. Rise, my child ! To find thee thus virtuous, in the midst of temptations, and thus lovely, in the midst of poverty and distress — after an absence of eighteen melancholy years, when imaginary death had torn thee from my hopes — to find thee thus unexpected, and thus

thus amiable, is happiness that the uninterrupted enjoyment of the fairest life never equalled!

Fid. What must be mine then! Have I a brother too! [*Turning to the Col.*] Oh, my kind fortune!

Col. My sister! [*Embracing her.*]

Fid. Still there is a dearer claim than all, and now I can acknowledge it. My deliverer! —

Bel. And husband, *Fidelia*! Let me receive you, as the richest gift of Fortune! [*Catching her in his arms.*]

Ros. My generous girl! The pride of your alliance is my utmost boast, as it is my brother's happiness.

Sir Ro. I have a right in her too, for now you are my daughter, *Fidelia*. [*Kisses her.*]

Fid. I had forgot, Sir—If you will receive me as such, you shall find my gratitude in my obedience.

Sir Cha. Take her, Mr. Belmont, and protect the virtue you have tried. [*Joining their hands.*]

Bel. The study of my life, Sir, shall be to deserve her.

Fid. Oh, *Rosetta*! yet it still remains with you, to make this day's happiness compleat—I have a brother that loves you.

Ros. I would be *Fidelia*'s sister every way! So take me, while I am warm, Colonel! [*Giving him her hand.*]

Col. And when we repent, *Rosetta*, let the next minute end us.

Ros. With all my heart!

Fid. Now, *Rosetta*, we are doubly sisters!

Sir Cha. And may your lives and your affections know an end together.

Bel. [*Taking Fidelia by the hand.*] And now, *Fidelia*, what you have made me, take me, a convert to honour! I have at last learnt, that custom can be no authority for vice; and however the mistaken world may judge, he who solicits pleasure, at the expence of innocence, is the vilest of betrayers.

Yet savage man, the wildest beast of prey,
Assumes the face of kindness to betray;
His giant strength against the weak employs,
And woman, whom he should protect, destroys.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

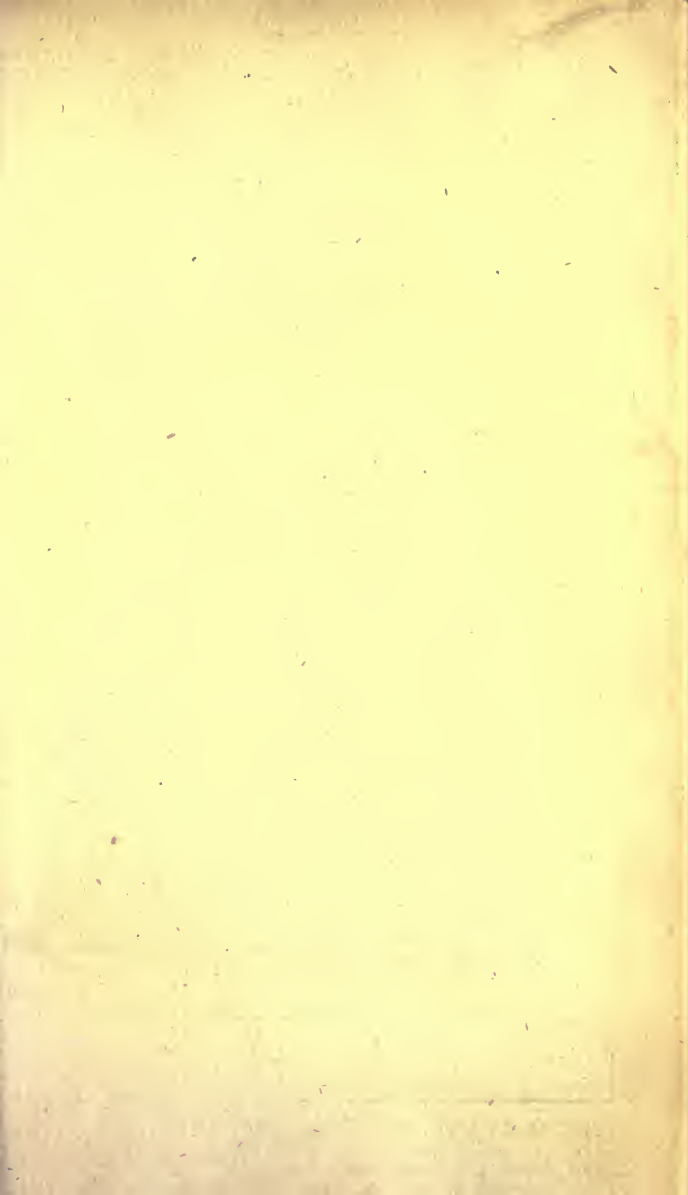
Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

I Know you all expect, from seeing me,
 An epilogue, of strictest purity;
 Some formal lecture, spoke with prudish face,
 To shew our present joking, giggling race,
 True joy consists in——gravity and grace!
 But why am I, for ever made the tool,
 Of every squeamish, moralizing fool?
 Condemn'd to sorrow all my life, must I
 Ne'er make you laugh, because I make you cry?
 Madam (say they) your face denotes your heart,
 'Tis yours to melt us in the mournful part.
 So from the looks, our hearts they prudish deem!
 Alas, poor souls!——we are not what we seem!
 Tho' prudence oft our inclination smother,
 We grave ones love a joke—as well as others.
 From such dull stuff, what profit can you reap?
 You cry——'Tis very fine—[Yawns.]—and fall asleep.
 Happy that bard!——blest with uncommon art,
 Whose wit can cheer, and not corrupt the heart!
 Happy that play'r, whose skill can chase the spleen,
 And leave no worse inhabitant within.
 'Mongst friends, our author is a modest man,
 But wicked wits will cavil at his plan.
 Damn it (says one) this stuff will never pass,
 The girl wants nature, and the rake's an ass.
 Had I, like Belmont, heard a damsel's cries,
 I would have pink'd her keeper, seiz'd the prize,
 Whipt to a coach, not valu'd tears a farthing,
 But drove away like smoke——to Covent-Garden;
 There to some house convenient would have carry'd her,
 And then—dear soul!——the devil should have marry'd her.
 But this our author thought too hard upon her;
 Besides, his spark, forsooth, must have some honour:
 The fool's a fabulist!——and deals in fiction;
 Or he had giv'n him vice——without restriction.

*Of fable, all his characters, partake,
 Sir Charles is virtuous——and for Virtue's sake;
 Nor vain, nor blust'ring is the soldier writ,
 His rake has conscience, modesty, and wit.
 The ladies too!——how oddly they appear!
 His prude is chaste, and his coquet sincere:
 In short, so strange a group ne'er trod the stage,
 At once to please, and satirize the age!
 For you, ye fair, his muse has chiefly sung,
 'Tis you have touch'd his heart, and tun'd his tongue;
 The sex's champion, let the sex defend,
 A soothing poet is a charming friend:
 Your favours, here bestow'd, will meet reward,
 So as you love dear flati'ry——save your bard.*







Robson del.

Published for Bells British Theatre. July the 11th 1777.

M^{rs} MATTOCKS in the Character of ELVIRA.

— but however, I will not stand with you for a Sample

BELL'S EDITION.



THE
SPANISH FRYAR:

OR, THE
DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

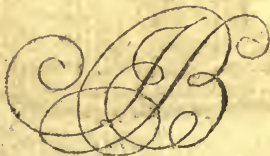
A COMEDY,
As written by Mr. DRYDEN.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.—MART.

—*Altera revivens*
Lust, et in solida rursus fortuna locavit.—VIRGIL.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N,

Lord H A U G H T O N.

MY LORD,

WHEN I first design'd this play, I found, or thought I found, somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the comic, as might deserve a more than ordinary care in both: accordingly I used the best of my endeavour, in the management of two plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the talent of every writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other plays of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same judgment; though with like success. And though many poets may suspect themselves for the fondness and partiality of parents to their youngest children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this rule, because I know myself too well, to be ever satisfied with my own conceptions, which have seldom reached to those ideas that I had within me: and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary marksman may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the care and pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other tragi-comedies, may reasonably make the world conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this poem is not much amiss. Few good pictures have been finished at one sitting;

neither can a true just play, which is to bear the test of ages, be produced at a heat, or by the force of fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffidence of myself, and so great a reverence for my audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict examination; and am as much ashamed to put a loose indigested play upon the public, as I should be to offer brass money in a payment: for though it should be taken, (as it is too often on the stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: and a judicious reader will discover in his closet that trashy stuff, whose glittering deceived him in the action. I have often heard the stationer sighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapped its performance on the stage. In a play-house every thing contributes to impose upon the judgment; the lights, the scenes, the habits, and, above all, the grace of action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprize the audience, and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a juggler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the stage, are no more lasting than a rainbow, when the actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Buffy Damboys* upon the theatre: but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly: nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting: a dwarfish thought, dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a *Statius* to *Virgil's* manes: and I have indignation enough to burn a *Damboys* annually to the memory of

Johnson.

Johnson. But now, my Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember some verses of my own, Maximin and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same fire with Statius and Chapman: all can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I know they were bad enough to please, even when I writ them: but I repent of them amongst my sins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over all those Dalilahs of the theatre; and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty stile in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the ancients had judged by the same measures which a common reader takes, they had concluded Statius to have written higher than Virgil; for,

Quæ superimposito moles geminata colosso,

carries a more thundering kind of sound than,

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Yet Virgil had all the majesty of a lawful prince; and Statius only the blustering of a tyrant. But when men affect a virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a vice, which bears the nearest resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious poet who aims at loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy stile, because it looks like greatness. I remember, when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Dubartius; and was rapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines:

Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To chrySTALLIZE the Baltic ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods.

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill sorted, and without the least relation to each other: yet I dare not answer for an audience, that they would not clap it on the stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but madness can please madmen, and a poet must be of a piece with the spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room contrived for state, the height of the roof should bear a proportion to the area; so, in the heightenings of poetry, the strength and vehemence of figures should be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrescence, and not a living part of poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young gallants, who pretend to criticism, had not told me that this tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of style: but as a man who is charged with a crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my play with more partiality than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those faults I mentioned: what credit it has gained upon the stage, I value no farther than in reference to my profit, and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of action. But as it is my interest to please my audience, for it is my ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a play, are but confusedly judged in the vehemence of action: all things are there beheld, as in a hasty motion, where the objects only glide before the eye and disappear. The most discerning critic can judge no more of these silent graces in the action, than he who rides post through an unknown country can distinguish the situation of places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintained to majesty, the significancy and sound of words, not strained into bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be changed but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the theatre; and yet, without all these, a play may

may take. For if either the story move us, or the actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through the obscurity of the poem; any of those are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but truth can long continue; and time is the surest judge of truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a play of this nature. There are evidently two actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains, I could have raised a play from either of them: for this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to tack two plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes: And I dare venture to prophesy, that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not enlightened with a course of mirth. For the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be tried: for a several genius is required to either way; and without both of them, a man, in my opinion, is but half a poet for the stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking, to make a tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than it is to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are always in a readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the art and judgment of a writer; and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, my Lord, I must confess that what I have written, looks more like a preface than a dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art, which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the stale exploded trick of fulsome panegyrics. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a Protestant play to a Protestant patron, as I do myself an honour, so I do your noble family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and favour of our religion and liberties. And if the promises of
your

your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embraced are such as will no way degenerate from your ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true Englishmen, and renew their lustre in your person; which, my Lord, is not more the wish, than is it the constant expectation of your Lordship's

Most obedient, faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



PRO.

P R O L O G U E.

NOW luck for us, and a kind hearty pit;
 For he who pleases, never fails of wit:
 Honour is yours;
 And you, like kings at city-treats bestow it;
 The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet:
 But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow,
 You dubb to-day, and hang a man to-morrow;
 You cry the same sense up, and down again,
 Just like brass-money once a year in Spain:
 Take you i'th' mood, whate'er base metal come,
 You coin as fast as groats at Birmingham:
 Though 'tis no more like sense in ancient plays,
 Than Rome's religion's like St. Peter's days.
 In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
 You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
 'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
 But ev'n your follies and debauches change
 With such a whirl, the poets of your age
 Are tir'd, and cannot score them on the stage,
 Unless each vice in short-hand they endite,
 Ev'n as notcht 'prentices whole sermons write.
 The heavy Hollanders no vices know;
 But what they us'd a hundred years ago;
 Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they grow.
 They cheat, but still from cheating fires they come;
 They drink, but they were christ'ned first in mum.
 Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
 And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
 The French and we still change, but here's the curse,
 They change for better, and we change for worse;
 They take up our old trade of conquering,
 And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
 Our fathers did, for change, to France repair,
 And they, for change, will try our English air;
 As children, when they throw one toy away,
 Strait a more foolish gewgaw comes in play:
 So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
 Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.

}

*Scow'ring the watch grows out-of-fashion wit:
 Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
 Where 'tis agreed by bullies, chicken-hearted,
 To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
 A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
 To hire night-murd'ers, and make death a trade.
 When murder's out, what vice can we advance?
 Unless the new-found pois'ning trick of France:
 And when their art of rats-bane we have got,
 By way of thanks, we'll send them o'er our plot.*

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Torrismond,</i> ———	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Bertran,</i> ———	Mr. Lee.	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Alphonso,</i> ———	Mr. Packer.	
<i>Lorenzo, his son,</i> —	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Raymond,</i> ———	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Hull.
<i>Pedro,</i> ———	Mr. Wright.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Gomez,</i> ———	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Dominick, the Spanish</i>		
<i>Fryar,</i> ———	Mr. Love.	Mr. Dunstall.

W O M E N.

<i>Leonora, Queen of</i>		
<i>Arragon,</i> ———	Mrs. Yates.	Mrs. Hartley.
<i>Teresa, woman to Le-</i>		
<i>onora,</i> ———	Mrs. Bennet.	Mrs. Pouffin.
<i>Ekvira, wife of Gomez,</i>	Mrs. Cibber.	Mrs. Mattocks.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

* * *The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I.

*Alphonso and Pedro meet, with Soldiers on each side,
Drums, &c.*

ALPHONSO.

STAND! give the word.

Ped. The queen of Arragon.

Alph. Pedro;—how goes the night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome, day-light; we shall have warm
The Moor will gage [work on't:
His utmost forces on this next assault,
To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this lion-way of wooing, though:
Is the queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been a-bed, but in her chapel
All night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the saints
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. Oh, Alphonso,
I fear they come too late: her father's crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers.
A crown usurp'd, a lawful king depos'd,
In bondage held, debarr'd the common light;
His children murder'd, and his friends destroy'd;
What can we less expect than what we feel?
And what we fear will follow.

Alph. Heav'n avert it.

Ped.

Ped. Then heav'n must not be heav'n. Judge the event
By what has pass'd. Th' usurper 'joy'd not long
His ill-got crown ! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace :
(Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs ;) but left his daughter,
Our present queen, engag'd upon his death-bed,
To marry with young Bertran, whose curs'd father
Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose ;
Because the Moor Abdallah, with whose troops
Th' usurper gain'd the kingdom, was refus'd,
And, as an infidel, his love despis'd.

Alph. Well, we are soldiers, Pedro, and, like lawyers,
Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause would do well though ;
It gives my sword an edge. You see this Bertran
Has now three times been beaten by the Moors :
What hope we have is in young Torrismond,
Your brother's son.

Alph. He's a successful warrior,
' And has the soldiers hearts. Upon the skirts
' Of Arragon our squander'd troops he rallies :'
Our watchmen from the tow'rs with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more :——Duke Bertran.

Enter Bertran attended.

Bert. Relieve the centries that have watch'd all night.
[To *Ped.*] Now, Colonel, have you dispos'd your men,
That you stand idle here ?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short repose.

Bert. Short let it be,
For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and more,
' There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.
What courage in our soldiers ? Speak ! what hope ?

Ped. As much as when physicians shake their heads,
And bid their dying patient think of heaven.

' Our walls are thinly mann'd : our best men slain :
' The rest, an heartless number, spent with watching,
' And harass'd out with duty.'

Bert. Good-night all then.

Ped.

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

12

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have to lose : I'll plant my colours down
In the mid-breach, and by them fix my foot ;
Say a short soldier's pray'r, to spare the trouble
Of my few friends above ; and then expect
The next fair bullet.

' *Alph.* Never was known a night of such distraction ;
' Noise so confus'd and dreadful ; jostling crowds,
' That run, and know not whither ; torches gliding,
' Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

' *Ped.* I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty fryar ;
' With a paunch swell'd so high, his double chin
' Might rest upon't : a true son of the church ;
' Fresh colour'd, and well thriven on his trade,
' Came puffing with his greasy bald-pate choir,
' And fumbling o'er his beads, in such an agony,
' He told them false for fear : about his neck
' There hung a wench, the label of his function,
' Whom he shook off, i' faith, methought, unkindly.
' It seems the holy stallion durst not score
' Another sin before he left the world.'

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To arms, my Lord, to arms !
From the Moors' camp the noise grows louder still :
' Rattling of armour, trumpets, drums and atabals ;
' And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the heav'ns,
' Like victory : the groans again, and howlings,
' Like those of vanquish'd men ; but every echo
' Goes fainter off ; and dies in distant sounds.'

Bert. Some false attack : expect on th' other side :
One to the gunners on St. Jago's tow'r ; bid them, for
Level their cannon lower : on my soul, [shame,
They're all corrupted with the gold of Barbary
To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter a second Captain.

2d Capt. My Lord, here's fresh intelligence arriv'd ;
Our army, led by valiant Torrismond,
Is now in hot engagement with the Moors ;
'Tis said, within their trenches.

Bert. I think all fortune is reserv'd for him.
He might have sent us word though ;

B

And

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

And then we could have favour'd his attempt
With sallies from the town——

Alph. It could not be :

We were so close block'd up, that none could peep
Upon the walls and live ; but yet 'tis time ——

Bert. No, 'tis too late ; I will not hazard it :
On pain of death, let no man dare to sally.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Oh, envy, envy, how it works within
How now ! what means this show ? [him !]

Alph. 'Tis a procession :
The queen is going to the great cathedral,
To pray for our success against the Moors.

Ped. Very good : she usurps the throne ; keeps the
old king in prison ; and, at the same time, is praying
for a blessing : Oh, religion and roguery, how they go
together ! [*Shout and a flourish of trumpets.*]

*A procession of priests and choristers in white, with tapers,
followed by the queen and ladies, goes over the stage :
the choristers singing.*

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping matrons tears,
Behold our tender virgins fears,
And with success our armies crown.

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down :
Oh, save us, save us, and our state restore ;
For pity, pity, pity, we implore ;
For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

[*The procession goes off, and shout within.*]

Enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonzo.

Bert. [*To Alph.*] A joyful cry ; and see your son, Lo-
renzo : good news, kind Heav'n !

Alph. [*To Lor.*] Oh, welcome, welcome ! Is the Gene-
ral safe ?

How near our army ? When shall we be succour'd ?
Or, are we succour'd ? Are the Moors remov'd ?
Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more ;
Answer them all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will.
The General's well ; his army too is safe
As victory can make them : the Moors' king
Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one.

At dawn of day our General cleft his pate,
 Spite of his woollen night-cap : a slight wound ;
 Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ped. By my computation now, the victory was gained
 before the procession was made for it ; and yet it will go
 hard but the priests will make a miracle of it.

Lor. Yes, faith we came, like bold intruding guests,
 And took them unprepar'd to give us welcome.
 Their scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleeping ;
 And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er them,
 And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or legs,
 Somewhat undecently. But when men want light,
 They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the Queen,
 And bear the news.

Ped. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bert. I'll spare his trouble——

This Torrismond begins to grow too fast ;
 He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lor. Pedro, a word. [*Whisper.*] [*Exit Bertran.*

Alph. ' How swift he shot away ! I find it stung him,
 ' In spite of his dissembling.'

To Lor.] How many of the enemy are slain ?

Lor. Troth, Sir, we were in haste, and could not stay
 To score the men we kill'd. But there they lie ;
 Best send our women out to take the tale ;
 There's circumcision in abundance for them.

[*Turns to Pedro again.*

Alph. How far did you pursue them ?

Lor. Some few miles.

To Ped.] Good store of harlots, say you, and dog-cheap ?
 Pedro, they must be had, and speedily.
 I've kept a tedious fast.

[*Whisper again.*

Alph. When will he make his entry ? He deserves
 Such triumphs as were giv'n by ancient Rome.
 Ha, boy, what say'st thou ?

Lor. As you say, Sir, that Rome was very ancient—
 [*To Ped.]* I leave the choice to you ; fair, black, tall, low—
 Let her but have a nose. And you may tell her
 I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls
 Pluck'd from Moors' ears.

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busy
About affairs relating to the public——
A seasonable girl, just in the nick now.

[*To Ped.*

[*Trumpets within.*

Ped. I hear the General's trumpet. Stand and mark
How he will be receiv'd : I fear, but coldly ;
There hung a cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on Torrismond's.
Looks fright not men : the General has seen Moors
With as bad faces, no dispraise to Bertran's.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the camp he loves the Queen.

Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad blood 'twixt him and Bertran.

Ped. Yes, in private.

But Bertran has been taught the arts of courts,
To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.

Oh, here they come——

*Enter Torrismond and Officers one side, Bertran, attended,
on the other ; ' they embrace, Bertran bowing low.*

' Just as I prophesy'd.

' *Lor.* Death and hell, he laughs at him ! in's face too.

' *Ped.* Oh, you mistake him ! 'twas an humble grin,

' The fawning joy of courtiers and of dogs.'

Lor. [*Aside.*] Here are nothing but lies to be expected ; I'll e'en go lose myself in some blind alley, and try if any courteous damsel will think me worth the finding.

[*Exit Lor.*

' *Alph.* Now he begins to open.'

Bert. Your country rescu'd, and your Queen reliev'd !
A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond !

The people rend the skies with loud applause,
And Heav'n can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crouds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph flow.

Tor. My Lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause ; the noisy praise
Of giddy crouds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause ;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swol'n success ; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert.

Bert. So young a stoic !

Tor. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants : but let honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams ;
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther ——— [*Aside.*
Suppose th' assembled states of Arragon
Decree a statue to you, thus inscrib'd,
To Torrismond, who freed his native land.

' *Alph.* [*To Ped.*] Mark how he sounds and fathoms
' The shallows of his soul ! [him, to find

' *Bert.* The just applause
' Of godlike senates, is the stamp of virtue,
' Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the world.
' These honours you deserve ; nor shall my suffrage
' Be last to fix them on you. If refus'd,
' You brand us all with black ingratitude ;
' For times to come shall say, Our Spain, like Rome,
' Neglects her champions after noble acts,
' And lets their laurels wither on their heads.'

Tor. A statue for a battle blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprise made conquest cheap !
Where Virtue borrow'd but the arms of Chance,
And struck a random blow ! 'Twas Fortune's work,
And Fortune take the praise.

Bert. Yet happiness
Is the first fame. Virtue, without success,
Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light.
But lucky men are favourites of Heaven :
And whom should kings esteem above Heaven's darlings ?
The praises of a young and beauteous queen
Shall crown your glorious acts.

Ped. [*To Alph.*] There sprung the mine.

Tor. The Queen ! that were a happiness too great !
Nam'd you the Queen, my Lord ?

Bert. Yes. You have seen her, and you must confess,
A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth
The shouts of thousand amphitheatres.
She, she shall praise you ; for I can oblige her :

To-morrow will deliver all her charms
Into my arms, and make her mine for ever.

Why stand you mute ?

Tor. Alas, I cannot speak ! [employ'd ?

Bert. Not speak, my Lord ! How were your thoughts

Tor. Nor can I think ; for I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the Queen, perhaps ?

Tor. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. Oh, now I find where your ambition drives !
You ought not to think of her.

Tor. So I say too,
I ought not : madmen ought not to be mad ;
But who can help his frenzy ?

Bert. Fond young man !
The wings of your ambition must be clipp'd.
Your shame-fac'd virtue shunn'd the people's praise,
And senate's honours : but 'tis well we know
What price you hold yourself at. You have fought
With some success, and that has seal'd your pardon.

Tor. Pardon from thee ! Oh, give me patience, Heaven !
Thrice vanquish'd Bertran, if thou dar'st, look out
Upon yon slaughter'd host, that field of blood ;
There seal my pardon, where thy fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption !

Alph. [To *Tor.*] Learn respect
To the first prince o' the blood.

Bert. Oh, let him rave !
I'll not contend with madmen.

Tor. I have done.
I know 'twere madness to declare this truth ;
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds.
My merit's but the rash result of chance ;
My birth unequal ; all the stars against me ;
Pow'r, promise, choice, the living and the dead ;
Mankind my foes, and only love my friend ;
But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a rival
Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,
And so may gods ; else why are altars rais'd ?

Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh, when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness! [*Exit.*

'*Bert.* 'Tis well; the goddess shall be told, she shall,
'Of her new worshipper. [*Exit.*']

Ped. So, here's fine work!
'He supply'd his only foe with arms
'For his destruction. Old Penelope's tale
'Inverted: 'h' has unravell'd all by day,
'That; he has done by night.' What, planet-struck!

Alph. I wish I were, to be past sense of this!

Ped. Would I had but a lease of life so long,
As till my flesh and blood rebell'd this way,
Against our sovereign lady! Mad for a queen,
With a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in t'other!
A very pretty moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his rival,
His father absent on an embassy,
Himself a stranger almost, wholly friendless!
A torrent, rolling down a precipice,
Is easier to be stopp'd, than is his ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain: haste to the court;
Improve your interest there, for pardon from the queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;
But all must be attempted. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky rogue! I have been
ranging over half the town, but have sprung no game.
Our women are worse infidels than the Moors: I told
them I was one of their knights-errant, that delivered
them from ravishment; and I think in my conscience
that's their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your cousin is run ho-
nourably mad in love with her Majesty: he is split
upon a rock; and you, who are in chace of harlots, are
sinking in the main ocean. I think the devil's in the fa-
mily. [*Exit.*]

Lor. My cousin ruined, says he!—Hum!—Not that
I wish my cousin's ruin; that were unchristian: but if
the General's ruined, I am heir; there's comfort for a
Christian. Money I have, I thank the honest Moors for't;
but

but I want a mistress. I am willing to be lewd ; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira veiled.

Elv. Stranger ! cavalier ! Will you not hear me, you Moor-killer, you *matador* ?

Lor. Meaning me, Madam ?

Elv. Face about, man ; you a soldier, and afraid of the enemy !

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charged first. I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign. [*Aside.*]—Now, Madam Cynthia behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me ?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier ; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman.

Lor. Oh, I love an easy woman ! there's such a-do to crack a thick-shell'd mistress ; we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you to take pity on a stranger, and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You have a better opinion of me than I deserve. You have not seen me yet ; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess ; but I am drawing on apace. You have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that ; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me. Let me see you, for the safe-guard of my honour : 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible similitude have you made, Colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the wars ! I could answer you with another in my profession. Suppose you were in want of money ; would you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a sealed bag, without peeping ? — But, however, I will not stand with you for a sample.

[*Lifts up her veil.*]

Lor. What eyes were there ! how keen their glances !
you

you do well to keep them veiled : they are too sharp to be trusted out of the scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps, now, you may accuse my forwardness : but this day of jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had ; and there is nothing so extravagant as a prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return to his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with less than your whole sex before : but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing ; and, if love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to-morrow morning you may hear of me in rhyme and sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these symptoms in myself. Perhaps I may go shufflingly at first ; for I was never before walked in trammels : yet I shall drudge and moil at constancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elv. Oh, Sir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are to make spaniels fetch and carry ! chide them often, and feed them seldom. Now I know your temper, you may thank yourself if you are kept to hard meat—you are in for years, if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal obligation, with an *anno domini* at the end on't : there may be an evil meaning in the word years, called matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear : I wish I could rid myself as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married ?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish. Now, Love be praised !

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. [*Aside.*] If I get not home before my husband, I shall be ruin'd—[*To him.*] I dare not stay to tell you where—Farewel—Could I once more—[*Exit.*

Lor. This is unconscionable dealing : to be made a slave, and not know whose livery I wear—Who have we yonder ?

Enter Gomez.

By that shambling in his walk, it should be my rich old banker,

banker, Gomez, whom I knew at Barcelona. As I live 'tis he ! [*To Gom.*] What, old Mammon here ?

Gom. How ! young Belzebub ?

Lor. What devil has set his claws in thy haunches, and brought thee hither to Saragossa ? Sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the enemy : when the Moors are ready to besiege one town, I shift my quarters to the next ; I keep as far from the infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous victory ; all true subjects are overjoyed at it : there are bonfires decreed ; an the times had not been so hard, my billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a respect for a single billet, that thou would'st almost have thrown on thyself to save it ; thou art for saving every thing but thy soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous till I carry you to the tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charge.

Lor. No ; I'll keep thee from hanging thyself for such an extravagance ; and instead of it, thou shalt do me a mere verbal courtesy : I have just now seen a most incomparable young lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young lady ?——My mind misgives me plaguily.

[*Aside.*

Lor. Here, man, just before this corner house : pray Heaven it prove no bawdy-house.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thyself ? Hast thou any thing to say against the honesty of that house ?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, for ought I know ; but for the woman I cannot say, till I know her better. Describe her person, and if she live in this quarter I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle stature, dark-colour'd hair, the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the most roguish cast ; her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gom.

Gom. [*Aside.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damned.
——Go on——Colonel——have you no other marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks, but that she has an husband, a jealous, covetous, old huncks: speak; canst thou tell me news of her?

Gom. Yes, this news, Colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou helpest me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, Colonel Hernando. Once more, you have seen your last of her.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am glad he knows me only by that name of Hernando, by which I went at Barcelona; now he can tell no tales of me to my father. [*To him.*] Come, thou wert ever good-natured, when thou could'st get by it. Look here, rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour: thou art not proof against gold, sure! Do not I know thee for a covetous——

Gom. Jealous old huncks; those were the marks of your mistress's husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. O the devil! what a rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! [*Aside.*]

Gom. Do, do, look fillily, good Colonel; 'tis a decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez:——but——

Gom. But—no pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping; I was—thinking a little upon a point of gratitude: we two have been long acquaintance; I know thy merits, and can make some interest; go to; thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee Alcaide, mayor of Saragossa.

Gom. Satisfy yourself; you shall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; I thank you, Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story—that woman I saw, I mean that little crooked, ugly woman, for t'other was a lie—is no more thy wife—as

I'll

I'll go home with thee, and satisfy thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no, not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a ferenade of twincledum twincledum under my windows: nay, I will advise you, out of tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner-house by night; for to my certain knowledge, there are blunderbusses planted in every loop-hole, that go off constantly of their own accord at the squeaking of a fiddle and the thrumming of a guittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee: I'll demolish thy citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee: my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free quarter.—Farewel, wrought night-cap. *[Exit.*

Gom. Farewel, Buff! free quarter for a regiment of red-coat locusts! I hope to see them all in the Red Sea first!—But Oh, this Jezabel of mine! I'll get a physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of camphire every morning for her breakfast, to abate incontineny. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to church for confession! and for never going, she shall be condemned for a heretic. She shall have stripes by Troy-weight, and sustenance by drachms and scruples: nay, I'll have a fasting almanack printed on purpose for her use, in which

No carnival nor Christmas shall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year.

[Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

‘ SCENE, *The Queen's Antichamber.*

‘ *Alphonso and Pedro.*

‘ ALPHONSO.

‘ **W**HEN saw you my Lorenzo?

‘ *Ped.* I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me

‘ Like

‘ Like a young hound upon a burning scent :

‘ He’s gone a harlot hunting.

‘ *Alph.* His foreign breeding might have taught him better.

‘ *Ped.* ’Tis that has taught him this.

‘ What learn our youth abroad, but to refine

‘ The homely vices of their native land ?

‘ Give me an honest home-spun country clown

‘ Of our own growth ; his dulness is but plain,

‘ But theirs embroidered ; they are sent out fools,’

‘ And come back fops.

‘ *Alph.* You know what reasons urg’d me ;

‘ But now I have accomplished my designs,

‘ I should be glad he knew them. His wild riots

‘ Disturb my soul ; but they would fit more close,

‘ Did not the threaten’d downfall of our house,

‘ In Torrismond, o’erwhelm my private ills.

‘ *Enter Bertran attended, and whispering with a Courtier*
‘ *aside.*

‘ *Bert.* I would not have her think he dar’d to love

‘ If he presumes to own it, she’s so proud, [her ;

‘ He tempts his certain ruin.

‘ *Alph.* [*To Ped.*] Mark how disdainfully he throws
his eyes on us.

‘ Our old imprison’d king wore no such looks.

‘ *Ped.* O, would the General shake off his dotage to
th’usurping Queen,

‘ And re-inthroned good venerable Sancho ;

‘ I’ll undertake, should Bertran sound his trumpets,

‘ And Torrismond but whistle through his fingers,

‘ He draws his army off.

‘ *Alph.* I told him so ;

‘ But had an answer louder than a storm.

‘ *Ped.* Now plague and pox on his sinock-loyalty ;

‘ I hate to see a brave, bold fellow sotted,

‘ Made sour and senseless, turn’d to whey, by love ;

‘ A driveling hero, fit for a romance.

‘ O, here he comes : what will their greeting be ?’

Enter Torrismond attended. Bertran and he meet and juggle.

Bert. Make way, my lords, and let the pageant pass.

Tor. I make my way where-e’er I see my foe :

But you, my Lord, are good at a retreat.
I have no Moors behind me.

Bert. Death and hell!

Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man.

Enter Teresa.

Ter. My Lords, you are too loud so near the Queen;
You, Torrismond, have much offended her.

'Tis her command you instantly appear,
To answer your demeanour to the prince.

[Exit Teresa; Bertran with his company following her.]

Tor. O, Pedro! O, Alphonso! pity me!

A grove of pikes,
Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,
Are not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,
And, like a lion press'd upon the toils,
Leap on your hunters. - Speak your actions boldly.
There is a time when modest virtue is
Allow'd to praise itself.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
Your fury then boil'd upward to a foam:
But since this message came, you sink and settle;
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!
When we behold an angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent: no, I'm resolv'd,
Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.

[Exeunt.]

*The SCENE draws, and shews the Queen sitting in state:
Bertran standing next her; then Teresa, &c. She rises,
and comes to the front.*

Qu. *[To Ber.]* I blame not you, my Lord; my father's will,

Your own deserts, and all my people's voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of sov'reign power.
But I would learn the cause, why Torrismond,
Within my palace walls, within my hearing,
Almost within my sight, affronts a prince
Who shortly shall command him.

Bert.

Ber. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
And looks as he were lord of human kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, and Pedro. Torrismond
bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at
distance.

Ter. Madam, the General.—

Qu. Let me view him well.

My father sent him early to the frontiers.
I have not often seen him ; if I did,
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding eyes.
But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
The haughty port, the fiery arrogance ?
By all these marks, this is not sure the man.

Ber. Yet this is he who fill'd your court with tumult,
Whose fierce demeanour, and whose insolence,
The patience of a god could not support.

Qu. Name his offence, my Lord, and he shall have
Immediate punishment.

Ber. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
That my presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb ! On your allegiance, Torrismond,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon ;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, Oh think,
That he who thus commanded dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes !
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair ;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows favour ;
Desert I have none, for what I did was duty :
Oh, that it were ! that it were duty all !

Qu. Why do you pause ? Proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall—so I—
But whither am I going ? If to death,
He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,
He draws me to his dart.—I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the cure of Hellebore.
Whips, darknefs, dungeons for this insolence.

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.

Qu. You're both too bold. You, Torrifmond, withdraw;
I'll teach you all what's owing to your queen.

For you, my Lord —

The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;

I'll try if I can live a day without you.

So both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points?

Doubling and turning like an hunted hare.

Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's? Backward and forward.
The whole sex in every word. In my conscience,
when she was getting, her mother was thinking of a
riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

Qu. Haste, my Teresa, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, Madam?

Qu. Him.

Ter. Prince Bertran?

Qu. Torrifmond;

There is no other he.

Ter. [*Aside.*] A rising sun,
Or I am much deceiv'd.

[*Exit Teresa.*]

Qu. A change so swift what heart did ever feel!

It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,

And bore me in a moment far from shore.

I've lov'd away myself; in one short hour

Already am I gone an age of passion.

Was it his youth, his valour, or success?

These might perhaps be found in other men.

'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;

That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,

And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.

But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!

So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,

They melted as they fell. —

Enter Teresa with Torrifmond.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire—Oh, Heav'ns, that I must speak
So distant from my heart —

[*Aside.*]

[*To*

[To Tor.] How now! What boldness brings you back

Tor. I heard 'twas your command. [again?]

Qu. A fond mistake,

To credit so unlikely a command.

And you return full of the same presumption,

T' affront me with your love?

Tor. If 'tis presumption, for a wretch condemn'd,

To throw himself beneath his judge's feet:

A boldness more than this I never knew;

Or, if I did, 'twas only to your foes.

Qu. You would insinuate your past services,
And those, I grant, were great; but you confess
A fault committed since, that cancels all.

Tor. And who could dare to disavow his crime,
When that for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still! My eyes confess it;
My every action speaks my heart aloud:
But, Oh, the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My father, with his dying voice, bequeath'
My crown and me to Bertran? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a queen?

Tor. That, that's the wound! I see you set so high,
As no desert or services can reach:
Good heav'ns, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian clay?
Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp them? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty angel was misplac'd
In Fate's eternal volume!——But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yes, Torrismond, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [Aside.] Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Tor. There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know!
Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!

And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must only hear
From Bertran's mouth; they should displease from you;
I say they should; but women are so vain
To like the love, though they despise the lover.
Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair—I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my joy:
But when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one thought, let me remember pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my life was bless'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms?
If that would help, I could cast in a tear
To your misfortunes.

Tor. A tear! you have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no queen—
Or you of royal blood—

Tor. What have I lost by my fore-fathers' fault?
Why was not I the twentieth by descent
From a long restive race of droning kings?
Love, what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my torture!

Tor. Might I presume, but, Oh, I dare not hope
That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love.
Be secret and discreet; these fairy favours
Are lost when not conceal'd;—provoke not Bertran—
Retire; I must no more but this—Hope, Torrismond.

[*Exit.*]

Tor. She bids me hope; Oh, Heav'ns, she pities me!
And pity still foreruns approaching love,
As lightning does the thunder! Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.
Hence all my griefs and every anxious care;
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair. [*Exit.*]

SCENE,

THE SPANISH FRYAR. 31

SCENE, a Chamber. A table and wine set out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible; for fryars have free admittance into every house. This Jacobin, whom I have sent to, is her confessor; and who can suspect a man of such reverence for a pimp? I'll try for once; I'll bribe him high; for commonly none love money better than they who have made a vow of poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming up, Sir; he says he's but a fryar, but he's big enough to be a pope; his gills are as rosy as a turkey cock's; his great belly walks in state before him like an harbinger; and his gouty legs come limping after it: never was such a tun of devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. *[Exit.]*

Enter Father Dominick.

Lor. Welcome, father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying man, to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking such long journies. Repose yourself, I beseech you, Sir, if those spindle legs of yours will carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign by your wan complexion, and your thin jowls, father. Come, to our better acquaintance: there's a sovereign remedy for old age and sorrow.

[Drinks.]

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reason. *[Drinks.]*

Lor. Is it to your palate, father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. *[Drinks.]* It has a most delicious flavour with it. Gad, forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, son, I am not used to be so unmannerly. *[Drinks again.]*

Lor. No, I'll be sworn, by what I see of you, you are not. To the bottom, I warrant him, a true church-man.

Now,

Now, father, to our business, 'tis agreeable to your calling; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good St. Dominick.

Dom. You could not have pitched upon a better; he's a sure card: I never knew him fail his votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I 'scaped with life and plunder, I would present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the infidels, to be employed in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him; St. Dominick loves charity exceedingly; that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story; I enquired among the Jacobins for an almoner, and the General has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man: here are fifty pieces in this purse.

Dom. How! fifty pieces? 'tis too much, too much in conscience.

Lor. Here, take them, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you; for I am strongest,

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor, old man? [*Takes the purse.*] As I said, 'tis too great a bounty? But St. Dominick shall owe you another 'scape; I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, father, we will not trouble him 'till the next battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always loved the female saints.

Lor. I mean a female, mortal, married-woman saint. Look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez's wife.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Dom.

Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? I think I have some reason; I am her ghostly father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous.

Dom. Ho, jealous! he's the very quintessence of jealousy: he keeps no male creature in his house; and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her director and her guide in spiritual affairs. But he has his humours with me too; for t'other day, he called me false apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copyhold. If you would do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel. My letter, father.

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me; for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look; there are fifty pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom. That must not be: not a farthing more, upon my priesthood. But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter; that, I confess, a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents; and so far I am blameless. But an answer you shall have; though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more: I have sworn not to take them, they shall not be altogether fifty: your mistress—forgive me that I should call her your mistress, I meant Elvira, lives but at next door: I'll visit her immediately: but not a word more of the nine and forty pieces.

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs. Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter! to send by the church is certainly the dearest road in Christendom. [Exit.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Gomez and Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starved, the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a days: you have used me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious hilding.

Elv. [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat?

Gom. 'Oh, the impudence of this wicked sex!' Lascivious dialogues are innocent chat with you!

Elv. Was it such a crime to enquire how the battle passed?

Gom. But that was not the business, gentlewoman; you were not asking news of a battle passed; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest woman would be glad to hear, that her honour was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. [*In her tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your defence; and, in case he were, to offer yourself to be his surgeon; then you did not describe your husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich, old hunk.

Elv. No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what dream did I do this?

Gom. You walked in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon-day; and dreamed you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one Colonel Hernando——

Elv. Who, dear husband, who?

Gom. What the devil have I said? You would have farther information, would you.

Elv. No, but my dear, little old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice; and there immure yourself: be confined, I say, during our royal pleasure: but, first, down on your marrow-bones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgement of your offences; for I will have ample satisfaction.

[*Pulls her down.*]

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission: but I'll complain to my ghostly father.

Gom. Ay; there's your remedy: when you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbage: he must chuckle

chuckle you and moan you : but I'll rid my hands of his ghostly authority one day,

Enter Dominick.

and make him know he's the son of a — [Sees him.] So ; —no sooner conjure, but the devil's in the circle.

Dom. Son of what, Don Gomez?

Gom. Why, a son of a church ; I hope there's no harm in that, father ?

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall serve ; and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. [*Aside.*] There's no harm in that ; she shall fast too ; fasting saves money.

Dom. [*To Elvira.*] What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture ?

Gom. [*Aside.*] Oh, horrible ! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture ; there's a priest for you !

Elv. [*To Dom.*] I wish, father, you would give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private : I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. [*Aside.*] This goes well : Gomez, stand you at a distance, —farther yet, —stand out of ear-shot—I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Was ever man thus priest-ridden ? Would the steeple of his church were in his belly : I am sure there's room for it.

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my infirmities ; but you have been always an indulgent father ; and therefore I will venture to—and yet I dare not.

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful ; if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your surgeon.

Elv. You know my husband is a man in years ; but he's my husband, and therefore I shall be silent ; but his humours are more intolerable than his age : he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turned my heart quite from him ; and, if I durst confess it, has forced me to cast my affections on another man.

Dom. Good ! —hold, hold ; I meant abominable. —Pray, Heaven, this be my Colonel. [*Aside.*]

Elv. I have seen this man, father ; and have encouraged his addresses : he's a young gentleman, a soldier,
of

of a most winning carriage ; and what his courtship may produce at last, I know not ; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. [*Afide.*] 'Tis he for certain : she has saved the credit of my function, by speaking first ; now I must take gravity upon me.

Gom. [*Afide.*] This whispering bodes me no good for certain ; but he has me so plaguily under the lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow ?

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, father, I do remember it ; a miserable woman it has made me : but you know, father, a marriage vow is but a thing of course, which all women take, when they would get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very solemn thing ; and it is good to keep it :—but, notwithstanding, it may be broken, upon some occasions. Have you striven with all your might against this frailty ?

Elv. Yes, I have striven : but I found it was against the stream. Love, you know, father, is a great vow-maker ; but he's a greater vow breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive always : but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer—Now, gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities ; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast look : enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father ; you can do no less in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace ; are you growing malapert ? Will you force me to make use of my authority ? Your wife's a well-disposed and a virtuous lady ; I say it, *in verbo sacerdotis*.

Elv. I know not what to do, father ; I find myself in a most desperate condition ; and so is the Colonel for love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, say you ! I wish it be not the same young gentleman I know ; 'tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in Christendom ; in a lawful way, I mean : of such a charming behaviour, so bewitching to a woman's eye ; and furthermore, so

charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my Colonel Hernando.

Elv. Ay, and my Colonel too, father: I am overjoyed; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! Why, he haunts me up and down; and, I am afraid, it is for love of you; for he pressed a letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I received it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear father, let me have it, or I shall die.

Gom. Whispering still! A pox of your close committee! I'll listen, I'm resolved. [*Steals nearer.*]

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it, use your discretion, but for my part, I wash my hands on't. What makes you listening there? Get farther off, I preach not to thee, thou wicked eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At you peril be it then. I have told you the ill consequences; *Et liberaui animam meam.*—Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been applied, and fail; in that case, the carnal may be used.—You are a tender child, you are; and must not be put into despair: your heart is as soft and melting as your hand. [*He strokes her face; takes her by the hand; and gives the letter.*]

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you go beyond your commission; palming is always held foul play amongst gamblers.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by wicked men; you will never be warned, till you are excommunicated.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Ah, devil on him; there's his hold! if there were no more in excommunication than the church's censure, a wise man would lick his conscience whole with a wet finger; but, if I am excommunicated, I am outlawed; and then there's no calling in my money.

Elv. [*Rising.*] I have read the note, father, and will send him an answer immediately; for I know his lodging by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part; but I wish your intentions be honest. Remember, that adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of charity; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farewel, daughter—Gomez, cherish your virtuous wife; and thereupon I give you my benediction. [*Going.*]

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, that I may be sure you steal nothing by the way. Fryars wear not their long sleeves for nothing.—Oh, it is a Judas Iscariot. [*Exit after the Fryar.*]

Elv. 'This fryar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the business, and yet does it all.

Pray, wives, and virgins, at your time of need,
For a true guide, of my good father's breed. [*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lorenzo in a Fryar's habit, following Dominick.

LORENZO.

FATHER Dominick, father Dominick! Why in such haste, man?

Dom. It should seem a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only your brother in iniquity; my holiness, like yours, is mere outside.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in metamorphosis! On what occasion are you transformed?

Lor. Love; almighty love; that which turned Jupiter into a town-bull, has transformed me into a fryar: I have had a letter from Elvira, in answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have delivered my message faithfully; I am a fryar of honour where I am engaged.

Lor. Oh, I understand your hint; the other fifty pieces are ready to be condemned to charity.

Dom.

Dom. But this habit, son, this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit, that in all ages has been friendly to fornication: you have begun the design in this cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The husband is absent; that evil counsellor is removed; and the sovereign is graciously disposed to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good counsel is but thrown away upon you: fare you well, fare you well, son! ah——

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking: we are at the door, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, father; but no fifty pounds without it; that was only promised in the bond: but the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above-named father, father Dominick, do not well and faithfully perform——

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitances.

Lor. Lead up your myrmidon, and enter. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Elvira in her Chamber.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet. Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not, till I have compassed my design, never woman had such a husband to provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such a confessor to absolve her? 'Of what am I afraid, then? Not my conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly father has given it a dose of church opium to lull it. Well, for soothing sin, I'll say that for him, he's a chaplain for any court in Christendom.'

Enter Lorenzo and Dominick.

Oh, Father Dominick, what news? How, a companion with you! What game have you in hand, that you hunt in couples?

Lor. [*Lifting up his hood.*] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. Oh, my love!

Lor. My life!

Elv. My soul!

[*They embrace.*
Dom.

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no, nothing but the open air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your garden; but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [Exit.

Elv. This is certainly the dust of gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my mind misgives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal.

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience, I'll be sworn. You see, Madam, 'tis interest governs all the world. He preaches against sin; why? Because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Elv. And so much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? If you do, methinks it should inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his opportunities: he must be watched like a hard-hearted treasurer; for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? 'You men are like watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but, after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary sound of single one.'

Lor. How, Madam! - do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence?

Elv. No. I invite you to a feast where the dishes are served up in order. You are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment like a hungry clown. Trust my management, good Colonel, and call not for your desert too soon.' Believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloy the soonest.

Lor.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me. What am I to undertake or suffer, ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy, by these dear eyes —

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations: I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue's end, to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition —

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes. In few words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolic, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, lady mine, I take you at your word; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try, for once, who can foot it farthest. There are hedges in summer, and barns in winter to be found: I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back. We'll leave honour to madmen, and riches to knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

[He takes her hand, and kisses it.]

Lor. In sign and token whereof, the parties interchangeably, and so forth — When should I be weary of fealing upon this soft wax?

Elv. Oh, heavens, I hear my husband's voice!

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, gentlewoman? There's something in the wind, I'm sure; because your woman would have run up stairs before me; but I have secured her below, with a gag in her chops — Now, in the devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like these frequent conjunctions of the flesh and the spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good father; my husband, you see, is in an ill humour, and I would not have you witness of his folly.

[Lorenzo going.]
Gom.

Gom. [*Running to the door.*] By your reverence's favour, hold a little; I must examine you something better before you go. Hey-day! who have we here? Father Dominick is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the belly. What are become of those two timber-logs, that he used to wear for legs, that stood strutting like the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some bad body has been setting him over a fire in a great cauldron, and boiled him down half the quantity for a receipt. This is no Father Dominick, no huge over-grown abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking fryar. 'As sure as a gun, now, Father Dominick has been spawning the young slender antichrist.'

Elv. [*Aside.*] He will be found out; there's no prevention!

Gom. Why does he not speak? What, is the Fryar possessed with a dumb devil? If he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He is but a novice in his order, and is enjoined silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quoth-a! you would make a novice of me too, if you could. But what is his business here? Answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions?

Gom. Very good! and you are like to edify much from a dumb preacher. This will not pass; I must examine the contents of him a little closer. Oh, thou confessor, confess who thou art, or thou art no fryar of this world!

[*He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him; his habit flies open, and discovers a sword; Gomez starts back.* As I live, this is a manifest member of the church militant!

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am discovered—Now, impudence be my refuge—Yes, faith, 'tis I, honest Gomez. Thou seest I use thee like a friend. This is a familiar visit.

Gom. What, Colonel Hernando turned fryar! Who could have suspected you of so much godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding! But I do not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation

as I made you. Marry, I hope you'll excuse the blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up old unkindness. I was upon the frolic this evening, and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forced to toy away an hour with my wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speakest my very soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a friend, then, to help you out? you would have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse. But, as I remember, you promised to storm my citadel, and bring your regiment of red locusts upon me, for free quarter: I find, Colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world, as well as red.

Elv. [*Aside.*] When comes my share of the reckoning to be called for?

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest kind man—I was resolved I would not go out of the house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight. But, Colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a bar before a judge, by way of plaintiff and defendant. Your excuses want some grains to make them current: hum and haw will not do the business. There's a modest lady of your acquaintance; she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of dame Nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his entrance; for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time would have served thy turn. Oh, thou epitome of thy virtuous sex! Madam
Messalina

Messalina the second, retire to thy apartment ; I have an assignation there-to make with thee.

Elv. I'm all obedience.

[*Exit.*]

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you. We may meet before we come to the bar, we may ; and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by lawyers tongues, In the mean time, no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and go to hell in your bed. Bilbo is the word ; remember that, and tremble —

[*He is going out.*]

Enter Dominick.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple ? Where are you, in the name of goodness ? My mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer by yourselves. Here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession !

Lor. [*Aside.*] The devil is punctual, I see : he has paid me the shame he owed me ; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. [*Seeing Gom.*] Bless my eyes ! what do I see ?

Gom. Why, you see a cuckold of this honest gentleman's making, I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess, I am astonished !

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance ! your head-pieeee and his limbs have done my business—Nay, do not look so strangely : remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next confession ! What naughty couple were they, whom you durst not trust together any longer, when the hypocritical rogue had trusted them a full quarter of an hour ? And, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions. The naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left together with great animosities on both sides. Now, that was the occasion, mark me, Gomez, that I thought it convenient to return again and not to trust your enraged spirits too long together. You might have broken out into-revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins ; and new sins make work for new confessions.

Lor. [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith, Fryar ; thou art come off thyself, but poor I am left in limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other ford, good father ; you shall

shall catch no gudgeons here. Look upon the prisoner at the bar, Fryar, and inform the court what you know concerning him: he is arraigned here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, Gomez? I see no man, but a reverend brother of our order, whose profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for Paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him; the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest cuckold-maker in all Spain.

Dom. Oh, impudence! Oh, rogue! Oh, villain! — Nay, if he be such a man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments, for a cover-shame of lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, father: when a swingeing sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a fryar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep, puts out his horns to do a mischief, and then shrinks them back for safety, like a snail into her shell.

Lor. [*Aside.*] It's best marching off while I can retreat with honour. There's no trusting this fryar's conscience; he has renounced me already more heartily than he e'er did the devil, and is in a fair way of prosecuting me for putting on these holy robes. 'This is the old church-trick: the clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot; but they are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the laity to be fairly hanged for it.'

[*Exit Lor.*]

Gom. Follow your leader, Fryar; your Colonel is trooped off; but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind him. Gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgment should fall upon you, for your want of reverence to your spiritual director. Slander, covetousness, and jealousy will weigh thee down,

Gom. Put pride, hypocrisy, and gluttony into your scale, father, and you shall weigh against me: nay, if sins come to be divided once, the clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the laity a tithe.

Dom. How darest thou reproach the tribe of Levi?

Gom.

Gom. Marry, because you make us laymen of the tribe of Issachar. You make asses of us, to bear your burdens. When we are young, you put panniers upon us with your church-discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into marriage: you call it settling of a man; just as when a fellow has got a sound knock upon the head, you say he is settled—marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say every thing in the world is good for something, as a toad, to suck up the venom of the earth; but I never knew what a fryar was good for, till your pimping shewed me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer! Thy offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planting. [Exit Dom.]

Lord, Lord, that men should have sense enough to set snares in their warrens to catch pole-cats and foxes! And yet——

Want wit a priest-trap at their door to lay,
For holy vermin that in houses prey.

[Exit.]

SCENE, a Palace.

Queen and Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since yesterday;
Your food forsakes you; and your needful rest;
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet;
But when you see him not, you are in pain.

Qu. Oh, let them never love, who never try'd!
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond.

‘ I went to bed, and to myself I thought
‘ That I would think on Torrismond no more;
‘ Then shut my eyes, but could not shut out him.
‘ I turn’d, and try’d each corner of my bed,
‘ To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost.
‘ Ferv’ish, for want of rest, I rose, and walk’d,
‘ And, by the moonshine, to the windows went;

‘ There

‘ There thinking to exclude him from my thoughts.’
 I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
 And, ere I was aware, sigh’d to myself,
 There fought my Torrismond.

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you love ?
 The people will be glad, the soldiers shout,
 And Bertran, tho’ repining, will be aw’d.

‘ *Qu.* I fear to try new love ;
 ‘ As boys to venture on the unknown ice,
 ‘ That crackles underneath them while they slide.
 ‘ Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill !
 ‘ Betwixt my doubt and love, methinks I stand
 ‘ Falt’ring, like one that waits an ague-fit :
 ‘ And yet, would this were all !

‘ *Ter.* What fear you more ?

‘ *Qu.* I am agham’d to say ; ’tis but a fancy.
 ‘ At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
 ‘ A drowsy slumber, rather than a sleep,
 ‘ Seiz’d on my senses, with long watching worn.
 ‘ Methought I stood on a wide river’s bank,
 ‘ Which I must needs o’erpas, but knew not how ;
 ‘ When, on a sudden, Torrismond appear’d,
 ‘ Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o’er,
 ‘ Leaping and bounding on the billows heads,
 ‘ ’Till safely we had reach’d the farther shore. [’scape.

‘ *Ter.* This dream portends some ill which you shall-
 ‘ Would you see fairer visions, take, this night,
 ‘ Your Torrismond within your arms to sleep :
 ‘ And, to that end, invent some apt pretence
 ‘ To break with Bertran. ’Twould be better yet,
 ‘ Could you provoke him to give you th’ occasion,
 ‘ And then to throw him off.’

Enter Bertran at a distance.

Qu. My stars have sent him ;
 For see, he comes. How gloomily he looks !
 If he, as I suspect, have found my love,
 His jealousy will furnish him with fury,
 And me with means to part.

Bert. [*Aside.*] Shall I upbraid her ? Shall I call her
 If she be false, ’tis what she most desires. [false ?
 My genius whispers me, Be cautious, Bertran ;

Thou

Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.

Qu. What bus'ness have you at the court, my Lord?

Bert. What bus'ness, Madam!

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what bus'ness?

'Tis somewhat sure of weighty consequence
That brings you here so often, and unsent for. [enough]

Bert. [*Aside.*] 'Tis what I fear'd; her words are cold
To freeze a man to death—May I presume
To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to princes, think them tame.
'What bull dares bellow, or what sheep dares bleat,
'Within the lion's den?'

Bert. Yet men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd blessings; for they then are debts. [give;

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to
But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam.
But as when men in sickness ling'ring lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years,
So every day deferr'd to dying lovers,
Is a whole age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?
My father's promise ties me not to time;
And bonds without a date, they say, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freest motion of our minds;
Oh, could you see into my secret soul,
There you might read your own dominion doubled,
Both as a queen and mistress! If you leave me,
Know, I can die, but dare not be displeas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me cause to think, that when you lost
Three battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;
Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blast

Your good opinion of me, may have cause
To know I am no coward. [*He is going.*]

Qu. Bertran, stay——

[*Aside,*] This may produce some dismal consequence
To him whom dearer than my life I love.

[*To him.*] Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then was it but a trial?

Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

[*Aside.*] This turn's too quick to be without design:
I'll found the bottom of't, ere I believe.

Qu. I find your love, and would reward it too;
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast.
I fear my people's faith,
That hot-mouth'd beast that bears against the curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful kings,
But harder by usurpers.
Judge, then, my Lord, with all these cares oppress'd,
If I can think of love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam,
These jealousies, however large they spread,
Have but one root, the old imprison'd King,
Whose lenity first pleas'd the gaping crowd;
But when long try'd, and found supinely good,
Like *Æsop's* log, they leap'd upon his back.
Your father knew them well, and when he mounted,
He rein'd them strongly, and he spurr'd them hard;
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient saint,
'This anvil of affronts, ' but sent him hence,
' To hold a peaceful branch of palm above,
' And hymn it in the choir.'

Qu. You've hit upon the very string, which, touch'd,
Echo's the sound, and jars within my soul:
There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there's a head,
Thither will all the mounting spirits fly;
Lop that but off, and then——

Qu. My virtue shrinks from such a horrid act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.
' Mercy is good, a very good dull virtue;

' But kings mistake its timing, and are mild
' When manly courage bids them be severe.'

Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.

Remove this threat'ning danger from your crown,
And then securely take the man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that—the man
'Tis true, this murder is the only means [I love!
That can secure my throne to Torrismond;
Nay, more, this execution done by Bertran,
Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the
stronger in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is mischief to persuade!
Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable; nor do I.
If then I break divine and human laws,
No bribe but love could gain so bad a cause.

Bert. You answer nothing.

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment,
And I a woman ignorant and weak.
I leave it all to you: think, what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves!
She nam'd not me; that may be Torrismond,
Whom she has thrice in private seen this day.
'Then I am finely caught in my own snare——
I'll think again——Madam, it shall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit.*

Qu. Oh, that it were! I would not do this crime;
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.

' The priesthood grossly cheat us with free-will;
' Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
' Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
' Since from eternal causes they proceed:
' Our passions, fear and anger, love and hate,
' Mere senseless engines that are mov'd by fate;
' Like ships on stormy seas without a guide,
' Tost by the winds, are driven by the tide.'

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, Madam? If I am——

Qu. No more, lest I should chide you for your stay.
Where

Where have you been, and how could you suppose
That I could live these two long hours without you?

Tor. Oh, words to charm an angel from his orb!
Welcome as kindly showers to long-parch'd earth!
But I have been in such a dismal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers,
Bound in with darkness, overspread with damps;
Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
The good old king, majestic in his bonds,
And midst his griefs most venerably great;
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon th'unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a silent tear
Stole down and trickled from his hoary beard.

Qu. Oh, Heaven! what have I done? My gentle love,
Here end thy sad discourse; and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts.
He sent for me, and while I rais'd my head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Qu. Forbear; you know not how you wound my soul.

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity too?
He told me, when my father did return,
He had a wond'rous secret to disclose.
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me son;
He prais'd my courage; pray'd for my success;
He was so true a father to his country,
To thank me for defending ev'n his foes,
Because they were his subjects.

Qu. If they be, then what am I?

Tor. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen.

Tor. You are so beautiful,
So wond'rous fair, you justify rebellion;
As if that faultless face could make no sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The King must die, he must, my Torrismond:

Though pity softly plead within my soul,
 Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
 And give a crown in dowry with my love.

Tor. Perish that crown, on any head but yours !

Oh, recollect your thoughts !

Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
 Is ebbing to the last.

A little longer, yet a little longer,
 And nature drops him down without your sin,
 Like mellow fruit without a winter storm.

Qu. ' Let me but do this one injustice more :'
 His doom is past, and for your sake he dies.

Tor. Would you for me have done so ill an act,
 And will not do a good one ?
 Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in heaven,
 Oh, spare this great, this good, this aged king,
 And spare your soul the crime !

Qu. The crime's not mine ;
 'Twas first propos'd, and must be done by Bertran,
 Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me.
 I, to enhance his ruin, gave no leave ;
 But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the crime.
 Think, timely think on the last dreadful day ;
 How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
 And foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
 That must be doom'd for murder ! Think on murder :
 That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes ;
 The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band,
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible ; it shakes, it staggers me.
 ' I knew this truth, but I repell'd that thought.
 ' Sure there is none but fears a future state :
 ' And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
 ' Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.'

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to Bertran ; charge him strictly
 Not to proceed, but wait my further pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'tis perform'd. [*Exit.*

Tor. Ten thousand plagues consume him ! furies drag
 Fiends tear him ! Blasted be the arm that struck, [him !
 The tongue that order'd ! only she be spar'd,

That

That hinder'd not the deed ! Oh, where was then
 The power that guards the sacred lives of kings ?
 Why slept the lightning and the thunder-bolts,
 Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
 When vengeance call'd them here ?

Qu. Sleep that thought too.

'Tis done ; and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall ;
 And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. Oh, never, never shall it be forgotten !
 High Heaven will not forget it ; after ages
 Shall with a fearful curse remember ours,
 And blood shall never leave the nation more.

Qu. His body shall be royally interr'd,
 And the last funeral pomps adorn his herse.
 I will myself (as I have cause too just)
 Be the chief mourner at his obsequies ;
 And yearly fix, on the revolving day,
 The solemn mark of mourning, to atone,
 And expiate my offences.

Tor. Nothing can,
 But bloody vengeance on that traitor's head,
 Which, dear departed spirit, here I vow.'

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys.
 Love calls, my Torrismond : though hate has rag'd,
 And rul'd the day, yet love will rule the night.
 The spiteful stars have shed their venom down,
 And now the peaceful planets take their turn.
 This deed of Bertran's has remov'd all fears,
 And giv'n me just occasion to refuse him.'

What hinders now, but that the holy priest
 In secret join our mutual vows ? ' And then
 ' This night, this happy night is yours and mine.'

Tor. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys :
 Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,
 Thou furious tempest, that hath toss'd my mind,
 And leave no thought but Leonora there—
 What's this ?—I feel a boding in my soul,
 As if this day were fatal—Be it so.
 Fate shall but have the leavings of my love.
 My joys are gloomy, but withal are great.
 The lion, though he sees the toils are set,

Yet, pinch'd with raging hunger, scow'rs away,
 Hunts in the face of danger all the day,
 At night, with fullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his prey.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *before Gomez's door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, and two Soldiers at a distance.

DOMINICK.

I'LL not wag an ace farther: the whole world will not bribe me to it; for my conscience will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy conscience not digest them! There's ne'er a fryar in Spain can shew a conscience that comes near it for digestion. It digested pimping, when I sent thee with my letter; and it digested perjury, when thou swore'st thou didst not know me: I'm sure it has digested me fifty pound of as hard gold as is in all Barbary: pr'y-thee, why should'st thou discourage fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

Dom. Away; away; I do not love them;—phau; no,—[*Spits.*] I do not love a pretty girl—you are so waggish. [*Spits again.*]

Lor. Why thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body, with hunting after unlawful game.

Lor. Why there's the satisfaction on't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery, and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, fryar; I'm resolved to peach thee before thy superiors, for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I am resolved to forswear it if you do: let me advise

advise you better, Colonel, than to accuse a churchman to churchmen : in the common cause we are all of a piece ; we hang together.

Lor. [*Afide.*] If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believed ; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, and bribe my conscience ; you shall be summoned by an host of paritors ; you shall be sentenced in the spiritual court ; you shall be excommunicated ; you shall be out-lawed ;——and——[*Here Lorenzo takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last, lets the purse fall chinking on the ground ; which the fryar eyes.*] [*In another tone.*] I say, a man might do this now, if he were maliciously disposed, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity ; but, considering, that you are my friend, a person of honour, and a worthy good charitable man, I would rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you. [*Lorenzo takes up the purse, and pours it into the fryar's sleeve.*] Nay, good Sir ; nay, dear Colonel ; Oh, Lord, Sir, what are you doing now ! I profess this must not be : without this I would have served you to the uttermost ; pray command me. A jealous, foul-mouthed rogue this Gomez is : I saw how he used you, and you marked how he used me too : Oh, he's a bitter man ; but we'll join our forces ; ah, shall we, Colonel ? We'll be revenged on him with a witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door, (for I must reveal it in confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two soldiers ? I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone ; I fear him not ; I am armed with the authority of my cloathing ; yonder I see him keeping centry at his door : ' have you never seen a ' citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his sides, and ' walking forward and backward, a mighty pace before ' his shop ? But I'll gain the pass, in spite of his suspicion ; ' stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw off
I the

the fox's skin, and put on the lion's: come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, Colonel.

[They retire all three to a corner of the stage, Dominick goes to the door where Gomez stands.]

Dom. Good even, Gomez, how does your wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you please, father, she has no further need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your counsel, that she can say her lesson, without your teaching: do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indisposed at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[Dominick offers to go by him, but t'other stands before him.]

Dom. Indisposed, say you? Oh, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary; I think, it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good angel sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure: you know she disburdened her conscience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed as you order matters with the Colonel, she may have occasion of confessing herself every hour.

Dom. Pray how long has she been sick?

Gom.

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak ; why ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last ! I say, it will last, and it shall last ; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion. What ! I know the mind of her sickness, a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of Ana's : those of my family have the grace to die cheaper ; in a word, Sir Dominick, we understand one another's business here : I am resolved to stand like the Swiss of my own family, to defend the entrance ; you may mumble over your *pater nosters*, if you please, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls, with bell, book and candle ; but I am not of opinion, that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I would treat the pope and his cardinals in the same manner, if they offered to see my wife, without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the church, if thou dost not open, there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that ; there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull ; and so I leave you to recreate yourself with the end of an old song——“ and sorrow came to the old fryar.” [Exit.

Enter Lorenzo and Soldiers.

Lor. I will not ask you your success ; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion ; I find we are now put upon our last trump ; the fox is earthed, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can, to bring out the lady : what say you, father ? Burglary is but a venial sin among the soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the

the church——There is a proverb, I confess, which says, that dead men tell no tales; but let your soldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What take away a man's wife, and kill him too! The wickedness of this old villain startles me, 'and gives
' me a twinge for my own sin, though it comes far short of
' his:' hark you, soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as possible.

Dom. Hold, a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. Oh, miracle! the fryar is grown conscientious!

Dam. The old king, you know, is just murdered, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the soldiers seize him for one of the assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a fryar of the least good-nature; what, would you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc* as to the fact itself; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must dispatch: he has railed against the church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand kings; *omne majus continet in se minus*: he that is an enemy to the church, is an enemy unto heaven; and he that is an enemy to heaven, would have killed the king if he had been in the circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a churchman, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in heaven by hook or crook into his quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were first ordered.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Dom. What was't you ordered them? Are you sure it is safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous; the people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secured as a traitor; but he shall only be prisoner at the soldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be released.

Dom.

Dom. And what will become of me then? For when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church-remedies, lie impudently, and swear devoutly; and, as you told me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believed. Retire, I hear them coming. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help neighbours; my house is broken open by force, and I am ravished, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, villains? Will you carry me away like a pedlar's pack upon your backs? Will you murder a man in plain day-light.

1st Sold. No; but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in a plot against the state.

Gom. Who, I in a plot: Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I never durst be in a plot. Why, how can you in conscience suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter? There are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in plots.

2d Sold. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. Oh, my gold! my wife! my wife! my gold! As I hope to be saved now, I know no more of the plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and exeunt.*]

Lor. Thus far have we sailed with a merry gale, now we have the Cape of good Hope in sight; the trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*]
[*Aside.*] Ah, my father and Pedro stand at the corner of the street with company, there's no stirring 'till they are past!

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing? the adventure's ended, and the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoyed, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; 'but stand panting, like a bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, though she sees it open.'

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old

old gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under you arm, daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The fryar has an hawk's eye to gold and jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a fiddle, and provide a better entertainment for us than hedges in summer and barns in winter. Here's the very heart, and soul, and life-blood of Gomez; pawns in abundance, old gold of widows, and new gold of prodigals; and pearls and diamonds of court ladies, till the next bribe helps their husbands to redeem them.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the church endows you with them.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns; pr'ythee, dear, look out, and see if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[*Elvira goes to look out, and Gomez comes running in upon her: she shrieks out.*]

Gom. Thanks to my stars, I have recovered my own territories—What do I see! I'm ruined! I'm undone! I'm betrayed!

Dom. [*Aside.*] What a hopeful enterprize is here 'spoiled!'

Gom. Oh, Colonel, are you there? and you, fryar? nay, then I find how the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed with the wings of an eagle and the feet of a tiger to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a courtesy with your eagle's feet and your tiger's wings; and, what, were you here for, friar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence summed up among you: thank you heartily; you are all my friends. The Colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice, came in to save me; the fryar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return. But if my father-in-law had not met your soldiers, Colonel, and delivered me in the nick, I should neither have found a friend nor a fryar here, and might have shrieked out for joy myself, for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

Dom. Art thou an infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such churchmen as you would make any man an infidel. Get you into your kennel, gentlewoman! I shall thank you within doors for your safe custody of my jewels, and your own. [*He thrusts his wife off the stage.* *[Exit Elvira.]* As for you, Colonel Muff-cap, we shall try before a civil magistrate who's the greatest plotter of us two, I against the state, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something. [*Beats him.*]

Gom. Murder! murder! I give up the ghost! I am destroyed! Help! murder! murder!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our lives: the neighbours are coming out with forks, and fire-shovels, and spits, and other domestic weapons; the militia of a whole alley, is raised against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt, master usurer, the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your soldiers had but dispatched him, his tongue had been laid asleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah——

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar severally.*]

Gom. I'll be revenged of him, if I dare; but he's such a terrible fellow, that my mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the judge: all my misfortunes come together: I have been robbed and cuckolded, and ravished, and beaten, in one quarter of an hour;

my poor limbs smart, and my poor head aches; ay, do, do, smart limb, ach head, and sprout horns; but I'll be hanged before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? There's for that, [*Beats his own head.*] and to a fine, young, modish lady, must ye? There's for that too; and, at threescore, you old, doting cuckold, take that remembrance—A fine time of day for a man to be bound 'prentice, when he is past using his trade: to set up an equipage of noise, when he has most need of quiet; instead of her being under covert-baron to be under covert-femme myself; to have my body disabled, and my head fortified; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill treble,

That with one blast, through the whole house does bound,
And first taught speaking-trumpets how to sound. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *the Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, and Pedro.

Ray. Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd joys,
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my master murder'd?
Oh, that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis observ'd at court,
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return
Will fix all eyes on every act of yours,
To see how you resent king Sancho's death.

Ray. What generous man can live with that constraint
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter
A court like this! can I sooth tyranny!
Seem pleas'd, to see my royal master murder'd,
His crown usurp'd, a distaff in a throne,
A council made of such as dare not speak,
And could not, if they durst; whence honest men
Banish themselves, for shame of being there:
A government, that, knowing not true wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?

Alph. Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sun-shine of a court.

Ray. Well then, I will dissemble for an end
So great, so pious, as a just revenge:
You'll join with me?

Alph

Alph. No honest man but must.

Ped. What title has this queen but lawless force ?
And force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity Leonora's case ;
Forc'd, for her safety, to commit a crime
Which most her soul abhors.

Ray. All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly join your son to our design.

Ray. Your reason for't ?

Ped. I want time to unriddle it :
Put on your t'other face ; the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

Ray. And that accursed Bertran
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd. Stand, and observe them.

Qu. [*To Ber.*] Bury'd in private, and so suddenly !
It crosses my design, which was to allow
The rites of funeral fitting his degree,
With all the pomp of mourning.

Bert. It was not safe :
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy croud.
Had Cæsar's body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his cause.

Qu. Then was he lov'd ?

Bert. O, never man so much, for faint-like goodness.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Had bad men fear'd him but as good
He had not yet been fainted. [*men lov'd him,*

Qu. I wonder how the people bear his death.

Bert. Some discontents there are ; some idle mur-
murs.

Ped. How, idle murmurs ! let me plainly speak :
The doors are all shut up ; the wealthier sort,
With arms a-cross, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops :
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors,
To call in money ; those who have none, mark
Where money goes ; for when they rise, 'tis plunder :
The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths :

' Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make
' And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd.' [it :

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Ray. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall ;

Self-preservation is the first of laws ;

And if, when subjects are oppress'd by kings,

They justify rebellion by that law :

As well may monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one,
You'll make yourself a tyrant. Let these know
By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprise me to demand that question ;
But since truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it ; or, by Heaven, your head shall answer
The forfeit of your tongue.

Ray. [*Aside.*] Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me.

Qu. When, and where ?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words,
The dial spokè not, but it made shrew'd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder ;
Yet this you said,
You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.

Qu. What, if I said,
I was a woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my sex,
And play the devil to tempt me ? ' You contriv'd,
' You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toils ;
' And if, much tir'd, and frighten'd more, I paus'd ;
' Were you to make my doubts your own commission ?

' *Bert.* This 'tis to serve a prince too faithfully ;
' Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
' Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure disgrace ;
' And, if perform'd, to ruin.

' *Qu.* This 'tis to counsel things that are unjust ;
' First, to debauch a king to break his laws,
' (Which are his safety) and then seek protection
' From him you have endanger'd ; but, just Heaven,

Where

‘ Where sins are judg’d, will damn the tempting devil,
 ‘ More deep than those he tempted.’

Bert. If princes not protect their ministers,
 What man will dare to serve them ?

Qu. None will dare
 To serve them ill, when they are left to laws ;
 But, when a counsellor, to save himself,
 Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
 Exposing him to public rage and hate,
 O, ’tis an act as infamously base,
 As, should a common soldier sculk behind,
 And thrust his general in the front of war :
 It shews, he only serv’d himself before,
 And had no sense of honour, country, king ;
 But center’d on himself ; and us’d his master,
 As guardians do their wards, with shews of care,
 But with intent to sell the public safety,
 And pocket up his prince.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Well said, i’faith.
 This speech is e’en too good for an usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific’d ;
 And had I not been sotted with my zeal,
 I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my fight !
 The prince who bears an insolence like this,
 Is such an image of the powers above,
 As is the statue of the thundering god,
 Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng’d
 I will not fall, nor single. [*Exit cum suis.*]

Qu. [*To Ray. who kisses her hand.*] Welcome, wel-
 I saw you not before : one honest lord [come :
 Is hid with ease among a crowd of courtiers :
 How can I be too grateful to the father
 Of such a son as Torrismond ?

Ray. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my Lord,
 All have not paid that debt, like noble Torrismond.
 You hear, how Bertran brands me with a crime,
 Of which, your son can witness, I am free ;
 I sent to stop the murder, but too late ;
 ‘ For crimes are swift, but penitence is slow,’

The bloody Bertran, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the soft returns of pity.

Ray. O curfed hafte, of making fure a fin !
Can you forgive the traitor ?

Qu. Never, never :

'Tis written here in characters fo deep,
That feven years hence (till then fhould I not meet him)
And in the temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the holy altar to the block.

Ray. [*Afide.*] She's fir'd, as I would wifh her. Aid me,
Juftice,

As all my ends are thine, to gain this point ;
And ruin both at once. — It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punifh. Yet one way
There is to ruin Bertran.

Qu. O, there's none ;

' Except an hoft from Heaven can make fuch hafte
' To fave my crown, as he will do to feize it.'
You faw, he came furrounded with his friends,
And knew befides, our army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for fudden ufe.

Ray. Yet you may give commiffion
To fome bold man, whole loyalty you truft,
And let him raife the train-bands of the city.

Qu. Grofs feeders, lion-talkers, lamb-like fighters.

Ray. You do not know the virtues of your city,
What pushing force they have : fome popular chief,
More noify than the reft, but cries halloo,
And in a trice, the bellowing herd come out ;
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,
And one and all's the word ; true cocks o'th' game,
That never ask, for what, or whom, they fight ;
But turn 'em out, and fhew 'em but a foe,
Cry liberty, and that's a caufe for quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger, in that boift'rous rout :
Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
But fome new blast of wind may turn thofe flames
Againft my palace-walls ?

Ray. But ftill their chief
Muf be fome one, whole loyalty you truft.

Qu.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble,
He shall appear to head 'em.

Ray. [*Aside to Alph. and Ped.*] First seize Bertran,
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful prince to place upon the throne.

Alph. Our lawful prince?

Ray. Fear not: I can produce him.

Ped. [*To Alph.*] Now we want your son Lorenzo:
what a mighty faction

' Would he make for us of the city wives,

' With, O, dear husband, my sweet honey husband,

' Won't you be for the Colonel? If you love me,

' Be for the Colonel? O, he's the finest man!' [*Exit.*]

Ray. [*Aside.*] So, now we have a plot behind the plot;
She thinks, she's in the depth of my design,
And that it's all for her; but time shall show,
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And last, to fall herself.

Qu. Now to you, Raymond: can you guess no reason
Why I repose such confidence in you?

You needs must think,

There's some more powerful cause than loyalty:

Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush?

Must I inform you, 'tis for Torrismond,

That all this grace is shewn?

Ray. [*Aside.*] By all the powers, worse, worse than
what I fear'd.

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a choice?

I love a man whom I am proud to love,

And am well pleas'd my inclination gives

What gratitude would force. 'O pardon me;

' I ne'er was covetous of wealth before;

' Yet think so vast a treasure as your son,

' Too great for any private man's possession;

' And him too rich a jewel to be set

' In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.

' *Ray.* Arm me with patience, Heaven!

' *Qu.* How, patience, Raymond?

' What exercise of patience have you here?

' What find you in my crown to be contemn'd;

' Or in my person loath'd ? Have I, a queen,
 ' Pass'd by my fellow-rulers of the world,
 ' Whose vying crowns lays glittering in my way,
 ' As if the world were pav'd with diadems ?
 ' Have I refus'd their blood, to mix with yours,
 ' And raise new kingdoms from so obscure a race,
 ' Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd ?
 ' Have I heap'd on my person, crown and state,
 ' To load the scale, and weigh'd myself with earth,
 ' For you to spurn the balance ?

Ray. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say :

' Can I, can any loyal subject, see
 ' With patience such a sloop from sovereignty,
 ' An ocean pour'd upon a narrow brook ?
 ' My zeal for you must lay the father by,
 ' And plead my country's cause against my son.
 ' What tho' his heart be great, his actions gallant,
 ' He wants a crown to poise against a crown,
 ' Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow.

' But he brings worth and virtue to my bed ;
 ' And virtue is the wealth which tyrants want.
 ' I stand in need of one whose glories may
 ' Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,
 ' Dispel the factions of my foes on earth,
 ' Disarm the justice of the powers above——'

Ray. The people never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you ?

Go raise the ministers of my revenge,
 Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,
 And see its fury fall where I design ;

' At last a time for just revenge is given ;
 ' Revenge, the darling attribute of Heav'n :
 ' But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long ;
 ' Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong ;
 ' Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave,
 ' To be a saint, he makes himself a slave.'

[*Exit.*

Ray. Marriage with Torrismond ! it must not be ;
 By Heaven, it must not be ; or, if it be,
 Law, justice, honour bid farewell to earth,
 For Heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him.

Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now ! You come in such a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care,
To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Ray. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At least, to save your fortune and your honour :
Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son ;
This calm of Heaven, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirlpool draws you fast,
And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
And Fate can scarce ; I've made the port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy storm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir ; my duty calls me hence ;
I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love.

Ray. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine ;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.
This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life depends
On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger ;
The city, army, court espouse my cause,
And, more than all, the Queen, with public favour,
Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Ray. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Tor. If she can make me blest ? she only can :
' Empire, wealth, and all she brings beside,
' Are but the train and trappings of her love :
' The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,
' In whose possession years roll round on years,
' And joys in circles meet new joys again :
' Kisses, embraces, languishing, and death
' Still from each other to each other move,
' To crown the various seasons of our love :
' And doubt you if such love can make me happy ?

Ray. Yes, for I think you love your honour more.

Tor.

‘ *Tor.* And what can shock my honour in a queen ?

‘ *Ray.* A tyrant, an usurper !

‘ *Tor.* Grant she be.

‘ When from the conqueror we hold our lives,

‘ We yield ourselves his subjects from that hour :

‘ For mutual benefits make mutual ties.

‘ *Ray.* Why, can you think I owe a thief my life,

‘ Because he took it not by lawless force ?

‘ What if he did not all the ill he could ?

‘ Am I oblig’d by that t’ assist his rapines,

‘ And to maintain his murders ?

‘ *Tor.* Not to maintain, but bear them unreveng’d.

‘ Kings titles commonly begin by force,

‘ Which time wears off, and mellows into right :

‘ So power, which in one age is tyranny,

‘ Is ripen’d in the next to true succession :

‘ She’s in possession.

‘ *Ray.* So diseases are :

‘ Should not a ling’ring fever be remov’d,

‘ Because it long has rag’d within my blood ?

‘ Do I rebel when I would thrust it out ?

‘ What, shall I think the world was made for one,

‘ And men are born for kings, as beasts for men,

‘ Not for protection, but to be devour’d ?

‘ Mark those who doat on arbitrary power,

‘ And you shall find them either hot-brain’d youth,

‘ Or needy bankrupts, servile in their greatness,

‘ And slaves to some, to lord it o’er the rest.

‘ O baseness, to support a tyrant throne,

‘ And crush your free-born brethren of the world !

‘ Nay, to become a part of usurpation ;

‘ T’ espouse the tyrant’s person and her crimes,

‘ And on a tyrant get a race of tyrants,

‘ To be your country’s curse in after-ages.

‘ *Tor.* I see no crime in her whom I adore,

‘ Or if I do, her beauty makes it none :

‘ Look on me as a man abandon’d o’er

‘ To an eternal lethargy of love ;

‘ To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,

‘ And but disturb the quiet of my death.’

Ray. Oh, Virtue, Virtue ! what art thou become,
That man should leave thee for that toy, a woman,

‘ Made

- ' Made from the drops and refuse of a man ?
- ' Heaven took him sleeping when he made her, too ;
- ' Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented.'

Now, son, suppose

Some brave conspiracy were ready-form'd,
To punish tyrants and redeem the land,
Could you so far belie your country's hope,
As not to head the party ?

Tor. How could my hand rebel against my heart ?

Raym. How could your heart rebel against your reason ?

Tor. No honour bids me fight against myself ;

The royal family is all extinct,
And she who reigns bestows her crown on me.
So, must I be ungrateful to the living,
To be but vainly pious to the dead ;
While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their offspring, you or I ;
For, know, there yet survives the lawful heir
Of Sancho's blood, whom, when I shall produce,
I rest assur'd to see you pale with fear,
And trembling at his name.

Tor. He must be more than man who makes me tremble ;
I dare him to the field, with all the odds
Of justice on his side, against my tyrant.
Produce your lawful prince, and you shall see
How brave a rebel love has made your son.

Raym. Read that ; 'tis with the royal signet sign'd,
And given me by the King, when time should serve,
To be perus'd by you.

Tor. [*Reads.*] " I the King :
My youngest and alone surviving son,
Reported dead t' escape rebellious rage,
'Till happier times shall call his courage forth
To break my fetters, or revenge my fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond."——
If I am he, that son, that Torrismond,
The world contains not so forlorn a wretch..
Let never man believe he can be happy ;
For when I thought my fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my joys ;
And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,

The

The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs them for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Tor. Oh, cruel man, to tell me that it must !
If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity.
The secret is alone between us two ;
And though you would not hide me from myself,
Oh, yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my father still.

Raym. Your lot's too glorious, and the proof's too plain.
Now, in the name of honour, Sir, I beg you,
(Since I must use authority no more)
On these old knees I beg you, ere I die,
That I may see your father's death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my life ;
My order's issu'd to recall the army,
And Bertran's death resolv'd. [der !

Raym. And not the Queen's ? Oh, she's the chief offen-
Shall Justice turn her edge within your hand ?
No, if she 'scape, you are yourself the tyrant,
And murderer of your father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reserv'd me ?

Raym. Why that sigh ?

Tor. Since you must know, (but break, Oh, break, my
Before I tell my fatal story out !) [heart,
Th' usurper of my throne, my house's ruin,
The murderer of my father, is my wife.

Raym. Oh, horror, horror !—After this alliance,
Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
And every creature couple with his foe.
How vainly man designs, when Heav'n opposes !
I bred you up to arms, rais'd you to power,
Permitted you to fight for this usurper,
Indeed, to save a crown, not her's, but yours ;
All to make sure the vengeance of this day,
Which even this day has ruin'd. One more question
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever :
Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,

Or

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your sight than toads and adders?

Tor. Oh, there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more—Farewel, my much-lamented king!
[*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far,
To own him to the people as their king,
Before their rage has finish'd my designs
On Bertran and the Queen, But, in despite
Ev'n of himself, I'll save him. [*Exit Raym.*]

Tor. 'Tis but a moment since I have been king,
And weary on't already. I'm a lover,
And lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me blessings for a curse.
With what a load of vengeance am I press'd!
Yet never, never can I hope for rest;
For when my heavy burden I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *a Bed-chamber.*

Enter Torrismond.

TORRISMOND.

LOVE, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
Have kindled up a wild-fire in my breast,
And I am all a civil war within.

Enter Queen and Teresa at a distance.

My Leonora there!
Mine! is she mine? My father's murderer mine?
Oh, that I could, with honour, love her more,
Or hate her less, with reason!—See, she weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
I thus estrange my person from her bed.
Shall I not tell her? No; 'twill break her heart:
She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes. [*Exit.*]

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost! Didst thou not see

G

His

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

His fullen eyes, how gloomily they glanc'd ?

He look'd not like the Torrismond I lov'd. [ceeds ?

' *Ter.* Can you not guess from whence this change pro-

' *Qu.* No, there's the grief, Teresa. Oh, Teresa!

' Pain would I tell thee what I feel within,

' But shame and modesty have ty'd my tongue !

' Yet I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me,

' How dear, how sweet his first embraces were ;

' With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine,

' And suck'd my breath at every word I spoke,

' As if he drew his inspiration thence ;

' While both our souls came upward to our mouths,

' As neighbouring monarchs at their borders meet.

' I thought—Oh, no, 'tis false, I could not think !

' 'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

' *Ter.* Then sure his transports were not less than yours.

' *Qu.* More, more ! for by the high-hung tapers' light

' I could discern his cheeks were glowing red,

' His very eye-balls trembled with his love,

' And sparkled through their casements humid fires :

' He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have

' But was too fierce to throw away the time ; [spoke,

' All he could say, was love and Leonora.

' *Ter.* How then can you suspect him lost so soon ?

' *Qu.* Last night he flew not with a bridegroom's haste,

' Which eagerly prevents th' appointed hour.

' I told the clocks, and watch'd the wasting light,

' And list'ned to each softly-treading step,

' In hope 'twas he ; but still it was not he.

' At last he came, but with such alter'd looks,

' So wild, so ghastly, as if some ghost had met him.

' All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round ;

' Then with a groan, he threw himself in bed,

' But far from me, as far as he could move,

' And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

' *Ter.* What, all the night ?

' *Qu.* Ev'n all the live-long night.

' At last (for, blushing, I must tell thee all)

' I press'd his hand, and laid me by his side ;

' He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a serpent.

' With that I burst into a flood of tears,

' And ask'd him how I had offended him ?

' He answer'd nothing but with sighs and groans ;

' So

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

- ‘ So restless pass’d the night ; and at the dawn,
- ‘ Leap’d from the bed, and vanish’d.
- ‘ *Ter.* Sighs and groans,
- ‘ Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love.
- ‘ He only fears to make you share his sorrows.
- ‘ *Qu.* I wish ’twere so ; but love still doubts the worst.
- ‘ My heavy heart, the prophets of woes,
- ‘ Forebodes some ill at hand. To sooth my sadness,
- ‘ Sing me the song which poor Olympia made,
- ‘ When false Bireno left her.

‘ S O N G.

- ‘ Farewel, ungrateful traitor,
- ‘ Farewel, my perjur’d swain ;
- ‘ Let never injur’d creature
- ‘ Believe a man again.
- ‘ The pleasure of possessing
- ‘ Surpasses all expressing,
- ‘ But ’tis too short a blessing,
- ‘ And love too long a pain.
- ‘ ’Tis easy to deceive us,
- ‘ In pity of your pain ;
- ‘ But when we love you leave us
- ‘ To rail at you in vain.
- ‘ Before we have descry’d it,
- ‘ There is no bliss beside it ;
- ‘ But she that once has try’d it,
- ‘ Will never love again.
- ‘ The passion you pretended,
- ‘ Was only to obtain ;
- ‘ But when the charm is ended,
- ‘ The charmer you disdain.
- ‘ Your love by ours we measure,
- ‘ ’Till we have lost our treasure ;
- ‘ But dying is a pleasure,
- ‘ When living is a pain.’

Re-enter Torrismond.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak ;
 But wander, like some discontented ghost,
 That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*

150 THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Qu. Oh, Torrismond, if you resolve my death,
You need no more but to go hence again!

Will you not speak?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak, Oh, speak!

Your anger would be kinder than your silence.

Tor. Oh!

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

Tor. Why do I live ye powers?

Qu. Why do I live to hear you speak that word?

Some black-mouth'd villain has defam'd my virtue.

Tor. No, no! pray, let me go.

Qu. [*Kneeling.*] You shall not go.

By all the pleasures of our nuptial bed,

If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,

By these true tears, which, from my wounded heart,

Bleed at my eyes —————

Tor. Rise.

Qu. I will never rise;

I cannot chuse a better place to die.

Tor. Oh, I would speak, but cannot! [me not.]

Qu. [*Rising.*] Guilt keeps you silent then; you love

What have I done? Ye pow'rs, what have I done,

To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,

No sooner gain'd, but flighted and betray'd;

And like a rose just gather'd from the stalk,

But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,

To wither on the ground? [passion.]

Tor. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, moderate your

Qu. Why nam'st thou heav'n? There is no heav'n for

Despair, death, hell have seiz'd my tortur'd soul. [me:]

When I had rais'd his groveling fate from ground,

To pow'r and love, to empire and to me;

When each embrace was dearer than the first;

Then, then to be condemn'd! then, then thrown off!

It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,

And loathsome: Oh, what woman can bear loathsome!

The turtle flies not from his billing mate;

He bills the closer: but ungrateful man,

Base, barbarous man, the more we raise our love,

The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.

Racks,

' Racks, poisons, daggers, rid me of my life ;
' And any death is welcome.'

Tor. Be witness, all ye pow'rs that know my heart,
I would have kept the fatal secret hid,
But she has conquer'd, to her ruin conquer'd.
Here, take this paper ; read our destinies :
' Yet do not ; but, in kindness to yourself,
' Be ignorantly safe.

' *Qu.* No, give it me,
' Even though it be the sentence of my death.

' *Tor.* Then see how much unhappy love has made us
' Oh, Leonora ! Oh !

' We two were born when sullen planets reign'd ;

' When each the other's influence oppos'd,
' And drew the stars to factions at our birth.

' Oh, better, better had it been for us,
' That we had never seen, or never lov'd !

' *Qu.* There is no faith in Heav'n, if Heav'n says so
' You dare not give it.

' *Tor.* As unwillingly,
' As I would reach out opium to a friend
' Who lay in torture, and desir'd to die.' [*Gives the paper.*]

But, now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of tears it costs you.

Go, silently enjoy your part of grief,
And share the sad inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirsty fever in my soul ;
Give me but present ease, and let me die.

[*Exeunt Queen and Teresa.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord ; the city bands are up,
Drums beating, colours flying, shouts confus'd,
All clust'ring in a heap, like swarming hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish Bertran, and revenge the King ;
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the castle kept by Bertran ;
But now they cry, Down with the palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Tor. The Queen, Lorenzo ! durst they name the Queen !

78 THE SPANISH FRYAR.

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. Oh, sacrilege! Say, quickly, who commands
This vile blaspheming rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you;
But both our fathers thrust them headlong on,
And bear down all before them.

Tor. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my Lorenzo? Dar'st thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,
To help me save the Queen?

Lor. [*Aside.*] Let me consider——
Bear arms against my father! He begat me;
That's true: but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own, sure enough; for me he knew not.
Oh, but, says Conscience, fly in Nature's face!
But how if Nature fly in my face first?
Then Nature's the aggressor—Let her look to't——
He gave me life, and he may take it back——
No, that's boy's play, say I.

'Tis policy for son and father to take different sides;
For then lands and tenements commit no treason.

[*To Tor.*] Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found
my father to be little better than a rebel; and therefore
I'll do my best to secure him for your sake, in hope you
may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the troops,
Which every moment I expect t' arrive.
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful king.
I need not caution thee for Raymond's life,
Though I no more must call him father now.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How, not call him father! I see prefer-
ment alters a man strangely: this may serve me for a use
of instruction, to cast off my father, when I am great. Me-
thought, too, he called himself the lawful king, intimating
sweetly, that he knows what's what with our sovereign
Lady. Well, if I rout my father, as I hope in Heaven
I shall, I am in a fair way to be a prince of the blood—
Farewel, General; I'll bring up those that shall try what
mettle there is in orange-tawny. [*Exit.*]

Tor. [*At the door.*] Haste, there, command the guards
be all drawn up

Before

Before the palace gate. By Heaven, I'll face
This tempest, and deserve the name of king.

' Oh, Leonora, beauteous in thy crimes,
' Never were hell and heaven so match'd before !
' Look upward, fair, but as thou look'st on me ;
' Then all the blest'd will beg that thou may'st live,
' And ev'n my father's ghost his death forgive.' [Exit.

' SCENE, the Palace-yard. Drums, and trumpets within.

' Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their Party.

' Ray. Now, valiant citizens, the time is come,
' To show our courage, and your loyalty.
' You have a prince of Sancho's royal blood,
' The darling of the heav'ns, and joy of earth :
' When he's produc'd, as soon he shall among you,
' Speak, what will you adventure to re-seat him
' Upon his father's throne ?

' Omnes. Our lives and fortunes.

' Ray. What then remains to perfect our success,
' But o'er the tyrant's guards to force our way ?

' Omnes. Lead on, lead on.

' [Drums and trumpets on the other side.

' Enter Torrismond and his party. As they are going to
fight, he speaks.

' Tor. [To his.] Hold, hold your arms,

' Raym. Retire. What means this pause ?

' Ped. Peace ; nature works within them.

' [Tor. and Raym. go apart.

' Tor. How comes it, good old man, that we two meet
' On these harsh terms ? Thou very reverend rebel,
' Thou venerable traitor, in whose face
' And hoary hairs treason is sanctified,
' And sin's black dye seems blanch'd by age to virtue.

' Raym. What treason is it to redeem my king,

' And to reform the state ?

' Tor. That's a stale cheat ;

' The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first us'd it,
' And was the first reformer of the skies.

' Raym. What ! if I see my prince mistake a poison,

' Call it a cordial, am I then a traitor,

' Because I hold his hand, or break the glass ?

' Tor. How dar'st thou serve thy king against his will ?

' Raym.

‘ *Raym.* Because ’tis then the only time to serve him.

‘ *Tor.* I take the blame of all upon myself.

‘ Discharge thy weight on me.

‘ *Raym.* Oh, never, never!

‘ Why, ’tis to leave a ship to’s’d in a tempest.

‘ Without the pilot’s care.

‘ *Tor.* I’ll punish thee,

‘ By Heav’n, I will, as I would punish rebels,

‘ Thou stubborn loyal man.

‘ *Raym.* First let me see

‘ Her punish’d, who misleads you from your fame;

‘ Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,

‘ And I shall die well pleas’d.

‘ *Tor.* Proclaim my title,

[still]

‘ To save th’ effusion of my subjects’ blood, and thou shalt

‘ Be as my foster-father, near my breast,

‘ And next my Leonora.

‘ *Raym.* That word stabs me;

‘ You shall be still plain Torrifmond with me,

‘ Th’ abetter, partner, (if you like that name)

‘ The husband of a tyrant; but no king,

‘ Till you deserve that title by your justice.

‘ *Tor.* Then, farewell pity; I will be obey’d.

‘ [To the people.] Hear, you mistaken men, whose loyalty

‘ Runs headlong into treason; see your prince;

‘ In me behold your murder’d Sancho’s son:

‘ Dismiss your arms, and I forgive your crimes.

‘ *Raym.* Believe him not; he raves: his words are loose.

‘ As heaps of sand, and scattering, wide from sense.

‘ You see he knows not me, his natural father;

‘ But, aiming to possess th’ usurping Queen,

‘ So high he’s mounted in his airy hopes,

‘ That now the wind is got into his head,

‘ And turns his brains to frenzy.

‘ *Tor.* Hear me yet; I am——

‘ *Raym.* Fall on, and hear him not:

‘ But spare his person for his father’s sake.

‘ *Ped.* Let me come; if he be mad, I have that shall

‘ cure him; there’s not a surgeon in all Arragon has

‘ so much dexterity as I have, at breathing of the tem-

‘ ple-vein.

‘ *Tor.* My right for me!

‘ *Raym.*

' *Raym.* Our liberty for us !

' *Om.* Liberty, liberty ! [*As they are ready to fight,*

' *Enter Lorenzo and his party.*

' *Lor.* On forfeit of your lives, lay down your arms.

' *Alph.* How, rebel ! art thou there ?

' *Lor.* Take your rebel back again, father mine. The beaten party are rebels to the conquerors. I have been at hard-head with your butting citizens; I have routed your herd; I have dispersed them; and now they are retreated quietly, from their extraordinary vocation of fighting in the streets, to their ordinary vocation of cozening in their shops.

' *Tor.* [*To Raym.*] You see 'tis vain contending with Acknowledge what I am. [the truth.]

' *Raym.* You are my king; would you would be your But, by a fatal fondness, you betray [own;

' Your fame and glory to th' usurper's bed;

' Enjoy the fruits of blood and parricide.

' Take your own crown from Leonora's gift,

' And hug your father's murderer in your arms.

' *Enter Queen, Teresa, and Woman.*

' *Alph.* No more: behold the Queen.

' *Raym.* Behold the basilisk of Torrismond, That kills him with her eyes. I will speak on.

' My life is of no further use to me:

' I would have chaffer'd it before for vengeance;

' Now let it go for failing.

' *Tor.* [*Aside.*] My heart sinks in me while I hear him And every slack'd fibre drops its hold, [speak,

' Like nature letting down the springs of life;

' So much the name of father awes me still.

' Send off the crowd. For you, now I have conquer'd,

' I can hear with honour your demands.

' *Lor.* [*To Alph.*] Now, Sir, who proves the traitor? My conscience is true to me; it always whispers right when I have my regiment to back it.

' [*Exeunt all but Tor. Raym. and Queen.*

' *Tor.* Oh, Leonora! what can love do more?

' I have oppos'd your ill fate to the utmost,

' Combated heav'n and earth to keep you mine;

' And yet, at last, that tyrant, Justice—Oh!——

' *Qu.* 'Tis past, 'tis past, and love is ours no more.

' Yet

' Yet I complain not of the pow'rs above;
 ' They made m' a miser's feast of happiness,
 ' And could not furnish out another meal.
 ' Now, by yon stars, by heav'n, and earth, and men;
 ' By all my foes at once, I swear, my Torrismond,
 ' That to have had you mine for one short day,
 ' Has cancell'd half my mighty sum of woes.
 ' Say but you hate me not.

' *Tor.* I cannot hate you.

' *Raym.* Can you not? Say that once more,
 ' That all the saints may witness it against you.

' *Qu.* Cruel Raymond!

' Can he not punish me, but he must hate?
 ' Oh, 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage,
 ' Which hates th' offender's person with his crimes!
 ' I have enough to overwhelm one woman;
 ' To lose a crown and lover in a day.
 ' Let pity lend a tear when rigour strikes.

' *Raym.* Then, then you should have thought of tears
 ' When virtue, majesty, and hoary age [and pity,
 ' Pleaded for Sancho's life.

' *Qu.* My future days shall be one whole contrition.
 ' A chapel will I build, with large endowment,
 ' Where every day an hundred aged men
 ' Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heav'n,
 ' To pardon Sancho's death.

' *Tor.* See, Raymond, see, she makes a large amends.
 ' Sancho is dead: no punishment of her
 ' Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave;
 ' Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
 ' Or break th' eternal sabbath of his rest,
 ' To see, with joy, her miseries on earth.

' *Raym.* Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence;
 ' For Heaven can judge if penitence be true;
 ' But man, who knows not hearts, should make examples;
 ' Which, like a warning-piece, must be shot off,
 ' To fright the rest from crimes.

' *Qu.* Had I but known that Sancho was his father,
 ' I would have pour'd a deluge of my blood,
 ' To save one drop of his.

' *Tor.* Mark that, inexorable Raymond; mark,
 ' 'Twas fatal ignorance that caus'd his death.

' *Raym.*

' *Raym.* What if she did not know he was your father ?
' She knew he was a man, the best of men,
' Heaven's image double-stamp'd, as man and king.

' *Qu.* He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say ;
' But yet——

' *Raym.* But yet you barbarously murder'd him.

' *Qu.* He will not hear me out !

' *Tor.* Was ever criminal forbid to plead ?

' Curb your ill-manner'd zeal.

' *Raym.* Sing to him, syren ;

' For I shall stop my ears. Now mince the sin,

' And mollify damnation with a phrase :

' Say, you consented not to Sancho's death ;

' But barely not forbade it.

' *Qu.* Hard-hearted man ! I yield my guilty cause ;

' But all my guilt was caus'd by too much love.

' Had I for jealousy of empire fought

' Good Sancho's death, Sancho had dy'd before.

' 'Twas always in my power to take his life ;

' But interest never could my conscience blind,

' 'Till love had cast a mist before my eyes,

' And made me think his death the only means

' Which could secure my throne to Torrismond.

' *Tor.* Never was fatal mischief meant so kind ;

' For all she gave has taken all away.

' Malicious pow'rs ! is this to be restor'd ?

' 'Tis to be worse depos'd than Sancho was.

' *Raym.* Heav'n has restor'd you, you depose yourself.

' Oh, when young kings begin with scorn of justice,

' They make an omen to their after-reign,

' And blot their annals in the foremost page !

' *Tor.* No more ; lest you be made the first example,

' To show how I can punish.

' *Raym.* Once again,

' Let her be made your father's sacrifice,

' And after make me her's.

' *Tor.* Condemn a wife !

' That were t' atone for parricide with murder.

' *Raym.* Then let her be divorc'd : we'll be content

' With that poor scanty justice. Let her part. [love.

' *Tor.* Divorce ! that's worse than death ; 'tis death of

' *Qu.* The soul and body part not with such pain,

' As

‘ As I from you : but yet ’tis just, my Lord :

‘ I am th’ accurst of Heav’n, the hate of earth,

‘ Your subjects’ detestation, and your ruin :

‘ And therefore fix this doom upon myself.’

‘ *Tor.* Heav’n ! can you wish it ? to be mine no more ?

‘ *Qu.* Yes, I can wish it, as the dearest proof,

‘ And last that I can make you of my love.

‘ To leave you blest, I would be more accurst

‘ Than death can make me ; for death ends our woes,

‘ And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene :

‘ But I would live without you ; to be wretched long ;

‘ And hoard up every moment of my life,

‘ To lengthen out the payment of my tears,

‘ Till ev’n fierce Raymond, at the last shall say,

‘ Now let her die for she has griev’d enough,

‘ *Tor.* Hear this, hear this, thou tribune of the people :

‘ Thou zealous, public blood-hound, hear, and melt.

‘ *Ray.* [*Aside.*] I could cry now, my eyes grow wo-

‘ But yet my heart holds out. [manish,

‘ *Qu.* Some solitary cloyster will I chuse,

‘ And there with holy virgins live immur’d :

‘ Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,

‘ Broke by the melancholy midnight-bell :

‘ Now, Raymond, now be satisfy’d at last,

‘ Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,

‘ Shall do dead Sancho justice every hour.

‘ *Ray.* [*Aside.*] By your leave, manhood !

‘ [*Wipes his eyes.*

‘ *Tor.* He weeps, now he is vanquish’d.

‘ *Ray.* No ; ’tis a salt rheum that scalds my eyes.

‘ *Qu.* If he were vanquish’d, I am still unconquer’d.

‘ I’ll leave you in the height of all my love,

‘ Ev’n when my heart is beating out its way,

‘ And struggles to you most.

‘ Farewel, a last farewell ! my dear, dear Lord,

‘ Remember me ; speak, Raymond, will you let him ?

‘ Shall he remember Leonora’s love,

‘ And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes ?

‘ *Ray.* [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall ; pray go.

‘ *Tor.* Now, by my soul, she shall not go : why, Ray-

‘ Her every tear is worth a father’s life ; [mond,

‘ Come to my arms ; come, my fair penitent,

' Let us not think what future ills may fall,
' But drink deep draughts of love, and lose them all.
[Exit Tor. with the Queen.

' Ray. No matter yet, he has my hook within him.
' Now let him frisk and flounce, and run and roll,
' And think to break his hold : he toils in vain.
' This love, the bait he gorg'd so greedily,
' Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

' Enter Alphonso and Pedro.

' Alph. Brother, there's news from Bertran ; he desires
' Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,
' This day shall end our fears of civil war ;
' For his safe conduct he entreats your presence,
' And begs you would be speedy.

' Ray. Though I loath
' The traitor's sight, I'll go : attend us here.' [Exeunt.
Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, with Officers, to make the
stage as full as possible.

Ped. Why, how now, Gomez ; what makest thou
here with a whole brotherhood of city-bailiffs ? Why,
thou lookest like Adam in Paradise, with his guard of
beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don Pedro ;
for here are the two old seducers, a wife and a priest,
that's Eve and the serpent, at my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of church-
men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable belswagger : my wife
cried out fire, fire ; and you brought out your church
buckets, and called for engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your
wife ; her education has been virtuous, her nature mild
and easy.

Gom. Yes ; she's easy with a vengeance, there's a cer-
tain Colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me—she's ne-
ver the worse for my wearing, I'll take my oath on't : I
have lived with her with all the innocence of a man of
threescore ; like a peaceable bedfellow as I am.

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no reason to complain of him
for disturbing of my sleep.

H

Dom.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given yourself; the church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievances.

Dom. Why, noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, fryar! and let me speak first. I am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit, where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edify by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and applications for yourselves.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first; nay, I will, fryar, for all your *verbum sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lie by the clock, as you use to do: for, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any fryar in all Spain; that's a bold word now.

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone; I shall fetch him back with a *circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your wife, Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgment; that a bachelor-cobler is a happier man than a prince in wedlock; that we are all visited with a household plague, and, "Lord have mercy upon us" should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles marriage; which is one of the seven blessed sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly sins: but make your best on't; I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels for all that! But, as for my wife, that crocodile of Nilus, she has wickedly and traiterously conspired the cuckoldom of me her anointed sovereign lord; and with the help of the aforesaid fryar, whom heaven confound, and with the limbs of one Colonel Hernando, cuckold-maker of this city, devilishly contrived to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls and other jewels, to the value of thirty thousand pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how sayest thou, culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath point-blank against every particular of this charge.

Elo. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads and praying to myself, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul out-cry before Gomez's portal; and his wife, my penitent, making doleful lamentations; thereupon, making what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are crimped with often-kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my sacerdotal orders, pushed me from him, and turned me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a man would set up a top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, 'till a good-minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, Oh, Lady! Oh, Lady too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble Colonel, like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be sure—whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado upon bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience.

Gom. Who? the meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as Rhodomont; he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the rainbow; and every word this abominable priest has uttered is as false as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough-paced liar, that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the company, and stands at his father's back unseen, over against Gomez.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How now! What's here to do? My cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own father: now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate, 'that stands like the picture of Madam Justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, to weigh lechery by ounces.'

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando?

Gom. He's the first begotten of Beelzebub, with a face as terrible as Demogorgon. [*Lorenzo peeps over Alphonso's head, and stares at Gomez.*] No; I lie, I lie; he's a very proper handsome fellow! well proportioned, and clean shaped, with a face like a cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward. Gomez, dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former design upon your wife? for, if that be proved, you shall have justice.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadful as he will. I say, Sir, and will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupted her honesty. [*Lorenzo lifts up his fist clenched at him.*] I confess, my wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him; for I have known him formerly, a very civil and modest person.

Elv. You see, Sir, he contradicts himself at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly: he struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very walls cried shame on him. [*Lorenzo holds up again.*] 'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the man's as peaceable a gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the truth comes out, in spite of him.

Ped. I believe the fryar has bewitched him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offered him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravished me with the help of two soldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a plot against the government. [*Lorenzo holds up again.*] I confess, I never could endure the government, because it was tyrannical: but my sides and shoulders are black and blue, as I can strip and shew the marks of them. [*Lorenzo again.*] But that might happen too by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles. [*All laugh.*]

Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber: a most manifest judgment; there never comes better of railing against the church.

Gom.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad: truth has been at my tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out, for fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my wife's Colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. [Turning.] Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my son Lorenzo.

Gom. How? Your son, Lorenzo! It is impossible.

Alph. As true as your wife, Elvira, is my daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her brother, my fides can shew the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. [To Lor.] You know I put your sister into a nunnery, with a strict command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was never my intention; and, consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious harlot have I lost! Now, pox upon me, for being so near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholden to fryar Dominick, 'the church is an indulgent mother, she never fails to do her part.'

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not alike to trouble Heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburden him of my hundred pistoles, to make him the lighter for his journey; indeed 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessary to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains you have taken with my daughter: but I shall do it by proxy, fryar: your bishop's my friend, and 'tis too honest, to let such as you infect a cloyster.

Gom. Ay, do, father-in-law, let him to be stripped of his habit, and disordered—I would fain see him walk in

quirpo, like a cased rabbit, without his holy furr upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a fryar.

Dom. Farewel, kind gentlemen: I give you all my blessing before I go. — May your sisters, wives and daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a devil to tempt, or a fryar to pimp for them.

[*Exit, with a rabble pushing him.*]

Enter Torrismond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Teresa, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my royal father lives! Let every one partake the general joy.

Some angel with a golden trumpet found,
King Sancho lives! and let the echoing skies
From pole to pole resound, king Sancho lives!
Oh, Bertran, Oh, no more my foe, but brother:
One act like this blots out a thousand crimes.

Bert. Bad men, when 'tis their interest, may do good:
I must confess, I counsel'd Sancho's murder;
And urg'd the Queen by specious arguments;
But still, suspecting that her love was chang'd,
I spread abroad the rumour of his death,
To sound the very soul of her designs:
Th' event you know was answering to my fears:
She threw the odium of the fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her love to you.

Ray. Heaven guided all to save the innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but favour: Sancho's life,
Whether by virtue or design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Qu. My prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But Sancho's leave to authorize our marriage.

Tor. Oh, fear not him! pity and he are one;
So merciful a king did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive:
But let the bold conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes princes its peculiar care.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

By a Friend of the AUTHOR.

THERE's none, I'm sure, who is a friend to love,
 But will our fryar's character approve:
 The ablest spark among you sometimes needs
 Such pious help, for charitable deeds.
 Our church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want
 These ghostly comforts for the falling saint:
 This gains them their whore-converts, and may be
 One reason of the growth of Popery.
 So Mahomet's religion came in fashion,
 By the large leave it gave to fornication.
 Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well;
 There is no Dives in the Roman hell.
 Gold opens the straight gate, and lets him in:
 But want of money is a mortal sin.
 For all besides you may discount to heaven,
 And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.
 How are men cozen'd still with shows of good!
 The bawd's best mask is the grave fryar's hood.
 Though vice no more a clergyman displeases,
 Than doctors can be thought to hate diseases.
 'Tis by your living ill, that they live well.
 By your debauches their fat paunches swell.
 'Tis a mock war between the priest and devil;
 When they think fit, they can be very civil.
 As some, who did French counsels most advance,
 To blind the world, have rail'd in print at France,
 Thus do the clergy at your vices bawl,
 That with more ease they may engross them all.
 By damning yours, they do their own maintain,
 A churchman's godliness is always gain.
 Hence to their prince they will superior be;
 And civil treason grows church loyalty:
 They boast the gift of heaven is in their power;
 Well may they give the god they can devour.

*Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on carrion that the vermin prey.
Nor have they less dominion on our life,
They trot the husband, and they pace the wife.
Rouse up, you cuckolds of the northern climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the fryar, and leave the holy drone
To hum in his forsaken hive alone;
He'll work no honey when his sting is gone.
Your wives and daughters soon will leave the cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells.*







I. Roberts del.

Published for Bells British Theatre July 17th 1777.

Thornthwaite Scul.

M^{rs} BULKLEY in the Character of LADY DAINTY.
An Ironmongers Wife have the Spleen! thou mightst

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
DOUBLE GALLANT:

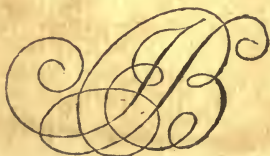
OR, THE
SICK LADY'S CURE.

A COMEDY,
As written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

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AS PERFORMED AT THE
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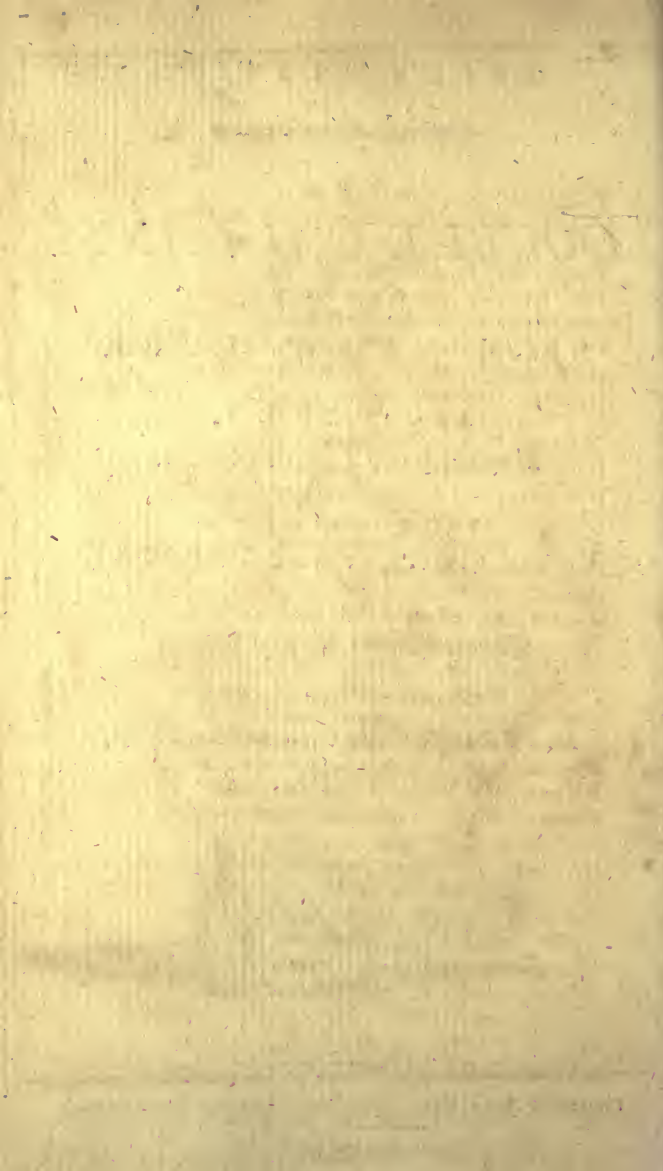
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L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.



P R O L O G U E.

COULD those, who never try'd, conceive the sweat,
 The toil requir'd, to make a play complete,
 They'd pardon, or encourage all that could
 Pretend to be but tolerably good.
 Plot, wit, and humour's hard to meet in one,
 And yet without them all—all's lamely done :
 One wit, perhaps, another humour paints ;
 A third designs you well, but genius wants ;
 A fourth begins with fire—but, ah ! too weak to hold
 it, faints. }
 A modern bard, who late adorn'd the bays,
 Whose muse advanc'd his fame to envy'd praise,
 Was still observ'd to want his judgment most in plays. }
 Those, he too often found, requir'd the pain
 And stronger forces of a vigorous brain :
 Nay, even alter'd plays, like old houses mended,
 Cost little less than new, before they're ended ;
 At least, our author finds the experience true,
 For equal pains had made this wholly new :
 And though the name seems old, the scenes will shew
 That 'tis, in fact, no more the same, than now }
 Fam'd Chatsworth is, what 'twas some years ago.
 Pardon the boldness, that a play should dare,
 With works of so much wonder to compare :
 But as that fabrick's ancient walls or wood
 Were little worth, to make this new one good ;
 So of this play, we hope, 'tis understood. }
 For though from former scenes some hints he draws,
 The ground-plot's wholly chang'd from what it was :
 Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
 In plot, in persons, wit and humour too :
 Yet what's not his, he owns in others right,
 Nor toils he now for fame, but your delight.
 If that's attain'd, what matter's whose the play's ?
 Applaud the scenes, and strip him of the praise.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane.

Sir Solomon Sadlife, _____
Clerimont, _____
Careless, _____
Atall, _____
Old Mr. Wilful, _____
Sir Harry Atall, _____
Supple, _____
Dr. Blister, _____
Rhubarb, _____
Finder, _____

Mr. Parsons.
 Mr. Packer.
 Mr. Jefferson.
 Mr. King.
 Mr. Baddeley.
 Mr. Hurst.
 Mr. Burton.
 Mr. Keen.
 Mr. Wrighten.
 Mr. Wright.

W O M E N.

Lady Dainty, _____
Lady Sadlife, _____
Clarinda, _____
Sylvia, _____
Wishwell, _____
Situp, _____

Miss Young.
 Mrs. Abington.
 Mrs. Greville.
 Mrs. Baddeley.
 Mrs. Davies.
 Mrs. Bradshaw.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

* * *The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Clerimont and Atall.

CLERIMONT.

MR. Atall, your very humble servant.

At. O, Clerimont, such an adventure! I was just going to your lodgings, such a transporting accident! in short, I am now positively in love for altogether.

Cler. All the sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my friend, I am ruin'd past redemption.

Cler. Dear Sir, if I stand your friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why should you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in love within this fortnight; and it would be hard indeed to suppose a heart of so much mettle could not hold out a third engagement.

At. Then, to be serious, in one word, I am honourably in love; and, if she proves the woman I am sure she must, will positively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate virtue!

At. Now will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me. Pray give me leave first to ask a question or two: What is this honourable lady's name?

6 THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her parents ?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. What fortune has she ?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does she live ?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. A very concise account of the person you design to marry. Pray, Sir, what is't you do know of her ?

At. That I'll tell you: Coming yesterday from Greenwich by water, I overtook a pair of oars, whose lovely freight was one single lady, and a fellow in a handsome livery in the stern. When I came up, I had at first resolved to use the privilege of the element, and bait her with waterman's wit, till I came to the bridge ; but, as soon as she saw me, she very prudently prevented my design ; and, as I passed, bow'd to me with an humble blush, that spoke at once such sense, so just a fear, and modesty, as put the loosest of my thoughts to rout. And when she found her fears had moved me into manners, the cautious gloom that sat upon her beauties disappeared ; her sparkling eyes resumed their native fire ; she looked, she smiled, she talked, while her diffusive charms new fired my heart, and gave my soul a softness it never felt before—To be brief, her conversation was as charming as her person, both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly ; but then her limbs ! O rapturous thought ! The snowy down upon the wings of unfledged love, had never half that softness.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray, Sir, how came you so well acquainted with her limbs ?

At. By the most fortunate misfortune sure that ever was : for, as we were shooting the bridge, her boat, by the negligence of the waterman, running against the piles, was overset ; out jumps the footman to take care of a single rogue, and down went the poor lady to the bottom. My boat being before her, the stream drove her, by the help of her cloaths, toward me ; at sight of her I plunged in, caught her in my arms, and, with much ado, supported her till my waterman pulled in to save us. But the charming difficulty of her getting into the boat, gave me a transport that all the wide water in the

the Thames had not power to cool? for, Sir, while I was giving her a lift into the boat, I found the floating of her cloaths had left her lovely limbs beneath as bare as a new-born Venus rising from the sea.

Cler. What an impudent happiness art thou capable of!

At. When she was a little recovered from her fright she began to enquire my name, abode, and circumstances, that she might know to whom she owed her life and preservation. Now, to tell you the truth, I durst not trust her with my real name, lest she should from thence have discovered that my father was now actually under bonds to marry me to another woman; so faith I even told her my name was Freeman, a Gloucestershire gentleman, of a good estate, just come to town about a chancery suit. Besides, I was unwilling any accident should let my father know of my being yet in England, lest he should find me out, and force me to marry the woman I never saw (for which, you know, he commanded me home) before I have time to prevent it.

Cler. Well; but could you not learn the lady's name all this while?

At. No faith, she was inexorable to all intreaties; only told me in general terms, that if what I vowed to her was sincere, she would give me a proof in a few days what hazards she would run to requite my services; so after having told her where she might hear of me, I saw her into a chair, pressed her by the cold rosy fingers, kissed them warm, and parted.

Cler. What, then you are quite off with the lady, I suppose, that you made an acquaintance with in the Park last week.

At. No, no; not so neither: one's my Juno, all pride and beauty; but this my Venus, all life, love, and softness. Now, what I beg of thee, dear Clerimont, is this: Mrs. Juno, as I told you, having done me the honour of a civil visit or two at my own lodgings, I must needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. Venus in; for if the rival goddesses should meet and clash, you know there would be the devil to do between them.

Cler. Well, Sir, my lodgings are at your service: but you must be very private and sober, I can tell you; for my

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my landlady's a Presbyterian ; if she suspects your design, you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear ; I'll be as careful as a guilty conscience : but I want immediate possession ; for I expect to hear from her every moment, and have already directed her to send thither. Pr'ythee, come with me.

Cler. Faith you must excuse me ; I expect some ladies in the Park that I would not miss of for an empire : but yonder's my servant, he shall conduct you.

At. Very good ! that will do as well then ; I'll send my man along with him to expect her commands, and call me if she sends : and in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own lodgings ; for, to tell you the truth, I expect a small message there from my goddess imperial. And I am not so much in love with my new bird in the bush, as to let t'other fly out of my hand for her.

Cler. And pray, Sir, what name does your goddess imperial, as you call her, know you by ?

At. O, Sir, with her I pass for a man of arms, and am called Colonel Standfast ; with my new face, John Freeman, of Flatland-Hall, esq. But time flies ; I must leave you.

Cler. Well, dear Atall, I'm yours—— Good luck to you. [*Exit At.*] What a happy fellow is this, that owes his success with the women purely to his inconstancy ? Here comes another too almost as happy as he, a fellow that's wise enough to be but half in love, and make his whole life a studied idleness.

Enter Careless.

So, Careless ! you're constant, I see, to your morning's faunter. Well, how stand matters ? I hear strange things of thee ; that after having railed at marriage all thy life, thou hast resolved to fall into the noose at last.

Care. I don't see any great terror in the noose, as you call it, when a man's weary of liberty : the liberty of playing the fool, when one's turned of thirty, is not of much value.

Cler. Hey-day ! Then you begin to have nothing in your head now, but settlements, children, and the main chance ?

Care. Even so faith ; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forced very often to make my way through pills, elixirs, bolus's, ptisans, and gallipots.

Cler.

Cler. What, is your mistress an apothecary's widow?

Care. No, but she is an apothecary's shop, and keeps as many drugs in her bed-chamber; she has her physick for every hour of the day and night—for 'tis vulgar, she says, to be a moment in rude and perfect health. Her bed lined with poppies; the black boys at the feet, that the healthy employ to bear flowers in their arms, she loads with diascordium, and other sleepy potions; her sweet-bags, instead of the common and offensive smells of musk and amber, breathe nothing but the more modish and salubrious scents of hart's-horn, rue, and asafœtida.

Cler. Why, at this rate, she's only fit to be the consort of Hippocrates. But pray what other charms has this extraordinary lady?

Care. She has one, Tom, that a man may relish without being so deep a physician.

Cler. What's that?

Care. Why, two thousand pounds a year.

Cler. No vulgar beauty, I confess, Sir. But canst thou for any consideration throw thyself into this hospital, this box of physick, and lie all night like leaf-gold upon a pill?

Care. O, dear Sir, this is not half the evil; her humour is as fantastic as her diet; nothing that is English must come near her; all her delight is in foreign imperinencies: her rooms are all of Japan or Persia, her dress Indian, and her equipage are all monsters: the coachman came over with his horses, both from Russia, Flanders are too common; the rest of her trim are a motley crowd of blacks, tawny, olives, feulamots, and pale blues: in short, she's for any thing that comes from beyond sea; her greatest monsters are those of her own country; and she's in love with nothing o'this side the line, but the apothecaries.

Cler. Apothecaries quotha! why your fine lady, for aught I see, is a perfect dose of folly and physick; in a month's time she'll grow like an antimonial cup, and a kiss will be able to work with you.

Care. But to prevent that, Tom, I design upon the wedding-day to break all her gallipots, kick the doctor down stairs, and force her, instead of physick, to take a hearty

heartly meal of a swinging rump of boiled beef and carrots, and so 'faith I have told her.

Clor. That's something familiar: are you so near man and wife?

Care. O nearer; for I sometimes plague her till she hates the very sight of me.

Cler. Ha! ha! very good! So being a very troublesome lover, you pretend to cure her of her physick by a counter poison.

Care. Right; I intend to see a doctor to prescribe to her an hour of my conversation to be taken every night and morning; and this to be continued till her fever of aversion's over.

Cler. An admirable recipe!

Care. Well, Tom, but how stands thy own affair? Is Clarinda kind yet?

Cler. Faith I can't say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it; for she's grown so ridiculously ill-humoured to me of late, that if she keeps the same airs a week longer, I am in hopes to find as much ease from her folly, as my constancy would from her good-nature — But to be plain, I'm afraid I have some secret rival in the case; for women's vanity seldom gives them courage enough to use an old lover heartily ill, till they are first sure of a new one, that they intend to use better.

Care. What says Sir Solomon? He is your friend, I presume?

Cler. Yes; at least I can make him so when I please: there is an odd five hundred pound in her fortune, that he has a great mind should stick to his fingers, when he pays in the rest on't; which I am afraid I must comply with, for she can't easily marry without his consent. And yet she's so altered in her behaviour of late, that I scarce know what to do—Pr'ythee take a turn and advise me.

Care. With all my heart, [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to Sir Solomon Sadlife's House.

Enter Sir Solomon, and Supple his man.

Sir Sol. Supple, dost not thou perceive I put a great confidence in thee? I trust thee with my bosom secrets.

Sup.

Sup. Yes, Sir.

Sir Sol. Ah, Supple ! I begin to hate my wife ——— but be secret.

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, Sir.

Sir Sol. Nay, then I'll trust thee further. Between thee and I, Supple, I have reason to believe my wife hates me too.

Sup. Ah ! dear, Sir, I doubt that's no secret ; for to say the truth, my lady's bitter young and gamesome.

Sir Sol. But can she have the impudence, think'st thou, to make a cuckold of a knight, one that was dubbed by the royal sword ?

Sup. Alas, Sir, I warrant she has the courage of a countess ; if she's once provoked, she cares not what she does in her passion, if you were ten times a knight, she'd give you dub for dub, Sir.

Sir Sol. Ah ! Supple, when her blood's up, I confess she's the devil ; and I question if the whole conclave of cardinals could lay her. But suppose she should resolve to give me a sample of her sex, and make me a cuckold in cool blood ?

Sup. Why, if she should, Sir, don't take it so to heart, cuckolds are no such monsters now-a-days : in the city you know, Sir, it's so many honest men's fortune, that no body minds it there ; and at this end of the town a cuckold has as much respect as his wife, for aught I see ; for gentlemen don't know but it may be their own case another day, and so people are willing to do as they would be done by.

Sir Sol. And yet I do not think but my spouse is honest—and think she is not—would I were satisfied.

Sup. Troth, Sir, I don't know what to think, but in my conscience I believe good looking after her can do her no harm.

Sir Sol. Right, Supple ; and in order to it, I'll first demolish her visiting days. For how do I know but they may be so many private clubs for cuckoldom ?

Sup. Ah, Sir ! your worship knows I was always against your coming to this end of the town.

Sir Sol. Thou wert indeed, my honest Supple : but woman ! fair and faithless woman, wormed and worked me to her wishes ; like fond Mark Anthony I let my em-

pire moulder from my hands, and gave up all for love.—I must have a young wife, with a murrain to me—I hate her to—and yet the devil on't is, I'm still jealous of her—Stay! let me reckon up all the fashionable virtues she has that can make a man happy. In the first place—I think her very ugly.

Sup. Ah! that's because you are married to her, Sir.

Sir Sol. As for her expences, no arithmetic can reach them; she's always longing for something dear and useless; she will certainly ruin me in china, silks, ribbands, fans, laces, perfumes, washes, powder, patches, jessamine-gloves, and ratifia.

Sup. Ah, Sir, that's a cruel liquor with them.

Sir Sol. To sum up all would run me mad—The only way to put a stop to her career, must be to put off my coach, turn away her chairmen, lock out her Swiss porter, bar up the doors, keep out all visitors, and then she'll be less expensive.

Sup. Ay, Sir, for few women think it worth their while to dress for their husbands.

Sir Sol. Then we shan't be plagued with my old lady Tittle Tattle's howd'ye's in a morning, nor my Lady Dainty's spleen, or the sudden indisposition of that grim beast her horrible Dutch mastiff.

Sup. No, Sir, nor the impertinence of that great fat creature, my Lady Swill-Tea.

Sir Sol. And her squinting daughter.—No, Supple, after this night, nothing in petticoats shall come within ten yards of my doors.

Sup. Nor in breeches neither.

Sir Sol. Only Mr. Clerimont; for I expect him to sign articles with me for the five hundred pounds he is to give me, for that ungovernable jade my niece Clarinda.—But now to my own affairs. I'll step into the park, and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there. I warrant, engaged in some innocent freedom, as she calls it, as walking in a mask, to laugh at the impertinencies of fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a plot to intrigue with those that do. Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, Clarinda's *Apartment*.*Enter Clarinda and Sylvia.*

CLARINDA.

HA, ha! poor Sylvia!

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for inclination: for if there were, you know, why should it be a greater folly in me, to fall in love with a man I never saw but once in my life, than it is in you to resist an honest gentleman, whose fidelity has deserved your heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah, but an utter stranger, cousin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible; his conversation could not be counterfeit. An elevated wit, and good breeding, have a natural lustre that's inimitable. Beside, he saved my life at the hazard of his own; so that part of what I gave him, is but gratitude.

Clar. Well; you are the first woman that ever took 'fire in the middle of the Thames, sure.' But suppose now he is married, and has three or four children.

Syl. Psha! pr'ythee don't tease me with so many ill-natured objections: I tell you he is not married; I am sure he is not: for I never saw a face look more in humour in my life.—Beside, he told me himself, he was a country gentleman, just come to town upon business: and I'm resolved to believe him.

Clar. Well, well; I'll suppose you both as fit for one another as a couple of tallies. But, still, my dear, you know there's a surly old father's command against you; he is in articles to marry you to another: and though I know love is a notable contriver, I can't see how you'll get over that difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your assistance, dear Clarinda, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even wager, I prove as wise as my father.

Clar. Nay, you may be sure of me: you may see by the management of my own amours, I have so natural a compassion for disobedience, I sha'n't be able to refuse

B

you

you any thing in distress.—There's my hand; tell me how I can serve you?

Syl. Why thus:—because I would not wholly discover myself to him at once, I have sent him a note to visit me here, as if these lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my lodgings! 'Twas well I sent Colonel Standfast word I should not be at home. [*Aside.*

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my freedom, since one end of my taking it too, was to have your opinion of him before I engage any farther.

Clar. Oh, it needs no apology; any thing of mine is at your service.—I am only afraid, my troublesome, lover, Mr. Clerimont, should happen to see him, who is of late so impertinently jealous of a rival, though from what cause I know not—not but I lie too. [*Aside.*] I say, should he see him, your country gentleman would be in danger, I can tell you.

Syl. Oh, there's no fear of that; for I have ordered him to be brought in the back way: when I have talked with him a little alone, I'll find an occasion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our opinions of him.

Enter Servant to Clarinda.

Serv. Madam, my Lady Sadlife.

[*Exit.*

Syl. Psha! she here!

Clar. Don't be uneasy; she shan't disturb you: I'll take care of her.

Enter Lady Sadlife.

Lady Sad. Oh, my dears, you have lost the sweetest morning, sure, that ever peeped out of the firmament. The park never was in such perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always so when your ladyship's there.

Lady Sad. 'Tis never so without my dear Clarinda.

Syl. How civilly we women hate one another! [*Aside.*] Was there a good deal of company, Madam?

Lady Sad. Abundance! and the best I have seen this season: for 'twas between twelve and one, the very hour you know when the mob are violently hungry. Oh, the air was so inspiring! so amorous! And, to complete the pleasure, I was attacked in conversation by the most charming, modest, agreeably insinuating young fellow, sure, that ever woman played the fool with.

Clar.

Clar. Who was it ?

Lady Sad. Nay, Heaven knows ; his face is as entirely new as his conversation. What wretches our young fellows are to him ?

Syl. What sort of a person ?

Lady Sad. Tall, straight, well-limbed, walked firm ; and a look as chearful as a May-day morning.

Syl. The picture's very like : pray Heaven it is not my gentleman's !

Clar. I wish this don't prove my Colonel. [Aside.]

Syl. How came you to part with him so soon ?

Lady Sad. Oh, name it not ! that eternal damper of all pleasure, my husband, Sir Solomon, came into the Mall in the very crisis of our conversation—I saw him at a distance, and complained that the air grew tainted, that I was sick o'th' sudden, and left him in such abruptness and confusion, as if he had been himself my husband.

Clar. A melancholy disappointment, indeed !

Lady Sad. Oh, 'tis a husband's nature to give them.

A Servant enters and whispers Sylvia.

Syl. Desire him to walk in—Cousin, you'll be at hand.

Clar. In the next room—Come, Madam, Sylvia has a little business. I'll shew you some of the sweetest, prettiest figured china.

Lady Sad. My dear, I wait on you.

[Exeunt Lady Sad, and Clar.]

Enter Atall, as Mr. Freeman.

Syl. You find, Sir, I have kept my word in seeing you ; 'tis all you yet have asked of me ; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in honour I shall refuse you.

At. This generous offer, Madam, is so high an obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask a farther favour. But 'tis a lover's merit to be a miser in his wishes, and grasp at all occasions to enrich them. I own I feel your charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a loose to my ambitious thoughts, 'till I have passed one dreadful doubt that shakes them.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the trial ; and yet methinks my fears are vain : but yet to kill or cure them once for ever, be just and tell me : are you married ?

Syl. If that can make you easy, no.

At. 'Tis ease indeed—nor are you promised, nor your heart engaged?

Syl. That's hard to tell you: but to be just, I own my father has engaged my person to one I never saw; and my heart, I fear, is inclining to one he never saw.

At. Oh, yet be merciful, and ease my doubt; tell me the happy man that has deserved so exquisite a blessing.

Syl. That, Sir, requires some pause: first tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the condition of your own heart.

At. In every circumstance my heart's the same with yours; 'tis promised to one I never saw, by a commanding father, who, by my firm hopes of happiness, I am resolved to disobey, unless your cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my disobedience would beggar me.

At. Banish that fear. I'm heir to a fortune will support you like yourself—May I not know your family.

Syl. Yet you must not.

At. Why that nicety? Is not it in my power to enquire whose house this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiser: these lodgings are a friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion: but to save you the trouble of any further needless questions, I will make you one proposal. I have a young lady here within, who is the only confident of my engagements to you: on her opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I make no farther steps without it: 'twould be miserable indeed should we both meet beggars. I own your actions and appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfied of your pretensions and condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an offer exceeds my hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Desire my cousin Clarinda to walk in.

At. Ha! Clarinda! if it should be my Clarinda now, I'm in a sweet condition—by all that's terrible the very she; this was finely contrived of fortune.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Defend me! Colonel Standfast! she has certainly discovered my affairs with him, and has a mind to insult me

me by an affected resignation of her pretensions to him—I'll disappoint her, I won't know him.

Syl. Cousin, pray, come forward; this is the gentleman I am so much obliged to—Sir, this lady is a relation of mine, and the person we are speaking of.

At. I shall be proud to be better known among any of your friends. [Salutes her.]

Clar. Soh! he takes the hint, I see, and seems not to know me neither: I know not what to think.—I am confounded! I hate both him and her. How unconcerned he looks! Confusion! he addresses her before my face. [Aside.]

Lady Sadlife peeping in.

Lady Sad. What do I see? The pleasant young fellow that talked with me in the park just now! This is the luckiest accident! I must know a little more of him. [Retires.]

Syl. Cousin, and Mr. Freeman, I think I need not make any apology—you both know the occasion of my leaving you together—in a quarter of an hour I'll wait on you again. [Exit Syl.]

At. So, I'm in a hopeful way now, faith; but buff's the word: I'll stand it.

Clar. Mr. Freeman! So, my gentleman has changed his name too! How harmless he looks—I have my senses sure, and yet the demureness of that face looks as if he had a mind to persuade me out of them. I could find in my heart to humour his assurance, and see how far he'll carry it—Won't you please to sit, Sir? [They sit.]

At. What the devil can this mean?—Sure she has a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—With all my heart: if her ladyship won't know me, I'm sure 'tis not my business at this time to know her. [Aside.]

Clar. Certainly that face is cannon proof. [Aside.]

At. Now for a formal speech, as if I had never seen her in my life before. [Aside.] Madam—a hem! Madam,—I—a hem!

Clar. Curse of that steady face. [Aside.]

At. I say, Madam, since I am an utter stranger to you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more arguments than one to do me a friendship with your cousin; but if you are, as she seems to own you, her real friend,

friend, I presume you can't give her a better proof of your being so, than pleading the cause of a sincere and humble lover, whose tender wishes never can propose to taste of peace in life without her.

Clar. Umph ! I'm choaked.

[*Aside.*]

At. She gave me hopes, that when I had satisfied you of my birth and fortune, you would do me the honour to let me know her name and family.

Clar. Sir, I must own you are the most perfect master of your art, that ever entered the lists of assurance.

At. Madam !

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much easier task to impose upon my cousin, than me.

At. Impose, Madam ! I should be sorry any thing I have said could disoblige you into such hard thoughts of me. Sure, Madam, you are under some misinformation.

Clar. I was indeed, but now my eyes are open ; for, 'till this minute, I never knew that the gay Colonel Standfast, was the demure Mr. Freeman.

At. Col. Standfast ! This is extremely dark, Madam.

Clar. This jest is tedious, Sir—impudence grows dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a gentleman—but not yet wise enough, I find, to account for the humours of a fine lady.

Clar. Troth, Sir, on second thoughts I begin to be a little better reconciled to your assurance ; 'tis in some sort modesty to deny yourself ; for to own your perjuries to my face, had been an insolence transcendently provoking.

At. Really, Madam, my not being able to apprehend one word of all this is a great inconvenience to my affair with your cousin : but if you will first do me the honour to make me acquainted with her name and family, I don't much care if I do take a little pains afterwards to come to a right understanding with you.

Clar. Come, come, since you see this assurance will do you no good, you had better put on a simple look, and generously confess your frailties : the same slyness that deceived me first, will still find me woman enough to pardon you.

At. That bite won't do. [*Aside.*] Sure, Madam, you mistake me for some other person.

Clar.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT. 19

Clar. Insolent! audacious villain! I am not to have my senses then!

At. No. [*Aside.*]

Clar. And you are resolved to stand it to the last!

At. The last extremity. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Well, Sir, since you are so much a stranger to Colonel Standfast, I'll tell you where to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, scorn, detest, and loath him: I never meant him but at best for my diversion, and should he ever renew his dull addresses to me, I'll have him used as his vain insolence deserves. Now, Sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you would leave the house immediately.

At. I would not willingly disoblige you, Madam, but 'tis impossible to stir 'till I have seen your cousin, and cleared myself of these strange aspersions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourself, Sir, with so vain a hope, for I must tell you, once for all, you've seen the last of her; and if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forced away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your cruelty, I'll take my leave: but as you hope for justice on the man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely friend. And when you have named to her my utmost guilt, yet paint my passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what tortures I endured in this severe exclusion from her sight, that 'till my innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into mercy,

A madman's frenzy's heav'n to what I feel;

The wounds you give 'tis she alone can heal. [*Exit.*]

Clar. Most abandoned impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out-facing my senses, or his insolent owning his passion for my cousin to my face: 'tis impossible she could put him upon this, it must be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's woman I'll have revenge. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Atall and Lady Sadlife at the other side.

At. Hey-day! is there no way down stairs here? Death! I can't find my way out! This is the oddest house——

Lady Sad. Here he is—I'll venture to pass by him.

At. Pray, Madam, which is the nearest way out?

Lady

Lady Sad. Sir, out—a—

At. Oh, my stars! is't you, Madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you'll tell me, do you live here, Madam?

Lady Sad. Not very far off, Sir: but this is no place to talk with you alone—indeed I must beg your pardon.

At. By all those kindling charms that fire my soul, no consequence on earth shall make me quit my hold, till you've given me some kind assurance that I shall see you again, and speedily: 'egad I'll have one out of the family at least.

Lady Sad. Oh, good, here's company!

At. Oh, do not rack me with delays, but quick, before this dear short-lived opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me: to part with this soft white hand is ten thousand daggers to my heart.

[*Kissing it eagerly.*]

Lady Sad. Oh, lud! I am going home this minute; and if you should offer to dog my chair, I protest I—was ever such usage—lord—sure! Oh—follow me down then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Clarinda, and Sylvia.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, Madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. You don't believe then?

Syl. I do believe, that when some women are inclined to like a man, nothing more palpably discovers it, than their railing at him; ha, ha!—Your pardon, cousin; you know you laughed at me just now upon the same occasion.

Clar. The occasion's quite different, Madam; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a villain, you're imposed on. He's a colonel of foot, his regiment's now in Spain, and his name's Standfast.

Syl. But pray, good cousin, whence had you this intelligence of him?

Clar. From the same place that you had your false account, Madam, his own mouth.

Syl. What was his business with you?

Clar. Much about the same, as his business with you—love.

Syl.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, Madam! Lord, what am I? Old, or a monster! Is it so prodigious that a man should like me?

Syl. No! but I'm amazed to think, if he had liked you, he should leave you so soon, for me!

Clar. For you! leave me for you! No, Madam, I did not tell you that neither! ha, ha!

Syl. No! What made you so violently angry with him then? Indeed, cousin, you had better take some other fairer way; this artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a friend; prove him to be what you say he is, and my engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, Madam, not but I slight the tenderest of his addressees; but to convince you that my vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the name of Colonel Standfast, and do you the same by that of Freeman; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady Sadlife's at the same time: if these appear two different men, I think our dispute's easily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I've said of him to your face, I'll make you a very humble curt'sy, and beg your pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your ladyship the same reverence, and beg yours.

Enter Clerimont.

Clar. Psha! he here!

Cler. I am glad to find you in such good company, Madam.

Clar. One's seldom long in good company, Sir.

Cler. I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late; but I value your ease at too high a rate, to disturb it.

[Going.]

Syl. Nay, Mr. Clerimont, upon my word you shan't stir. Hark you—*[Whispers.]* Your pardon, cousin.

Clar. I must not lose him neither—Mr. Clerimont's way is, to be severe in his construction of people's meaning.

Syl. I'll write my letter, and be with you, cousin. *[Ex.]*

Cler. It was always my principle, Madam, to have an humble opinion of my merit; when a woman of sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

Clar.

Clar. But to expect to be always received with a smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary opinion of one's merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to fact, Madam: for these ten days past, I have had no distinction, but a severe reservedness. You did not use to be so sparing of your good-humour; and while I see you gay to all the world but me, I can't but be a little concerned at the change.

Clar. If he has discovered the Colonel now, I'm undone! he could not meet him, sure.—I must humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Men of your sincere temper, Mr. Clerimont, I own, don't always meet with the usage they deserve: but women are giddy things, and had we no errors to answer for, the use of good-nature in a lover would be lost. Vanity is our inherent weakness: you must not chide, if we are sometimes fonder of your passions than your prudence.

Cler. This friendly condescension makes me more your slave than ever. Oh, yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortured with a groundless jealousy?

Clar. Let your own heart be judge—but don't take it ill if I leave you now—I have some earnest business with my cousin Sylvia: but to-night at my Lady Dainty's I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler. I need not promise you.

Clar. Your servant.—Ah, how easily is poor sincerity imposed on! Now for the Colonel. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Cler. This unexpected change of humour more stirs my jealousy than all her late severity.—I'll watch her close;

For she that from a just reproach is kind,	}
Gives more suspicion of her guilty mind,	
And throws her smiles, like dust, to strike the lover blind.	

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *Lady Dainty's Apartment: a table, with phials, gallipots, glasses, &c.*

Lady Dainty, and Situp her woman.

LADY DAINTY.

SITUP! Situp!

Sit. Madam!

Lady D. Thou art strangely flow; I told thee the hartshorn; I have the vapours to that degree!

Sit. If your Ladyship would take my advice you should e'en fling your phyfic out of the window; if you were not in perfect health in three days, I'd be bound to be sick for you.

Lady D. Peace, goody impertinence! I tell thee, no woman of quality is, or should be in perfect health——Huh, huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in health is as vulgar as to be always in humour, and would equally betray one's want of wit and breeding:—where are the fellows?

Sit. Here, Madam——

Enter two Footmen.

Lady D. Cæsar!—run to my Lady Roundfides; desire to know how she rested; and tell her the violence of my cold is abated: huh, huh! Pompey, step you to my Lady Killchairman's; give my service; say, I have been so embarrassed with the spleen all this morning, that I am under the greatest uncertainty in the world, whether I shall be able to stir out, or no—And, d'ye hear; desire to know how my Lord does, and the new monkey—

[*Exeunt Footmen.*]

Sit. In my conscience, these great ladies make themselves sick to make themselves business; and are well or ill, only in ceremony to one another. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. Where's t'other fellow?

Sit. He is not returned yet, Madam.

Lady D. 'Tis indeed a strange lump, not fit to carry a disease to any body; I sent him t'other day to the duchess of Diet-Drink with the colic, and the brute put it into his own tramontane language, and called it the belly-ach.

Sit. I wish your Ladyship had not occasion to send for any; for my part——

Lady

Lady D. Thy part!—pr'ythee, thou wert made of the rough masculine kind; 'tis betraying our sex not to be sickly and tender. All the families I visit have something derived to them from the elegant nice state of indisposition; you see, even in the men, a genteel, as it were, stagger, or twine of the bodies; as if they were not yet confirmed enough for the rough laborious exercise of walking; 'a lazy saunter in their motion, something so quality! and their voices so soft and low, you'd think they were falling asleep, they are so very delicate.

Sit. But, methinks, Madam, it would be better if the men were not altogether so tender.

Lady D. Indeed, I have sometimes wished the creatures were not, but that the niceness of their frame so much distinguishes them from the herd of common people: nay, even most of their diseases, you see, are not prophaned by the crowd: the apoplexy, the gout, and vapours, are all peculiar to the nobility.—Huh, huh! and I could almost wish, that colds were only ours;—there's something in them so genteel, so agreeably disordering—huh, huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I shall never be fit for them—Your Ladyship forgot the spleen.

Lady D. Oh!—my dear spleen,—I grudge that even to some of us.

Sit. I knew an ironmonger's wife, in the city, that was mightily troubled with it.

Lady D. Foh! What a creature hast thou named! An ironmonger's wife have the spleen! Thou mightest as well have said her husband was a fine gentleman—Give me something.

Sit. Will your Ladyship please to take any of the steel drops? or the bolus? or the electary? or—

Lady D. This wench will smother me with questions,—huh, huh! bring any of them—these healthy fluts are so boisterous, they split one's brains: I fancy myself in an inn while she talks to me; I must have some decayed person of quality about me; for the commons of England are the strangest creatures—huh, huh!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Sylvia, Madam, is come to wait upon your Ladyship.

Lady

Lady D. Desire her to walk in; let the physic alone: I'll take a little of her company; she's mighty good for the spleen.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Dear Lady Dainty!

Lady D. My good creature, I'm overjoyed to see you — huh, huh!

Syl. I am sorry to see your Ladyship wrapt up thus; I was in hopes to have had your company to the Indian house.

Lady D. If any thing could tempt me abroad, 'twould be that place, and such agreeable company; but how came you, dear Sylvia, to be reconciled to any thing in an Indian house? you used to have a most barbarous inclination for our own odious manufactures.

Syl. Nay, Madam, I am only going to recruit my teatable: as to the rest of their trumpery, I am as much out of humour with it as ever.

Lady D. Well thou art a pleasant creature, thy distaste is so diverting.

Syl. And your Ladyship is so expensive, that really I am not able to come into it.

Lady D. Now it is to me prodigious! how some women can muddle away their money upon housewifery, children, books, and charities, when there are so many well-bred ways, and foreign curiosities, that more elegantly require it—I have every morning the rarities of all countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I see.—Are the people come yet, Situp?

Sit. They have been below, Madam, this half hour.

Lady D. Dispose them in the parlour, and we'll be there presently. [Exit Sit.]

Syl. How can your Ladyship take such pleasure in being cheated with the bawbles of other countries?

Lady D. Thou art a very infidel to all finery.

Syl. And you are a very bigot —

Lady D. A person of all reason, and no complaisance.

Syl. And your Ladyship all complaisance, and no reason.

Lady D. Follow me, and be converted. [Excunt.]

Re-enter Situp, a Woman with china ware; an Indian man with screens, tea, &c. a Birdman with a paroquet, monkey, &c.

Sit. Come, come into this room.

Chi. I hope your Ladyship's lady won't be long in coming.

Sit. I don't care if she never comes to you.—It seems you trade with the ladies for old clothes, and give them china for their gowns and petticoats, I'm like to have a fine time on't with such creatures as you indeed!

Chi. Alas, Madam, I'm but a poor woman, and am forced to do any thing to live: will your Ladyship be pleased to accept of a piece of china?

Sit. Puh! no;—I don't care.—Though I must needs say you look like an honest woman. *[Looks on it.]*

Chi. Thank you, good Madam.

Sit. Our places are like to come to a fine pass indeed, if our ladies must buy their china with our perquisites: at this rate, my lady sha'n't have an old fan, or a glove; but——

Chi. Pray, Madam, take it.

Sit. No, not I; I won't have it, especially without a saucer to't. Here, take it again.

Chi. Indeed you shall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly—come, give it me, give it me; here's my lady.

Enter Lady Dainty and Sylvia.

Lady D. Well, my dear, is not this a pretty sight now?

Syl. It's better than so many doctors and apothecaries, indeed.

Lady D. All trades must live you know; and those no more than these could subsist, if the world were all wise, or healthy.

Syl. I'm afraid our real diseases are but few to our imaginary, and doctors get more by the sound than the sickly.

Lady D. My dear, you're allowed to say any thing—but now I must talk with the people.—Have you got any thing new there?

Chi.

Ind.

Bird.

} Yes, an't please your Ladyship.

Lady

Lady D. One at once.—

Bird. I have brought your Ladyship the finest monkey—

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

Lady D. Now I think he looks very humourous and agreeable—I vow, in a white periwig he might do mischief. Could he but talk and take snuff, there's ne'er a fop in town would go beyond him.

Syl. Most fops would go farther if they did not speak; but talking, indeed, makes them very often worse company than monkies.

Lady D. Thou pretty little picture of man!—How very Indian he looks! I could kiss the dear creature.

Syl. Ah, don't touch him! he'll bite!

Bird. No, Madam, he is the tamest you ever saw, and the least mischievous.

Lady D. Then take him away, I won't have him; for mischief is the wit of a monkey; and I would not give a farthing for one that would not break me three or four pounds worth of china in a morning. Oh, I am in love with these Indian figures!—Do but observe what an innocent natural simplicity there is in all the actions of them.

Chi. These are pagods, Madam, that the Indians worship.

Lady D. So far I am an Indian.

Syl. Now, to me they are all monsters.

Lady D. Profane creature!

Chi. Is your Ladyship for a piece of right Flanders lace?

Lady D. Um—no; I don't care for it, now it is not prohibited.

Ind. Will your Ladyship be pleased to have a pound of fine tea?

Lady D. What, filthy, odious bohea, I suppose?

Ind. No, Madam, right Kappakawawa.

Lady D. Well, there's something in the very sound of that name, that makes it irresistible——What is it a pound.

Ind. But six guineas, Madam.

Lady D. How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all—Sit up, take the man in and pay him, and let the rest call again to-morrow.

Omnes. Bless your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt* Sit. Chi. Ind. and Bird.

Lady D. Lord, how feverish I am!—the least motion does so disorder me—do but feel me.

Syl. No, really, I think you are in very good temper.

Lady D. Burning, indeed, child.

Enter Servant, Doctor, and Apothecary.

Serv. Madam, here's Doctor Bolus, and the Apothecary. [Exit.

Lady D. Oh, Doctor, I'm glad you're come! one is not sure of a moment's life without you.

Dr. How did your Ladyship rest, Madam?

[*Feels her pulse.*

Lady D. Never worse, indeed, Doctor: I once fell into a little slumber, indeed; but then was disturbed by the most odious, frightful dream, that if the fright had not wakened me, I had certainly perished in my sleep, with the apprehension.

Dr. A certain sign of a disordered brain, Madam; but I'll order something that shall compose your Ladyship.

Lady D. Mr. Rhubarb, I must quarrel with you—you don't disguise your medicines enough; they taste all physic.

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the operation, Madam.

Lady D. I don't care what is offended, so my taste is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr. Rhubarb, withdraw the medicine, rather than to make it pleasant: I'll find a reason for the want of its operation.

Rhub. But, Sir, if we don't look about us, she'll grow well upon our hands.

Dr. Never fear that; she's too much a woman of quality to dare to be well without her doctor's opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drained the whole catalogue of diseases already; there's not another left to put in her head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go them over again.

Enter Careless.

Care. So, here's the old levee, doctor and apothecary in close consultation! Now will I demolish the quack and his medicines before her face—Mr. Rhubarb,

barb, your servant. Pray, what have you got in your hand there?

Rhub. Only a julep and composing draught for my Lady, Sir.

Care. Have you so, Sir? Pray, let me see—I'll prescribe to-day. Doctor, you may go—the lady shall take no physic at present but me.

Dr. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me——

[*Breaks the phials.*]

Lady D. Ah!—— [Frighted, and leaning upon Syl.]

Dr. Come away, Mr. Rhubarb—he'll certainly put her out of order, and then she'll send for us again.

[*Ex. Doctor and Apoth.*]

Care. You see, Madam, what pains I take to come in to your favour.

Lady D. You take a very preposterous way, I can tell you, Sir.

Care. I can't tell how I succeed; but I am sure I endeavour right; for I study every morning new impertinence to entertain you: for since I find nothing but dogs, doctors, and monxies are your favourites, it is very hard if your Ladyship won't admit me as one of the number.

Lady D. When I find you of an equal merit with my monkey, you shall be in the same state of favour. I confess, as a proof of your wit, you have done me as much mischief here. But you have not half Pug's judgment, nor his spirit; for the creature will do a world of pleasant things, without caring whether one likes them or not.

Care. Why, truly, Madam, the little gentleman, my rival, I believe, is much in the right on't: and, if you observe, I have taken as much pains of late to disoblige, as to please you.

Lady D. You succeed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, Sir.

Care. I am glad on't; for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what would you do for a pretence to be chagrine, to faint, have the spleen, the vapours, and all those modish disorders that so nicely distinguish a woman of quality?

Lady D. I am perfectly confounded—Certainly there are some people too impudent for our resentment.

Care. Modesty's a starving virtue, Madam, an old threadbare fashion of the last age, and would fit as oddly upon a lover now, as a picked beard and mustachios.

Lady D. Most astonishing!

Care. I have tried fighting and looking silly a great while, but 'twould not do—nay, had you had as little wit as good-nature, should have proceeded to dance and sing. Tell me but how, what face or form can worship you, and behold your votary.

Lady D. Not, Sir, as the Persians do the sun, with your face towards me. The best proof you can give me of your horrid devotion, is never to see me more. Come, my dear. [Exit with Sylvia.]

Syl. I'm amazed so much assurance should not succeed. [Exit.]

Care. All this shan't make me out of love with my virtue—Impudence has ever been a successful quality, and 'twould be hard, indeed, if I should be the first that did not thrive by it. [Exit.]

S C E N E, Clerimont's Lodgings.

Enter Atall, and Finder, his Man.

At. You are sure you know the house again?

Fin. Ah, as well as I do the upper gallery, Sir!—'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's, at the two glass lanthorns, within three doors of my Lord Duke's.

At. Very well, Sir—then take this letter, enquire for my Lady Sadlife's woman, and stay for an answer.

Fin. Yes, Sir. [Exit.]

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propose pleasure in love without variety of mistresses, as to pretend to be a keen sportsman without a good stable of horses. How this lady may prove I can't tell; but if she is not a deedy tit at the bottom, I'm no jockey.

Re-enter Finder.

Fin. Sir, here are two letters for you.

At. Who brought them?

Fin. A couple of footmen, and they both desire an answer.

At. Bid them stay, and do you make haste where I ordered you.

Fin.

Fin. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

At. To Col. Standfast—that's Clarinda's hand——To Mr. Freeman—that must be my incognita. Ah, I have most mind to open this first! but if t'other malicious creature should have perverted her growing inclination to me, 'twould put my whole frame in a trembling——Hold, I'll guess my fate by degrees—this may give me a glimpse of it. [*Reads Clar. letter.*] Um—um—um—Ha! To meet her at my Lady Sadlife's at seven o'clock to-night, and take no manner of notice of my late disowning myself to her—Something's at the bottom of all this—Now to solve the riddle. [*Reads t'other letter.*]——“ My cousin Clarinda has told some things of you that very much alarm me; but I am willing to suspend my belief of them till I see you, which I desire may be at my Lady Sadlife's at seven this evening.”—The devil! the same place!——“ As you value the real friendship of your
Incognita.”

So, now the riddle's out—the rival queens are fairly come to a reference, and one or both of them I must lose, that's positive—Hard!

Enter Clerimont.

Hard fortune! Now, poor Impudence, what will become of thee? Oh, Clerimont, such a complication of adventures since I saw thee! such sweet hopes, fears, and unaccountable difficulties, sure never poor dog was surrounded with.

Cler. Oh, you are an industrious person! you'll get over them. But, pray, let's hear.

At. To begin, then, in the climax of my misfortunes: in the first place, the private lodgings that my *Incognita* appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual habitation of my other mistress, whom (to complete the blunder of my ill luck) she civilly introduced in person, to recommend me to her better acquaintance.

Cler. Ha, ha! Death! how could you stand them both together?

At. The old way—buff—I stuck like a burr to my name of Freeman, address'd my *incognita* before the other's face, and with a most unmov'd good-breeding, harmlessly faced her down I had never seen her in my life before.

Cler.

Cler. The prettiest modesty I ever heard of! Well, but how did they discover you at last?

At. Why, faith, the matter's yet in suspense; and I find, by both their letters, that they don't yet well know what to think: (but, to go on with my luck) you must know, they have since both appointed me, by several names, to meet them at one and the same place, at seven o'clock this evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And, lastly, to crown my fortune (as if the devil himself most triumphantly rode a straddle upon my ruin), the fatal place of their appointment happens to be the very house of a third lady, with whom I made an acquaintance since morning, and had just before sent word I would visit near the same hour this evening.

Cler. Oh, murder! Poor Atall, thou art really fallen under the last degree of compassion.

At. And yet, with a little of thy assistance, in the middle of their small-shot, I don't still despair of holding my head above water.

Cler. Death! but you can't meet them both; you must lose one of them, unless you can split yourself.

At. Pr'ythee, don't suspect my courage or my modesty; for I'm resolved to go on, if you will stand by me.

Cler. Faith, my very curiosity would make me do that. But what can I do?

At. You must appear for me upon occasion in person.

Cler. With all my heart. What else?

At. I shall want a Queen's messenger in my interest, or rather one that can personate one.

Cler. That's easily found—But what to do?

At. Come along, and I'll tell you; for first I must answer their letters.

Cler. Thou art an original, faith.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Sir Solomon's.*

Enter Sir Solomon, leading Lady Sadlife, and Wishwell, her Woman.

Sir Sol. There, Madam, let me have no more of these airings—No good, I am sure, can keep a woman five or six hours abroad in a morning.

Lady Sad. You deny me all the innocent freedoms of life.

Sir Sol. Ha! you have the modish cant of this end of the

the town, I see ; intriguing, gaming, gadding, and party-quarries with a pox to them, are innocent freedoms, forsooth !

Lady Sad. I don't know what you mean ; I'm sure I have not one acquaintance in the world that does an ill thing.

Sir Sol. They must be better looked after than your Ladyship then ; but I'll mend my hands as fast as I can. Do you look to your reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your person.

Lady Sad. You wrong my virtue with these unjust suspicions.

Sir Sol. Ay, it's no matter for that ; better I wrong it than you. I'll secure my doors for this day at least. [*Ex.*]

Lady Sad. Oh, Wishwell ! what shall I do ?

Wish. What's the matter, Madam ?

Lady Sad. I expect a letter from a gentleman every minute ; and if it should fall into Sir Solomon's hands, I'm ruined past redemption.

Wish. He won't suspect it, Madam, sure, if they are directed to me, as they used to be.

Lady Sad. But his jealousy's grown so violent of late, there's no trusting to it now. If he meets it, I shall be locked up for ever.

Wish. Oh, dear Madam ! I vow your Ladyship frights me—Why, he'll kill me for keeping counsel.

Lady Sad. Run to the window, quick, and watch the messenger. [*Exit Wish.*] Ah, there's my ruin near !—I feel it—[*A knocking at the door.*]—What shall I do ? Be very insolent, or very humble, and cry ?—I have known some women, upon these occasions, outstrip their husbands' jealousy, and make them ask pardon for finding them out. Oh, lud, here he comes !—I can't do't ; my courage fails me—I must e'en stick to my handkerchief, and trust to nature.

Re-enter Sir Solomon, taking a letter from Finder.

Sir Sol. Sir, I shall make bold to read this letter ; and if you have a mind to save your bones, there's your way out.

Fin. Oh, terrible ! I shan't have a whole one in my skin, when I come home to my master. [*Exit.*]

Lady Sad. [*Aside.*] I'm lost for ever !

Sir Sol. [*Reads.*] “ Pardon, most divine creature, the impatience of my heart,”—Very well ! these are her innocent

cent freedoms ! Ah, cockatrice !—" which languishes for an opportunity to convince you of its sincerity ;"—Oh, the tender son of a whore !—" which nothing could relieve, but the sweet hope of seeing you this evening."—Poor lady, whose virtue I have wronged with unjust suspicions !

Lady Sad. I'm ready to sink with apprehension.

Sir Sol. [*Reads.*] "To-night, at seven, expect your dying Strephon."—Die, and be damn'd ; for I'll remove your comforter, by cutting her throat. I could find in my heart to ram his impudent letter into her windpipe——Ha ! what's this !—" To Mrs. Wishwell, my Lady Sad-life's woman."——Ad, I'm glad of it, with all my heart ! What a happy thing it is to have one's jealousy disappointed !—Now have I been cursing my poor wife for the mistaken wickedness of that trollop. 'Tis well I kept my thoughts to myself : for the virtue of a wife, when wrongfully accused, is most unmercifully insolent. Come, I'll do a great thing ; I'll kiss her, and make her amends——What's the matter, my dear ? Has any thing frightened you ?

Lady Sad. Nothing but your hard usage.

Sir Sol. Come, come, dry thy tears ; it shall be so no more. But, hark ye, I have made a discovery here—Your Wishwell, I'm afraid, is a slut ; she has an intrigue.

Lady Sad. An intrigue ! Heavens, in our family !

Sir Sol. Read there—I wish she be honest.

Lady Sad. How !—If there be the least ground to think it, Sir Solomon, positively she shan't stay a minute in the house—Impudent creature !—have an affair with a man !

Sir Sol. But hold, my dear ; don't let your virtue censure too severely neither.

Lady Sad. I shudder at the thoughts of her.

Sir Sol. Patience, I say—How do we know but his courtship may be honourable ?

Lady Sad. That, indeed, requires some pause.

Wish. [*Peeping in.*] So, all's safe, I see—He thinks the letter's to me——Oh, good Madam ! that letter was to me, the fellow says. I wonder, Sir, how you could serve one so ! If my sweetheart should hear you had opened it, I know he would not have me, so he would not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that ; for if he is in love with you, he's too much a fool to value being laughed at.

Lady Sad.

Lady Sad. If it be yours, here, take your stuff; and next time, bid him take better care, than to send his letters so publicly.

Wish. Yes, Madam. But, now your Ladyship has read it, I'd fain beg the honour of Sir Solomon to answer it for me; for I can't write.

Lady Sad. Not write!

Sir Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that, I suppose; for he calls her divine creature—A pretty piece of divinity, truly!—But come, my dear; 'egad, we'll answer it for her. Here's paper—you shall do it.

Lady Sad. I, Sir Solomon! Lard, I won't write to fellows, not I—I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*

Sir Sol. Nay, you shall do it. Come, 'twill get her a good husband.

Wish. Ay, pray, good Madam, do.

Sir Sol. Ah, how eager the jade is!

Lady Sad. I can't tell how to write to any body but you, my dear,

Sir Sol. Well, well, I'll dictate then. Come, begin.

Lady Sad. Lard, this is the oddest fancy!——

[*Sits to write.*

Sir Sol. Come, come—Dear Sir—(for we'll be as loving as he, for his ears.)

Wish. No, pray, Madam, begin, Dear honey, or, My dearest angel.

Lady Sad. Out, you fool! you must not be so fond—Dear Sir, is very well. [*Writes.*

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, so 'tis; but these young fillies are for setting out at the top of their speed. But, pr'ythee, Wishwell, what is thy lover; for the stile of his letter may serve for a countess?

Wish. Sir, he's but a butler at present: but he's a good schollard, as you may see by his hand-writing; and in time may come to be a steward; and then we shan't be long without a coach, Sir.

Lady Sad. Dear Sir——What must I write next?

Sir Sol. Why—— [*Musing.*

Wish. Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing.

Sir Sol. You puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wish. I'm sure my mother used to begin all her letters so.

Sir Sol. And thou art every inch of thee her own daughter, that I'll say for thee.

Lady Sad. Come, I have done it. [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir, She must have very little merit that is insensible of yours."

Sir Sol. Very well, faith! Write all yourself.

Wish. Ay, good Madam, do; that's better than mine. But, pray, dear Madam, let it end with, So I rest your dearest loving friend, till death us do part.

Lady Sad. [*Aside.*] This absurd slut will make me laugh out.

Sir Sol. But, hark you, huffy; suppose now you should be a little scornful and insolent to shew your breeding, and a little ill-natured in it to shew your wit.

Wish. Ay, Sir, that is, if I designed him for my gallant; but since he is to be but my husband, I must be very good-natured and civil before I have him, and huff him, and shew my wit after.

Sir Sol. Here's a jade for you! [*Aside.*] But why must you huff your husband, huffy?

Wish. Oh, Sir, that's to give him a good opinion of my virtue! for you know, Sir, a husband can't think one could be so very domineering, if one were not very honest.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, this fool, on my conscience, speaks the sense of the whole sex! [*Aside.*]

Wish. Then, Sir, I have been told, that a husband loves one the better, the more one hectors him; as a spaniel does, the more one beats him.

Sir Sol. Ha! thy husband will have a blessed time on't.

Lady Sad. So—I have done.

Wish. Oh, pray, Madam, read it!

Lady Sad. [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir—She must have very little merit that is insensible of yours; and while you continue to love, and tell me so, expect whatever you can hope from so much wit, and such unfeigned sincerity—At the hour you mention, you will be truly welcome to your passionate——"

Wish. Oh, Madam, it is not half kind enough! Pray, put in some more dears.

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, sweeten it well; let it be all syrup, with a pox to her.

Wish. Every line should have a dear sweet Sir in it, so it should—he'll think I don't love him else.

Sir.

Sir Sol. Poor moppet!

Lady Sad. No, no, 'tis better now—Well, what must be at the bottom, to answer Strephon?

Sir Sol. Pray, let her divine ladyship sign Abigail.

Wish. No, pray, Madam, put down Lipsamintha.

Sir Sol. Lipsamintha!

Lady Sad. No, come, I'll write Celia. Here, go in and seal it.

Sir Sol. Ay, come, I'll lend you a wafer, that he mayn't wait for your divinityship.

Wish. Pshaw! you always flout one so.

[*Exeunt Sir Sol. and Wish.*]

Lady Sad. So, this is luckily over—Well, I see a woman should never be discouraged from coming off at the greatest plunge; for though I was half dead with the fright, yet, now I'm a little recovered, I find—

That apprehension does the bliss endear;

The real danger's nothing to the fear. [Exit.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Sir Solomon's.

Enter Lady Sadlife, Atall, and Wishwell with lights.

LADY SADLIFE.

THIS room, I think, is pleasanter; if you please, we'll sit here, Sir—Wishwell, shut the door, and take the key o'th' inside, and set chairs.

Wish. Yes, Madam.

Lady Sad. Lard, Sir, what a strange opinion you must have of me, for receiving your visits upon so slender an acquaintance!

At. I have a much stranger opinion, Madam, of your ordering your servant to lock herself in with us.

Lady Sad. Oh, you would not have us wait upon ourselves!

At. Really, Madam, I can't conceive that two lovers, alone, have much occasion for attendance. [They sit.

Lady Sad. Lovers! Lard, how you talk! Can't people converse without that stuff?

At. Um—Yes, Madam, people may; but without a
D little

little of that stuff, conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

Lady Sad. Pooh! why, we can say any thing without her hearing, you see.

At. Ay; but if we should talk ourselves up to an occasion of being without her, it would look worse to send her out, than to have let her wait without when she was out.

Lady Sad. You are pretty hard to please, I find, Sir. Some men, I believe, would think themselves well used in so free a reception as yours.

At. Ha! I see this is like to come to nothing this time; so I'll e'en put her out of humour, that I may get off in time to my incognita. [*Aside.*] Really, Madam, I can never think myself free, where my hand and my tongue are tied. [*Pointing to Wish.*

Lady Sad. Your conversation, I find, is very different from what it was, Sir.

At. With submission, Madam, I think it very proper for the place we are in. If you had sent for me only to sip tea, to sit still, and be civil, with my hat under my arm, like a strange relation from Ireland, or so, why was I brought hither with so much caution and privacy?

[*Sir Solomon knocks at the door.*

Wish. Oh, heavens, my master, Madam!

Sir Sol. [*Within.*] Open the door there!

Lady Sad. What shall we do?

At. Nothing now, I'm sure.

Lady Sad. Open the door, and say the gentleman came to you.

Wish. Oh, lud, Madam, I shall never be able to manage it at so short a warning!—We had better shut the gentleman into the closet, and say he came to nobody at all.

Lady Sad. In, in then, for mercy's sake, quickly, Sir!

At. So—this is like to be a very pretty business!—Oh, success and impudence, thou hast quite forsaken me!

[*Enters the closet.*

Wish. Do you step into your bed-chamber, Madam, and leave my master to me. [*Exit Lady Sadlife.*

Wishwell opens the door, and Sir Solomon enters.

Sir Sol. What's the reason, mistress, I am to be locked out of my wife's apartment?

Wish. My Lady was washing her—her—neck, Sir, and I could not come any sooner.

Sir Sol. I'm sure I heard a man's voice. [*Aside.*] Bid your Lady come hither. [*Exit Wishwell.*]—He must be hereabouts—'tis so; all's out, all's over now: the devil has done his worst, and I am a cuckold in spite of my wisdom. 'Sbud! now an Italian would poison his wife for this, a Spaniard would stab her, and a Turk would cut off her head with a scimitar; but a poor dog of an English cuckold now, can only squabble and call names—Hold, here she comes—I must smother my jealousy, that her guilt mayn't be upon its guard.

Enter Lady Sadlife and Wishwell.

Sir Sol. My dear, how do you do? Come hither, and kiss me.

Lady Sad. I did not expect you home so soon, my dear.

Sir Sol. Poor rogue!—I don't believe you did, with a pox to you. [*Aside.*] Wishwell, go down; I have business with your Lady.

Wish. Yes, Sir—but I'll watch you; for I am afraid this good-humour has mischief at the bottom of it. [*Retires.*]

Lady Sad. I scarce know whether he's jealous or not.

Sir Sol. Now dare not I go near that closet door, lest the murderous dog should poke a hole in my guts thro' the key-hole—Um—I have an old thought in my head—ay, and that will discover the whole bottom of her affair. 'Tis better to seem not to know one's dishonour, when one has not courage enough to revenge it.

Lady Sad. I don't like his looks, methinks.

Sir Sol. Odso! what have I forgot now? Pr'ythee, my dear, step into my study; for I am so weary! and in the uppermost parcel of letters, you'll find one that I received from Yorkshire to-day, in the scrutoir; bring it down, and some paper; I will answer it while I think on't.

Lady Sad. If you please to lend me your key—But had you not better write in your study, my dear?

Sir Sol. No, no; I tell you, I'm so tired, I am not able to walk. There, make haste.

Lady Sad. Would all were well over! [*Exit.*]

Sir Sol. 'Tis so, by her eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a man of honour in this business, I'll at least act like a person of prudence and penetration; for say, should I clap a brace of flugs, now, in the very bowels of this rascal, it may hang me; but

but if it does not, it can't divorce me. No, I'll e'en put out the candles, and in a soft, gentle whore's voice, desire the gentleman to walk about his business; and if I can get him out before my wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the cheat, till I draw her into some casual confession of the fact, and then this injured front shall bounce upon her like a thunderbolt.

[*Puts out the candles.*]

Wish. [*Behind.*] Say you so, Sir? I'll take care my Lady shall be provided for you. [Exit.

Sir Sol. Hift, hift, Sir, Sir!

Enter Atall from the closet.

At. Is all clear? May I venture, Madam?

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, quick, quick! make haste, before Sir Solomon returns. A strait-back'd dog, I warrant him. [*Aside.*] But when shall I see you again?

At. Whenever you'll promise me to make a better use of an opportunity.

Sir Sol. Ha! then 'tis possible he mayn't yet have put the finishing stroke to me.

At. Is this the door?

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, away. [*Exit Atall.*] So—now the danger of being murdered is over, I find my courage returns: and if I catch my wife but inclining to be no better than she should be, I'm not sure that blood won't be the consequence. [*He goes into the closet, and Wishwell enters.*]

Wish. So—my Lady has her cue; and if my wife master can give her no better proofs of his penetration than this, she'd be a greater fool than he, if she should not do what she has a mind to. Sir, Sir, come, you may come out now; Sir Solomon's gone.

Enter Sir Solomon from the closet.

Sir Sol. So, now for a soft speech, to set her impudent blood in a ferment, and then let it out with my penknife. [*Aside.*] Come, dear creature, now let's make the kindest use of our opportunity.

Wish. Not for the world. If Sir Solomon should come again, I should be ruined. Pray, begone—I'll send to you to-morrow.

Sir Sol. Nay, now you love me not; you would not let me part else thus unsatisfied.

Wish.

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Wish. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I should not run such hazards for you.

Sir Sol. Fond whore! [*Aside.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir Solomon, and lay up all your tenderness for him.

Wish. Oh, ridiculous!—How can so sad a wretch give you the least uneasy thought?—I loath the very sight of him.

Sir Sol. Damn'd infernal strumpet!—I can bear no longer—Lights, lights, within there! [*Seizes her.*

Wish. Ah! [*Sbricks.*] Who's this? Help! murder!

Sir Sol. No, traitress, don't think to 'scape me; for, now I've trapped thee in thy guilt, I could find in my heart to have thee dead alive, thy skin stuffed, and hung up in the middle of Guildhall, as a terrible consequence of cuckoldom to the whole city—Lights there!

Enter Lady Sadiſe with a light.

Lady Sad. Oh, Heavens! what's the matter?

[*Sir Solomon looks astoniſhed.*

Ha! what do I ſee? My ſervant on the floor, and Sir Solomon offering rudeneſs to her! Oh, I can't bear it! Oh!

[*Falls into a chair.*

Sir Sol. What has the devil been doing here?

Lady Sad. This the reward of all my virtue! Oh, revenge, revenge!

Sir Sol. My dear, my good, virtuous, injured dear, be patient; for here has been ſuch wicked doings—

Lady Sad. Oh, torture! Do you own it too? 'Tis well my love protects you. But for this wretch, this monſter, this ſword ſhall do me juſtice on her.

[*Runs at Wiſhwell with Sir Solomon's ſword.*

Sir Sol. Oh, hold, my poor miſtaken dear! This horrid jade, the gods can tell, is innocent for me; but ſhe has had, it ſeems a ſtrong dog in the cloſet here; which I ſuſpecting, put myſelf into his place, and had almoſt trapped her in the very impudence of her iniquity.

Lady Sad. How! I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his jealousy of me—

[*Aside.*

Wish. [*Kneeling.*] Dear Madam, I hope your Ladyſhip will pardon the liberty I took in your abſence, in bringing my lover into your Ladyſhip's chamber; but I did not think you would come home from prayers ſo ſoon; and ſo I was forced to hide him in that cloſet: but my ma-

fter suspecting the business, it seems, turned him out unknown to me, and then put himself there, and so had a mind to discover whether there was any harm between us; and so, because he fancied I had been naught with him——

Sir Sol. Ay, my dear; and the jade was so confoundedly fond of me, that I grew out of all patience, and fell upon her like a fury.

Lady Sad. Horrid creature!—And does she think to stay a minute in the family after such impudence?

Sir Sol. Hold, my dear——for if this should be the man that is to marry her, you know there may be no harm done yet.

Wish. Yes, it was he indeed, Madam.

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] I must not let the jade be turned away, for fear she should put it in my wife's head, that I hid myself to discover her Ladyship, and then the devil would not be able to live in the house with her.

Wish. Now, Sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Aside to Sir Solomon.*]

Sir Sol. Mum—that's a good girl; there's a guinea for you.

Lady Sad. Well, upon your intercession, my dear, I'll pardon her this fault. But, pray, mistress, let me hear of no more such doings. I am so disordered with this fright—Fetch my prayer-book; I'll endeavour to compose myself.

[*Exit Lady Sad. and Wish.*]

Sir Sol. Ay, do so; that's my good dear——What two blessed escapes have I had! to find myself no cuckold at last, and, which had been equally terrible, my wife not know I wrongfully suspected her!—Well, at length I am fully convinced of her virtue—and now, if I can but cut off the abominable expence that attends some of her impertinent acquaintance, I shall shew myself a Machiavel.

Re-enter Wishwell.

Wish. Sir, here's my Lady Dainty come to wait upon my Lady.

Sir Sol. I'm sorry for't, with all my heart——Why did you say she was within?

Wish. Sir, she did not ask if she was; but she's never denied to her.

Sir

Sir Sol. Gadso! why then, if you please to leave her Ladyship to me, I'll begin with her now.

Wishwell brings in Lady Dainty.

Lady D. Sir Solomon, your very humble servant.

Sir Sol. Yours, yours, Madam.

Lady D. Where's my Lady?

Sir Sol. Where your Ladyship very seldom is——at prayers.

Enter Lady Sadlife.

Lady Sad. My dear Lady Dainty!

Lady D. Dear Madam, I am the happiest person alive in finding your Ladyship at home.

Sir Sol. So, now for a torrent of impertinence.

Lady Sad. Your Ladyship does me a great deal of honour.

Lady D. I am sure I do myself a great deal of pleasure. I have made at least twenty visits to-day. Oh, I'm quite dead! not but my coach is very easy—yet so much perpetual motion, you know——

Sir Sol. Ah, pox of your disorder!—If I had the providing your equipage, ods-zooks, you should rumble to your visits in a wheel-barrow. [*Aside.*]

Lady Sad. Was you at my Lady Duchefs's?

Lady D. A little while.

Lady Sad. Had she a great circle?

Lady D. Extreme—I was not able to bear the breath of so much company.

Lady Sad. You did not dine there?

Lady D. Oh, I can't touch any body's dinner but my own!——and I have almost killed myself this week, for want of my usual glass of Tokay, after my ortolans and Muscovy duck-eggs.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you, in a fortnight, to neck-beef, and a pot of plain bub. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous entertainment, to-day, at my Lady Cormorant's, who knows no other happiness, or way of making one welcome, than eating or drinking; for though she saw I was just fainting at her vast limbs of butcher's meat, yet the civil savage forced me to sit down, and heaped enough upon my plate to victual a fleet for an East-India voyage. *Lady.*

Lady Sad. How could you bear it? Ha, ha!—Does your Ladyship never go to the play?

Lady D. Never, but when I bespeak it myself; and then not to mind the actors; for it's common to love fights. My great diversion is, in a reposed posture, to turn my eyes upon the galleries, and bless myself to hear the happy savages laugh; or when an awkward citizen crowds herself in among us, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to contemplate her airs and drefs: and they never 'scape me; for I am as apprehensive of such a creature's coming near me, as some people are when a cat is in the room—But the play is begun, I believe; and if your Ladyship has an inclination, I'll wait upon you.

Lady Sad. I think, Madam, we can't do better; and here comes Mr. Careless most opportunely to 'squire us.

Sir Sol. Careless! I don't know him; but my wife does, and that's as well.

Enter Careless.

Care. Ladies, your servant. Seeing your coach at the door, Madam, made me not able to resist this opportunity to—to—you know, Madam, there's no time to be lost in love. Sir Solomon, your servant.

Sir Sol. Oh, yours, yours, Sir!—A very impudent fellow; and I'm in hopes will marry her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. The assurance of this creature almost grows diverting: all one can do, can't make him the least sensible of a discouragement.

Lady Sad. Try what compliance will do; perhaps that may fright him.

Lady D. If it were not too dear a remedy—One would almost do any thing to get rid of his company.

Care. Which you never will, Madam, till you marry me, depend upon it. Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sir Sol. This fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. There's no depending upon your word, or else I might; for the last time I saw you, you told me then, you would trouble me no more.

Care. Ay, that's true, Madam; but to keep one's word, you know, looks like a tradesman.

Sir Sol. Impudent rogue! But he'll have her—[*Aside.*]
Care.

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Care. And is as much below a gentleman as paying one's debts.

Sir Sol. If he is not hanged first. [*Aside.*]

Care. Besides, Madam; I considered that my absence might endanger your constitution, which is so very tender, that nothing but love can save it, and so I would e'en advise you to throw away your juleps, your cordials, and fops, and take me all at once.

Lady D. No, Sir, bitter potions are not to be taken so suddenly.

Care. Oh, to choose, Madam; for if you stand making of faces, and kicking against it, you'll but increase your aversion, and delay the cure. Come, come, you must be advised. [*Pressing her.*]

Lady D. What mean you, Sir?

Care. To banish all your ails, and be myself your universal medicine.

Sir Sol. Well said! he'll have her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. Impudent, robust man; I protest, did not I know his family, I should think his parents had not lived in chairs and coaches, but had used their limbs all their lives! Huh! huh! but I begin to be persuaded health is a great blessing. [*Aside.*]

Care. My limbs, Madam, were conveyed to me before the use of chairs and coaches, and it might lessen the dignity of my ancestors, not to use them as they did.

Lady D. Was ever such a rude understanding? to value himself upon the barbarism of his fore-fathers.—Indeed I have heard of kings that were bred to the plough, and, I fancy, you might descend from such a race; for you court as if you were behind one—Huh! huh! huh! To treat a woman of quality like an Exchange-wench, and express your passion with your arms; unpolished man!

Care. I was willing, Madam, to take from the vulgar the only desirable thing among them, and shew you—how they live so healthy—for they have no other remedy.

Lady D. A very rough medicine! huh! huh!

Care. To those that never took it, it may seem so—

Lady D. Abandoned ravisher! Oh! [*Struggling.*]

Sir Sol. He has her; he has her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. Leave the room, and see my face no more.

Care. [*Bows and is going.*]

Lady

Lady D. And, hark ye, Sir, no bribe, no mediations to my woman.

Care. [*Bows and sighs.*]

Lady D. Thou profligate! to hug! to clasp! to embrace and throw your robust arms about me, like a vulgar, and indelicate—Oh, I faint with apprehension of so gross an address! [*She faints, and Care. catches her.*

Care. Oh, my offended fair!

Lady D. Inhuman! ravisher! Oh!

[*Care. carries her off.*

Sir Sol. He has her! she's undone! He has her. —

[*Exeunt Sir Sol. and Lady Sad.*

Enter Clarinda and Sylvia.

Clar. Well, cousin, what do you think of your gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, Madam, that would be as proper a question to ask you: for really I don't see any great reason to alter my opinion of him yet——

Clar. Now I could dash her at once, and shew it her under his own hand that his name's Standfast, and he'll be here in a quarter of an hour. [*Aside.*] I vow I don't think I ought to refuse you any service in my power; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of countenance when the Colonel comes, I would advise you to withdraw now; for if you dare take his own word for it, he will be here in three minutes, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*

Syl. What's here? a letter from Colonel Standfast?—Really, Cousin, I have nothing to say to him——Mr. Freeman's the person I'm concerned for, and I expect to see him here in a quarter of an hour.

Clar. Then you don't believe them both the same person?

Syl. Not by their hands or stile, I can assure you, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*

Clar. Ha! The hand is different indeed—I scarce know what to think, and yet I'm sure my eyes were not deceived.

Syl. Come, cousin, let's be a little cooler; 'tis not impossible but we may have both laughed at one another to no purpose—for I am confident they are two persons.

Clar. I can't tell that, but I'm sure here comes one of them.

Enter

Enter Atall as Colonel Standfast.

Syl. Ha !

At. Hey ! Bombard, (there they are, faith !) bid the chariot set up, and call again about one or two in the morning — You see, Madam, what 'tis to give an impudent fellow the least encouragement : I'm resolved now to make a night on't with you.

Clar. I am afraid, Colonel, we shall have much ado to be good company, for we are two women to one man, you see ; and if we should both have fancy to have you particular, I doubt you'd make but bungling work on't.

At. I warrant you we will pass our time like gods : two ladies and one man ; the prettiest set for Ombre in the universe — Come, come ! Cards ! cards ! cards ! and tea, that I insist upon.

Clar. Well, Sir, if my cousin will make one, I won't balk your good-humour. [*Turning Syl. to face him.*]

At. Is the lady your relation, Madam ? — I beg the honour to be known to her.

Clar. Oh, Sir ! that I'm sure she can't refuse you — Cousin, this is Colonel Standfast. [*Laughs aside.*] I hope now she's convinced.

At. Your pardon, Madam, if I am a little particular in my desire to be known to any of this lady's relations.

[*Salutes.*]

Syl. You'll certainly deserve mine, Sir, by being always particular to that lady —

At. Oh, Madam ! Tall, lall. [*Turns away, and sings.*]

Syl. This assurance is beyond example. [*Aside.*]

Clar. How do you do, cousin ?

Syl. Beyond bearing — but not incurable. [*Aside.*]

Clar. [*Aside.*] Now can't I find in my heart to give him one angry word for his impudence to me this morning ; the pleasure of seeing my rival mortified makes me strangely good-natured.

At. [*Turning familiarly to Clar.*] Upon my soul you are provokingly handsome to-day. Ay Gad ! why is not it high treason for any beautiful woman to marry ?

Clar. What, would you have us lead apes ?

At. Not one of you by all that's lovely. — Do you think we could not find you better employment ? Death ! what a hand is here ? — Gad, I shall grow foolish !

Clar.

Clar. Stick to your assurance, and you are in no danger.

At. Why then, in obedience to your commands, pr'y-
thee answer me sincerely one question? How long do you
really design to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why really I can't just set you a time; but
when you are weary of your service, come to me with a
six-pence and modesty, and I'll give you a discharge.

At. Thou insolent, provoking, handsome tyrant!

Clar. Come, let me go——this is not a very civil way
of entertaining my cousin, methinks.

At. I beg her pardon indeed. [*Bowing to Sylv.*] But
lovers you know, Madam, may plead a sort of excuse
for being singular when the favourite fair's in company.
—But we were talking of cards, ladies.

Clar. Cousin, what say you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuse me, I am a little
unfit for play at this time.

At. What a valuable virtue is assurance! Now am I
as intrepid as a lawyer at the bar. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Bless me! you are not well.

Syl. I shall be presently——Pray, Sir, give me leave
to ask you a question.

At. So, now it's coming. [*Aside.*] Freely, Madam.

Syl. Look on me well: have you never seen my face
before?

At. Upon my word, Madam, I can't recollect that I
have.

Syl. I am satisfied.

At. But pray, Madam, why may you ask?

Syl. I am too much disordered now to tell you——But
if I'm not deceived, I'm miserable. [*Weeps.*]

At. This is strange——How her concern transports me!

Clar. Her fears have touched me, and half persuade
me to revenge them——Come, cousin, be easy: I see
you are convinced he is the same, and now I'll prove
myself a friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——my senses are con-
founded: their features are indeed the same; and yet
there's something in their air, their dress, and manner,
strangely different: but be it as it will, all right to him
in presence I disclaim, and yield to you for ever.

At. Oh, charming! joyful grief!

[*Aside.*]

Clar.

Clar. No, cousin, believe it, both our senses cannot be deceived, he's individually the same; and since he dares be base to you, he's miserable indeed, if flattered with a distant hope of me; I know his person and his falsehood both too well; and you shall see will, as becomes your friend, resent it.

At. What means this strangeness, Madam?

Clar. I'll tell you, Sir; and to use few words, know then, this lady and myself have borne your faithless insolence and artifice too long: but that you may not think to impose on me, at least, I desire you would leave the house, and from this moment never see me more.

At. Madam! What! what is all this? Riddle me riddle me re,

For the devil take me,

For ever from thee,

If I can divine what this riddle can be!

Syl. Not moved! I'm more amazed.

At. Pray, Madam, in the name of common sense, let me know in two words what the real meaning of your last terrible speech was; and if I don't make you a plain, honest, reasonable answer to it, be pleased the next minute to blot my name out of your table-book, never more to be enrolled in the senseless catalogue of those vain coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your favour.

Clar. This insolence grows tedious: what end can you propose by this assurance?

At. Hey-dey!

Syl. Hold, cousin—one moment's patience: I'll send this minute again to Mr. Freeman, and if he does not immediately appear, the dispute will need no farther argument.

At. Mr. Freeman! Who the devil's he? What have I to do with him?

Syl. I'll soon inform you, Sir.

[*Going, meets Wishwell entering.*

Wish. Madam, here's a footman mightily out of breath, says he belongs to Mr. Freeman, and desires very earnestly to speak with you.

Syl. Mr. Freeman! Pray bid him come in—What can this mean?

At. You'll see presently.

E

[*Aside.*
Re-enter

Re-enter Wishwell with Finder.

Clar. Ha!

Syl. Come hither, friend: do you belong to Mr. Freeman?

Fin. Yes, Madam, and my poor master gives his humble service to your Ladyship, and begs your pardon for not waiting on you according to his promise; which he would certainly have done, but for an unfortunate accident.

Syl. What's the matter?

Fin. As he was coming out of his lodgings to pay his duty to you, Madam, a parcel of fellows set upon him, and said they had a warrant against him; and so, because the rascals began to be saucy with him, and my master knowing that he did not owe a shilling in the world, he drew to defend himself, and in the scuffle the bloody villains run one of their swords quite through his arm; but the best of the jest was, Madam, that as soon as they got him into a house, and sent for a surgeon, he proved to be the wrong person; for their warrant, it seems, was against a poor scoundrel, that happens, they say, to be very like him, one Colonel Standfast.

At. Say you so, Mr. Dog—if your master had been here I would have given him as much.

[Gives him a box on the ear.]

Fin. Oh, Lord! pray, Madam, save me—I did not speak a word to the gentleman—Oh, the devil! this must be the devil in the likeness of my master.

Syl. Is this gentleman so very like him, say you?

Fin. Like, Madam! ay, as one box of the ear is like to another; only I think, Madam, my master's nose is a little, little higher.

At. Now, ladies, I presume the riddle's solved—Hark you, where is your master, rascal?

Fin. Master, rascal! Sir, my master's name's Freeman, and I'm a free-born Englishman; and I must tell you, Sir, that I don't use to take such arbitrary socks of the face from any man that does not pay me wages; and so my master will tell you too when he comes, Sir.

Syl. Will he be here then?

Fin. This minute, Madam, he only stays to have his wound dressed.

At.

At. I'm resolved I'll stay that minute out, if he does not come till midnight.

Fin. A pox of his mettle—when his hand's in, he makes no difference between jest and earnest, I find—If he does not pay me well for this, 'egad he shall tell the next for himself. [*Aside.*] Has your Ladyship any commands to my master, Madam?

Syl. Yes; pray give him my humble service, say I'm sorry for his misfortune; and if he thinks 'twill do his wound no harm, I beg, by all means, he may be brought hither immediately.

Fin. 'Shah! his wound, Madam, I know he does not value it of a rush; for he'll have the devil and all of actions against the rogues for false imprisonment, and smart-money—Ladies, I kiss your hands—Sir, I—nothing at all— [*Exit.*]

At. [*Aside.*] The dog has done it rarely; for a lie upon the stretch I don't know a better rascal in Europe.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Ay! now I'm sure I'm right—Is not your name Colonel Standfast, Sir?

At. Yes, Sir; what then?

Off. Then you are my prisoner, Sir—

At. Your prisoner! who the devil are you? a bailiff? I don't owe a shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, Sir; I have a warrant against you for high treason, and I must have you away this minute.

At. Look you, Sir, depend upon't, this is but some impertinent malicious prosecution: you may venture to stay a quarter of an hour, I'm sure; I have some business here till then, that concerns me nearer than my life.

Clar. Have but so much patience, and I'll satisfy you for your civility.

Off. I could not stay a quarter of an hour, Madam, if you'd give me five hundred pounds.

Syl. Can't you take bail, Sir?

Off. Bail! no, no,

Clar. Whither must he be carried?

Off. To my house, 'till he's examined before the council.

Clar. Where is your house?

Off. Just by the secretary's office ; every body knows Mr. Lockum the messenger—Come, Sir.

At. I can't stir yet, indeed, Sir.

[Lays his hand on his sword.]

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that play—Come in, gentlemen, away with him.

Enter Musqueteers, and force him off.

Syl. This is the strangest accident : I am extremely sorry for the Colonel's misfortune, but I am heartily glad he is not Mr. Freeman.

Clar. I'm afraid you'll find him so—I shall never change my opinion of him 'till I see them face to face.

Syl. Well, cousin, let them be two or one, I'm resolved to stick to Mr. Freeman ; for to tell you the truth, this last spark has too much of the confident rake in him to please me, but there is a modest sincerity in t'other's conversation that's irresistible.

Clar. For my part I'm almost tired with his impertinence either way, and could find in my heart to trouble myself no more about him ; and yet methinks it provokes me to have a fellow outface my senses.

Syl. Nay, they are strangely alike, I own ; but yet, if you observe nicely, Mr. Freeman's features are more pale and pensive than the Colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. Freeman comes, I'll be closer in my observation of him—in the mean time let me consider what I really propose by all this rout I make about him : suppose (which I can never believe) they should prove two several men at last, I don't find that I'm fool enough to think of marrying either of them ; nor (whatever airs I give myself) am I yet mad enough to do worse with them—Well, since I don't design to come to a close engagement myself, then why should I not generously stand out of the way, and make room for one that would ? No, I can't do that neither—I want methinks to convict him first of being one and the same person, and then to have him convince my cousin that he likes me better than her—Ay, that would do ! and to confess my infirmity, I still find (though I don't care for this fellow) while she has assurance to nourish the least hope of getting him from me, I shall never be heartily easy 'till she's heartily mortified.

[Aside.]

Syl.

Syl. You seem very much concerned for the Colonel's misfortune, cousin.

Clar. His misfortunes seldom hold him long, as you may see; for here he comes.

Enter Atall, as Mr. Freeman.

Syl. Bless me!

At. I am sorry, Madam, I could not be more punctual to your obliging commands: but the accident that prevented my coming sooner, will, I hope, now give me a pretence to a better welcome than my last; for now, Madam, [*To Clar.*] your mistake's set right, I presume, and, I hope, you won't expect Mr. Freeman to answer for all the miscarriages of Colonel Standfast.

Clar. Not in the least, Sir: the Colonel's able to answer for himself, I find! ha, ha!

At. Was not my servant with you, Madam? [*To Syl.*

Syl. Yes, yes, Sir, he has told us all. [*Aside.*] And I am sorry you have paid so dear for a proof of your innocence. Come, come, I'd advise you to set your heart at rest; for what I design, you'll find, I shall come to a speedy resolution in.

At. Oh, generous resolution!

Clar. Well, Madam, since you are so tenacious of your conquest, I hope you'll give me the same liberty: and not expect, the next time you fall a crying at the Colonel's gallantry to me, that my good-nature should give you up my pretensions to him. And for you, Sir, I shall only tell you, this last plot was not so closely laid, but that a woman of a very slender capacity, you'll find, has wit enough to discover it. [*Exit Clar.*]

At. So! she's gone to the messenger's, I suppose—but, poor soul, her intelligence there will be extremely small. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, I hope at last your scruples are over.

Syl. You can't blame me, Sir, if, now we are alone, I own myself a little more surprised at her positiveness, than my woman's pride would let me confess before her face; and yet methinks there's a native honesty in your look, that tells me I am not mistaken, and may trust you with my heart.

At. Oh, for pity still preserve that tender thought, and save me from despair.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Ha! Freeman again! Is it possible?

At. How now, Clerimont, what are you surprized at?

Cler. Why to see thee almost in two places at one time; 'tis but this minute, I met the very image of thee with the mob about a coach, in the hands of a messenger, whom I had the curiosity to stop and call to; and had no other proof of his not being thee, but that the spark would not know me!

Syl. Strange! I almost think I'm really not deceived.

Cler. 'Twas certainly Clarinda I saw go out in a chair just now — it must be she — the circumstances are too strong for a mistake.

[Aside.

Syl. Well, Sir, to ease you of your fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over.

[To Atall.

Cler. What a coxcomb have I made myself, to serve my rival e'en with my own mistress? But 'tis at least some ease to know him: all I have to hope is, that he does not know the ass he has made of me—that might indeed be fatal to him.

[Aside.

Enter Sylvia's Maid.

Maid. Oh, Madam, I'm glad I've found you: your father and I have been hunting you all the town over.

Syl. My father in town?

Maid. He waits below in the coach for you: he must needs have you come away this minute; and talks of having you married this very night to the fine gentleman he spoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever soft compassion touched your soul, give me a word of comfort in this last distress, to save me from the horrors that surround me.

Syl. You see we are observed—but yet depend upon my faith, as on my life—in the mean time, I'll use my utmost power to avoid my father's hasty will: in two hours you shall know my fortune and my family—Now don't follow me, as you'd preserve my friendship. Come—

[Exit with Maid.

At. Death! how this news alarms me! I never felt the pains of love before.

Cler. Now then to ease, or to revenge my fears—This sudden change of your countenance, Mr. Atall, looks as if

you had a mind to banter your friend into a belief of your being really in love with the lady that just now left you.

At. Faith, Clerimont, I have too much concern upon me at this time, to be capable of a banter.

Cler. Ha! he seems really touched, and I begin now only to fear Clarinda's conduct—Well, Sir, if it be so, I'm glad to see a convert of you; and now, in return to the little services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your affair with both these ladies at one time, give me leave to ask a favour of you—Be still sincere, and we may still be friends.

At. You surprize me—but use me as you find me.

Cler. Have you no acquaintance with a certain lady whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

At. Not that I know of, I'm sure not as the lady you are in love with: but, pray, why do you ask?

Cler. Come, I'll be sincere with you too: because I have strong circumstances, that convince me 'tis one of those two you have been so busy about.

At. Not she you saw with me, I hope?

Cler. No; I mean the other—But to clear the doubt at once, is her name Clarinda?

At. I own it is: but had I the least been warned of your pretences—

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you; and though you may have prevailed even against her honour, your ignorance of my passion for her makes you stand at least excused to me.

At. No; by all the solemn protestations tongue can utter, her honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: 'nor had I ever an opportunity, that could encourage the most distant thought against it.'

Cler. You own she has received your gallantries at least.

At. Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her cousin about me; and if her beautiful cousin had not fallen in my way at the same time, I must own, 'tis very possible, I might have endeavoured to push my fortune with her; but since I now know your heart, put my friendship to a trial.

Cler. Only this—If I should be reduced to ask it of you,

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you, promise to confess your imposture, and your passion to her cousin, before her face.

At. There's my hand,—I'll do't, to right my friend and mistress. But, dear Clerimont, you'll pardon me, if I leave you here; for my poor incognita's affairs at this time are in a very critical condition.

Cler. No ceremony—I release you.—

At. Adieu. [Exeunt.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Clerimont and Careless.

CLERIMONT.

AND so you took the opportunity of her fainting to carry her off! Pray, how long did her fit last?

Care. Why, faith, I so humoured her affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet; for I told her, her life was in danger, and swore, if she would not let me send for a parson to marry her before she died, I'd that minute send for a shroud, and be buried alive with her in the same coffin: but at the apprehension of so terrible a thought, she pretended to be frightened into her right senses again; and forbid me her sight for ever.—So that in short, my impudence is almost exhausted, her affectation is as unsumountable as another's real virtue, and I must e'en catch her that away, or die without her at last.

Cler. How do you mean?

Care. Why, if I find I can't impose upon her by humility, which I'll try, I'll e'en turn rival to myself in a very fantastical figure, that I'm sure she won't be able to resist. You must know she has of late been flattered that the Muscovite Prince Alexander is dying for her, though he never spoke to her in his life.

Cler. I understand you: so you'd first venture to pique her against you, and then let her marry you in another person, to be revenged of you.

Care. One of the two ways I am pretty sure to succeed.

Cler. Extravagant enough! Pr'ythee, is Sir Solomon in the next room?

Care.

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Care. What, you want his assistance? Clarinda's in her airs again!

Cler. Faith, Careless, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I must needs speak with him.

Care. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Dainty, Lady Sadlife, and Careless.

Lady D. This rude boisterous man has given me a thousand disorders; the colic, the spleen, the palpitation of the heart, and convulsions all over—Huh! huh!—I must send for the doctor.

Lady Sad. Come, come, Madam, e'en pardon him, and let him be your physician—do but observe his penitence, so humble he dares not speak to you.

Care. [*Folds his arms and sighs.*] Oh!

Lady Sad. How can you hear him sigh so?

Lady D. Nay, let him groan—for nothing but his pangs can ease me.

Care. [*Kneels and presents her his drawn sword; opening his breast.*] Be then at once most barbarously just, and take your vengeance here.

Lady D. No, I give thee life to make thee miserable; live, that my resenting eyes may kill thee every hour.

Care. Nay then, there's no relief—but this—

[*Offering at his sword, Lady Sadlife holds him.*]

Lady Sad. Ah! for mercy's sake—Barbarous creature, how can you see him thus?

Lady D. Why, I did not bid him kill himself: but do you really think he would have don't?

Lady Sad. Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

Lady D. Strange passion! But 'tis his nature to be violent, when one makes it despair.

Lady Sad. Won't you speak to him?

Lady D. No, but if your—is enough concerned to be his friend, you may tell him—not that it really is so—but you may say—you believe I pity him.

Lady D. Sure love was never more ridiculous on both sides.

Enter Wishwell.

Wish. Madam, here's a page from Prince Alexander, desires to give a letter into your Ladyship's own hands.

Lady D. Prince Alexander! what means my heart? I come to him.

Lady

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Lady Sad. By no means, Madam, pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince Alexander! nay, then I have found out the secret of this coldness, Madam.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, his Royal Highness Prince Alexander, my master, has commanded me, on pain of death, thus [*Kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning secret of his heart.

Lady D. Where is the Prince?

Page. Reposed in private on a mourning pallat, 'till your commands vouchsafe to raise him.

Lady Sad. By all means, receive him here immediately. I have the honour to be a little known to his highness.

Lady D. The favour, Madam, is too great to be resisted: pray tell his highness then, the honour of the visit he designs me, makes me thankful and impatient! huh! huh!

[*Exit Page.*]

Care. Are my sufferings, Madam, so soon forgot then! Was I but flattered with the hope of pity?

Lady D. The happy have whole days, and those they choose. [*Resenting.*] The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.

[*Exit repeating.*]

Lady Sad. Don't you lose a minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you—ten thousand thanks, dear Madam, I'll be transformed in a second—

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Clarinda in a man's habit.

Clar. So! I'm in for't now! how I shall come off I can't tell: 'twas but a bare saving game I made with Clerimont; his resentment had brought my pride to its last legs, dissembling; and if the poor man had not loved me too well, I had made but a dismal humble figure—I have used him ill, that's certain, and he may e'en thank himself for't—he would be sincere.—Well, (begging my sex's pardon) we do make the silliest tyrants—we had better be reasonable; for (to do them right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good-sense of a lover; at least, I'm reduced now to make the experiment—Here they come.

Enter Sir Solomon and Clerimont.

Sir Sol. What have we here! another captain? If I were

were sure he were a coward now, I'd kick him before he speaks—Is your business with me, Sir?

Clar. If your name be Sir Solomon Sadlife.

Sir Sol. Yes, Sir, it is; and I'll maintain it as ancient as any, and related to most of the families in England.

Clar. My business will convince you, Sir, that I think well of it.

Sir Sol. And what is your business, Sir?

Clar. Why, Sir—you have a pretty kinswoman, called Clarinda.

Cler. Ha!

Sir Sol. And what then, Sir?—Such a rogue as t'other. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Now, Sir, I have seen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you so, Sir?—I may chance to cure you of it. [*Aside.*]

Clar. And to back my pretensions, Sir, I have a good fifteen hundred pounds a year estate, and am, as you see, a pretty fellow into the bargain.

Sir Sol. She that marries you, Sir, will have a choice bargain indeed.

Clar. In short, Sir, I'll give you a thousand guineas to make up the match.

Sir Sol. Hum—[*Aside.*]]—But, Sir, my niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well! [*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. But if she were not, Sir, I must tell you, she is not to be caught with a smock-face and a feather, Sir—And—and—let me see you an hour hence. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Well said, uncle! [*Aside.*]]—But, Sir, I'm in love with her, and positively will have her.

Sir Sol. Whether she likes you or no, Sir?

Clar. Like me! ha, ha! I'd fain see a woman that dislikes a pretty fellow, with fifteen hundred pounds a year, a white wig, and black eye-brows.

Cler. Hark you, young gentleman, there must go more than all this to the gaining of that lady.

[*Takes Clarinda aside.*]

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*]] A thousand guineas—that's five hundred more than I proposed to get of Mr. Clerimont—But my honour is engaged—Ay, but then here's a thousand

thousand pounds to release it——Now, shall I take the money?——It must be so——Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, Sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your doubts and pretensions! Come, Sir, I'll try your courage.

Cler. I'm afraid you won't, young gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, Sir, you shall find I scorn to turn my back to any man.

[*Exeunt Clarinda and Clerimont.*

Sir Sol. Ha! they are gone to fight——with all my heart—a fair chance, at least, for a better bargain: for if the young spark should let the air into my friend Clerimont's midriff now, it may possibly cool his love too, and then there's my honour safe, and a thousand guineas snug.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lady Dainty, Lady Sadlife, and Careless, as Prince Alexander.

Lady D. Your Highness, Sir, has done me honour in this visit.

Care. Madam——

[*Salutes her.*

Lady D. A captivating person!

Care. May the days be taken from my life, and added to yours, most incomparable beauty, whiter than the snow that lies throughout the year unmelted on our Russian mountains!

Lady D. How manly his expressions are!——We are extremely obliged to the Czar, for not taking your Highness home with him.

Care. He left me, Madam, to learn to be a ship-car-penter.

Lady Sad. A very polite accomplishment!

Lady D. And in a prince entirely new.

Care. All his nobles, Madam, are masters of some useful science; and most of our arms are quartered with mechanical instruments, as hatchets, hammers, pick-axes, and hand-saws.

Lady D. I admire the manly manners of your court.

Lady Sad. Oh, so infinitely beyond the soft idleness of ours!

Care. 'Tis the fashion, ladies, for the eastern princes to profess some trade or other. The last Grand Signior was a locksmith.

Lady D. How new his conversation is!

Care.

Care. Too rude, I fear, Madam, for so tender a composition as your divine Ladyship's.

Lady D. Courtly to a softness too!

Care. Were it possible, Madam, that so much delicacy could endure the martial roughness of our manners and our country, I cannot boast; but if a province at your feet could make you mine, that province and its master should be yours.

Lady D. Ay, here's grandeur with address——An odious native lover, now, would have complained of the taxes, perhaps, and have haggled with one for a scanty jointure out of his horrid lead-mines, in some uninhabitable mountains, about an hundred and four-score miles from unheard-of London.

Care. I am informed, Madam, there is a certain poor, distracted English fellow, that refused to quit his saucy pretensions to your all-conquering beauty, though he had heard I had myself resolved to adore you. Careless, I think they call him.

Lady D. Your Highness wrongs your merit, to give yourself the least concern for one so much below your fear.

Care. When I first heard of him, I on the instant ordered one of my retinue to strike off his head with a scimitar; but they told me the free laws of England allowed of no such power: so that, though I am a prince of the blood, Madam, I am obliged only to murder him privately.

Lady D. 'Tis indeed a reproach to the ill-breeding of our constitution, not to admit your power with your person. But if the pain of my entire neglect can end him, pray, be easy.

Care. Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him but miserable, I'm satisfied.

Lady D. You may depend upon't.

Care. I'm in strange favour with her. [*Aside.*]——Please you, ladies, to make your fragrant fingers familiar with this box.

Lady D. Sweet or plain, Sir?

Care. Right Mosco, Madam, made of the skulls of conquered enemies.

Lady Sad. Gunpowder, as I live! [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to a Field.

Enter Clarinda and Clerimont.

Cler. Come, Sir, we are far enough.

Clar. I only wish the lady were by, Sir, that the conqueror might carry her off the spot—I warrant she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking hero, we shall soon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, Sir, to fight for a woman you don't value.

Clar. Sir, I value the reputation of a gentleman; and I don't think any young fellow ought to pretend to it, till he has talked himself into a lampoon, lost his two or three thousand pounds at play, kept his miss, and killed his man.

Cler. Very gallant, indeed, Sir! but if you please to handle your sword, you'll soon go through your course.

Clar. Come on, Sir—I believe I shall give your mistress a truer account of your heart than you have done. I have had her heart long enough, and now will have yours.

Cler. Ha! does she love you, then?

[Endeavouring to draw.]

Clar. I leave you to judge that, Sir. But I have lain with her a thousand times; in short, so long, till I'm tired of it.

Cler. Villain, thou liest! Draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take this with you first, Clarinda will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the man that vindicates her honour—therefore be quick, or I'll keep my word—I find your sword is not for doing things in haste.

Clar. It sticks to the scabbard so, I believe I did not wipe off the blood of the last man I fought with.

Cler. Come, Sir, this trifling shan't serve your turn—Here, give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my heart, Sir—Now have at you.

[Cler. draws, and finds only a hilt in his hand.]

Cler. Death! you villain, do you serve me so?

Clar.

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Clar. In love and war, Sir, all advantages are fair: so we conquer, no matter whether by force or stratagem—Come, quick, Sir—Your life or mistress.

Cler. Neither. Death! you shall have both or none! Here drive your sword; for only through this heart you reach Clarinda.

Clar. Death, Sir! can you be mad enough to die for a woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater madness, then, to live.

Clar. Why, to my knowledge, Sir, she has used you basely, falsely, ill, and for no reason.

Cler. No matter; no usage can be worse than the contempt of poorly, tamely parting with her. She may abuse her heart by happy infidelities; but 'tis the pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

Clar. Generous passion! You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot, if you would. I would indeed have won her fairly from you with my sword; but scorn to take her as your gift. Be quick, and end your insolence.

Clar. Yes, thus—Most generous Clerimont, you now, indeed, have fairly vanquished me! [*Runs to him.*] My woman's follies and my shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha, Clarinda! Is it possible? My wonder rises with my joy!—How came you in this habit?

Clar. Now you indeed recall my blushes; but I had no other veil to hide them, while I confess'd the injuries I had done your heart, in fooling with a man I never meant on any terms to engage with. Beside, I knew, from our late parting, your fear of losing me would reduce you to comply with Sir Solomon's demands, for his interest in your favour. Therefore, as you saw, I was resolved to ruin his market, by seeming to raise it; for he secretly took the offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generously and timely offered; for it really prevented my signing articles to him. But if you would heartily convince me that I shall never more have need of his interest, e'en let us steal to the next priest, and honestly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, truly, considering the trusts I have made you, 'twould be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing:

thing: and if you should grow weary of me after such usage, I can't blame you.

Cler. Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,
For love sincere refines upon the taste. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Solomon, *with* old Mr. Wilful; Lady Sadlife,
and Sylvia *weeping.*

Sir Sol. Troth, my old friend, this is a bad business indeed; you have bound yourself in a thousand pounds bond, you say, to marry your daughter to a fine gentleman, and she, in the mean time, it seems, is fallen in love with a stranger.

Wilf. Look you, Sir Solomon, it does not trouble me o' this; for I'll make her do as I please, or I'll starve her.

Lady Sad. But, Sir, your daughter tells me that the gentleman she loves is in every degree in as good circumstances as the person you design her for; and if he does not prove himself so before to-morrow morning, she will cheerfully submit to whatever you'll impose on her.

Wilf. All sham! all sham! only to gain time. I expect my friend and his son here immediately, to demand performance of articles; and if her Ladyship's nice stomach does not immediately comply with them, as I told you before, I'll starve her.

Lady Sad. But, consider, Sir, what a perpetual discord must a forced marriage probably produce.

Wilf. Discord! pshaw, waw! One man makes as good a husband as another. A month's marriage will set all to rights, I warrant you. You know the old saying, Sir Solomon, lying together makes pigs love.

Lady Sad. [*To Syl.*] What shall we do for you? There's no altering him. Did not your lover promise to come to your assistance?

Syl. I expect him every minute; but can't foresee from him the least hope of my redemption——This is he.

Enter Atall *undisguised.*

At. My Sylvia, dry those tender eyes; for while there's life there's hope.

Lady Sad. Ha! is't he? but I must smother my confusion. [*Aside.*]

Wilf. How now, Sir! Pray, who gave you commission to be so familiar with my daughter?

At. Your pardon, Sir; but when you know me right, you'll

you'll neither think my freedom or my pretensions familiar or dishonourable.

Wilf. Why, Sir, what pretensions have you to her?

At. Sir, I sav'd her life at the hazard of my own: that gave me a pretence to know her; knowing her made me love, and gratitude made her receive it.

Wilf. Ay, Sir! and some very good reasons, best known to myself, make me refuse it. Now, what will you do?

At. I can't tell yet, Sir; but if you'll do me the favour to let me know those reasons——

Wilf. Sir, I don't think myself obliged to do either; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you: since you say you love my daughter, and she loves you, I'll put you in the nearest way to get her.

At. Don't flatter me, I beg you, Sir.

Wilf. Not I, upon my soul, Sir; for, look you, 'tis only this——get my consent, and you shall have her.

At. I beg your pardon, Sir, for endeavouring to talk reason to you. But, to return your raillery, give me leave to tell you, when any man marries her but myself, he must extremely ask my consent.

Wilf. Before George, thou art a very pretty impudent fellow; and I'm sorry I can't punish her disobedience, by throwing her away upon thee.

At. You'll have a great deal of plague about this business, Sir; for I shall be mighty difficult to give up my pretensions to her.

Wilf. Ha! 'tis a thousand pities I can't comply with thee. Thou wilt certainly be a thriving fellow; for thou dost really set the best face upon a bad cause, that ever I saw since I was born.

At. Come, Sir, once more, raillery apart, suppose I prove myself of equal birth and fortune to deserve her?

Wilf. Sir, if you were eldest son to the Cham of Tartary, and had the dominions of the Great Mogul entailed upon you and your heirs for ever, it would signify no more than the bite of my thumb. The girl's disposed of; I have matched her already, upon a thousand pounds forfeit; and faith she shall fairly run for't, though she's jerk'd and flead from the crest to the crupper.

At. Confusion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Wilf. And if you don't think me in earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my sincerity.

At. My father! Nay, then, my ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir Harry Atall.

Sir Har. [To *At.*] Oh, sweet Sir! have I found you at last? Your very humble servant. What's the reason pray, that you have had the assurance to be almost a fortnight in town, and never come near me, especially when I sent you word I had business of such consequence with you?

At. I understood your business was to marry me, Sir, to a woman I never saw: and to confess the truth, I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in love with one you never saw.

Sir Har. Was you so, Sir? Why, then, Sir, I'll find a speedy cure for your passion——Brother Wilful——Hey, fiddles there!

At. Sir, you may treat me with what severity you please; but my engagements to that lady are too powerful and fixed, to let the utmost misery dissolve them.

Sir Har. What does the fool mean?

At. That I can sooner die than part with her.

Wilf. Hey!—Why, is this your son, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Hey-day!——Why, did not you know that before?

At. Oh, earth, and all you stars! is this the lady you designed me, Sir?

Syl. Oh, fortune! is it possible?

Sir Har. And is this the lady, Sir, you have been making such a bustle about?

At. Not life, health, or happiness are half so dear to me.

Sir Sol. [Joining *At.* and *Sylvia's* hands.]—Loll, loll, leroll!

At. Oh, transporting joy! [Embracing *Sylvia*.

Sir Har. } [Joining in the tune, and dancing about them.]

Wilf. } Loll! loll!

Sir Sol. Hey! within, there! [Calls the fiddles.] By jingo, we'll make a night on't!

Enter Clarinda and Clerimont.

Clar. Save you, save you, good people——I'm glad, uncle,

uncle, to hear you call so chearfully for the fiddles ; it looks as if you had a husband ready for me.

Sir Sol. Why, that I may have by to-morrow night, Madam ; but, in the mean time, if you please, you may wish your friends joy.

Clar. Dear Sylvia !

Syl. Clarinda !

At. Oh, Clerimont, such a deliverance !

Cler. Give you joy, joy, Sir.

Clar. I congratulate your happiness, and am pleased our little jealousies are over ; Mr. Clerimont has told me all, and cured me of curiosity for ever.

Syl. What, married ?

Clar. You'll see presently. But, Sir Solomon, what do you mean by to-morrow ? Why, do you fancy I have any more patience than the rest of my neighbours ?

Sir Sol. Why, truly, Madam, I don't suppose you have ; but I believe to-morrow will be as soon as their business can be done, by which time I expect a jolly fox-hunter from Yorkshire ; and if you are resolved not to have patience till next day, why, the same parson may toss you up all four in a dish together.

Clar. A filthy fox-hunter !

Sir Sol. Odzooks, a mettled fellow, that will ride you from day-break to sun-set ! none of our flimsy London rascals, that must have a chair to carry them to their coach, and a coach to carry them to a trapes, and a constable to carry both to the round-house.

Clar. Ay, but this fox-hunter, Sir Solomon, will come home dirty and tired as one of his hounds ; he'll be always asleep before he's a-bed, and on horseback before he's awake ; he must rise early to follow his sport, and I sit up late at cards for want of better diversion. Put this together, my wise uncle.

Sir Sol. Are you so high fed, Madam, that a country gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a year won't go down with you ?

Clar. Not so, Sir ; but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forced to provide for myself ; and here stands the fox-hunter for my money.

[Claps Cler, on the shoulder.]

Sir Sol. How !

Cler.

Cler. Even so, Sir Solomon—Hark in your ear, Sir—You really held your consent at so high a price, that, to give you a proof of my good husbandry, I was resolved to save charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir Sol. Hell and——

Clar. And hark you in t'other ear, Sir——Because I would not have you expose your reverend age by a mistake, know, Sir, I was the young spark with a smooth face and a feather, that offered you a thousand guineas for your consent, which you would have been glad to have taken.

Sir Sol. The devil!—If ever I traffic in women's flesh again, may all the bank stocks fall when I have bought them, and rise when I have sold them—Hey-day! what have we here! More cheats?

Cler. Not unlikely, Sir; for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady Dainty and Careless.

Lady Sad. That they are, I can assure you—I give your Highness joy, Madam.

Lady D. Lard, that people of any rank should use such vulgar salutations! though, methinks, highness has something of grandeur in the sound. But I was in hopes, good people, that confident fellow, Careless, had been among you.

Care. What' say you, Madam, (to divert the good company) shall we send for him by way of mortification?

Lady D. By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full despair.

Care. Why, then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine lady of her sickly taste, than a lover of his impudence—there's Careless for you, without the least tincture of despair about him. [*Discovers himself.*]

All. Ha, Careless!

Lady D. Abused! undone!

All. Ha, ha!

Cler. Nay, now, Madam, we wish you a superior joy; for you have married a man instead of a monster.

Care. Come, come, Madam; since you find you were in the power of such a cheat, you may be glad it was no greater: you might have fallen into a rascal's hands; but you know I am a gentleman, my fortune no small one, and, if your temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

Lady

Lady Sad. Come, e'en make the best of your fortune for, take my word, if the cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I would never have had a hand in't—You must pardon me, if I can't help laughing.

Lady D. Well, since it must be so, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, Sir; that is, your promise to wear this habit one month for my satisfaction.

Care. Oh, Madam, that's a trifle! I'll lie in the sun a whole summer for an olive complexion, to oblige you.

Lady D. Well, Mr. Careless, I begin now to think better of my fortune, and look back with apprehension of the escape I have had; you have already cured my folly, and were but my health recoverable, I should think myself completely happy.

Care. For that, Madam, we'll venture to save you doctor's fees,

And trust to nature: time will soon discover,
Your best physician is a favour'd lover.

[*Exeunt*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



E P I L O G U E.

WELL, Sirs, I know not how the play may pass,
 But, in my humble sense,—our bard's an ass;
 For had he ever known the least of nature,
 H' had found his double spark a dismal creature:
 To please two ladies he two forms puts on;
 As if the thing in shadows could be done;
 The women really two, and he, poor soul! but one.
 Had he revers'd the hint, h' had done the feat,
 Had made th' impostor credibly complete;
 A single mistress might have stood the cheat.
 She might to several lovers have been kind;
 Nor strain'd your faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
 Plain sense had known, the fair can love receive,
 With half the pains your warmest vows can give.
 But, hold!—I'm thinking I mistake the matter—
 On second thoughts—The hint's but honest satire,
 And only meant t' expose their modish sense,
 Who think the fire of love's but impudence.
 Our spark was really modest: when he found
 Two female claims at once, he one disown'd;
 Wisely presuming, though in ne'er such haste,
 One would be found enough for him at last.
 So that, to sum the whole, I think the play
 Deserves the usual favours on his day;
 If not, he swears he'll write the next to music,
 In doggrel rhimes would make or him or you sick.
 His groveling sense Italian airs shall crown,
 And then he's sure ev'n nonsense will go down.
 But if you'd have the world, suppose the stage
 Not quite forsaken in this airy age,
 Let your glad votes our needless fears confound,
 And speak in claps as loud for sense as sound.



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